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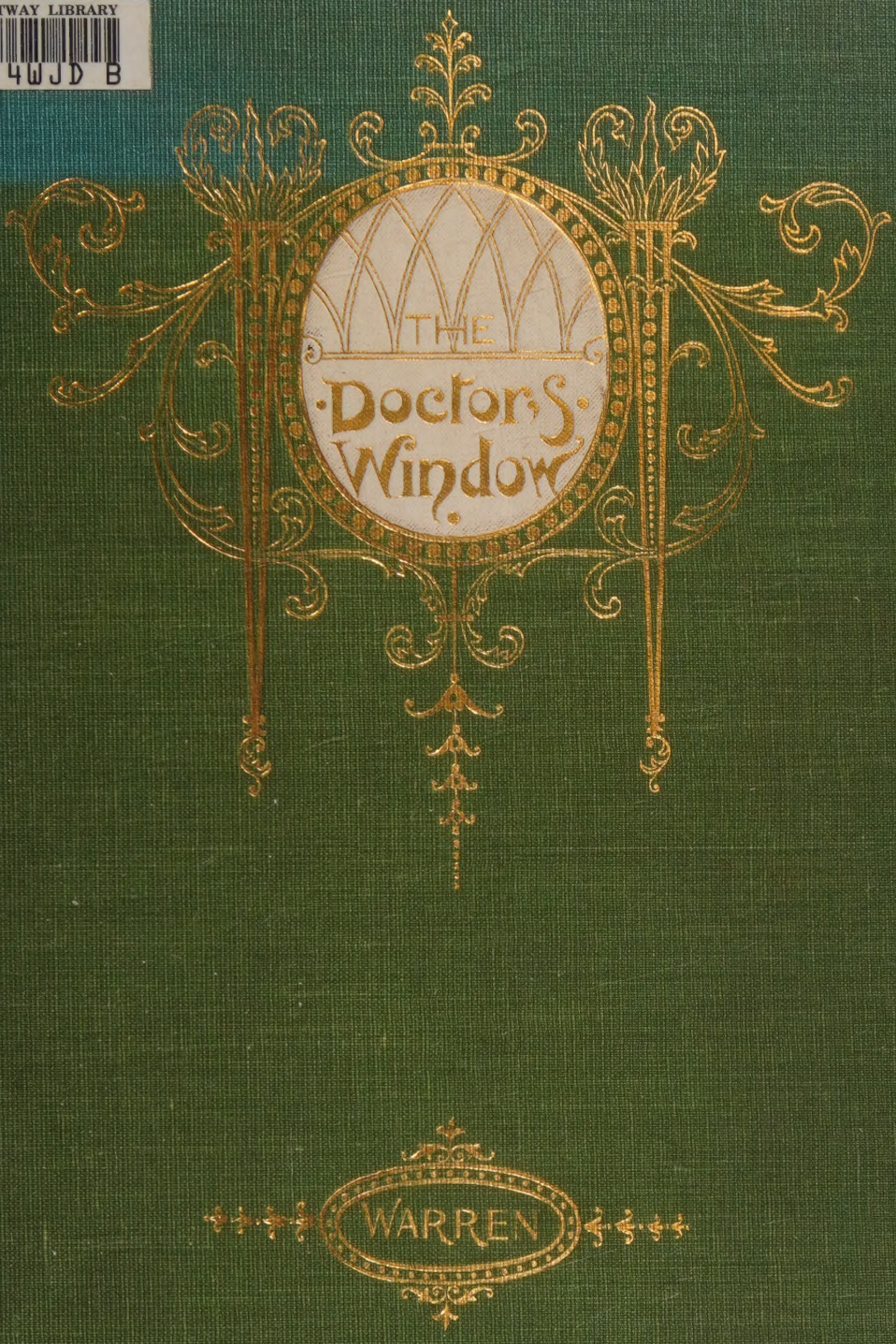

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THE DOCTOR'S WINDOW

POEMS BY THE DOCTOR, FOR THE DOCTOR
AND ABOUT THE DOCTOR

EDITED BY

INA RUSSELLE WARREN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM PEPPER, M. D., L L. D.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON

Eighteen-Hundred-Ninety-Eight

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AN ADVANCE SUBSCRIBER

TO THE EDITOR

"THE DOCTOR'S WINDOW"! HAIL THE DAY
YOU NAMED YOUR BOOK SO QUEER!
THE DOCTORS, ONE AND ALL, WILL SAY
"YOU 'VE 'READ YOUR TITLE CLEAR'."

"COULD I BUT READ MY TITLE CLEAR
TO MANSIONS" ALL MY OWN,
MY "DOCTOR'S WINDOW" WOULD APPEAR
THE MARVEL OF THE TOWN.

YES, IT SHOULD GLOW WITH FLOWERS RARE,
WITH SUNSHINE FROM ABOVE;
THE BRIGHTEST GEMS SHOULD SPARKLE THERE,
ENKINDLING ALL OUR LOVE.

A "WINDOW" WHERE THE LIGHT WOULD SHINE
ON PLEASURES PURE AND BRIGHT;
WHERE ONE COULD WORSHIP AT THE SHRINE
OF POETS, WITH DELIGHT.

AND SUCH IS YOURS TO GIVE TODAY,
"THE DOCTOR'S WINDOW" TRUE,
THAT IN DECEMBER VOICES MAY
WITH POEMS OLD AND NEW.

—DR. EDWARD D. FREEMAN.

Introduction

OLDEST and most honorable of Guilds, the Doctors have written much in all ages about the Science and Art of Medicine. A great building scarce suffices to hold their writings. In turn the Doctors themselves have been much written about, and here are gathered a well chosen collection of these pieces. They have been chosen not at random but so as to present, as to one who looks through a window at the stream of life hurrying along some great thoroughfare, all its phases and aspects. Through the ages from the early dawn of human existence the Medicine Man has pursued his strange yet sacred calling. Possessed of mysterious knowledge which sets them apart, dealing ever with the tremendous and baffling problems of life and death, looked to by all when suffering and danger impend, worshiped as divine and hailed as deliverers when the issue is good, or derided and punished for their failures, the doctors have always enjoyed strange experiences. The sufferer cannot promise too much in the hope of relief, but the danger past and the pain relieved how odious when the welcome, thrice welcome Healer is regarded as the importunate creditor whose demand seems monstrous in the light of half forgotten suffering. Nor have the Doctors failed to show the inconsistencies and the frailties of their human nature, ever struggling with burdens too heavy to be borne, and with problems too hard to be solved. The triumph and the defeat, the glory of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice, and the meanness of avarice and ambition, have been seen and well portrayed. Through it all the belief of the people in the healing art has remained true; through it all the aim of the Doctors has remained noble; and the larger light of knowledge of these later days is defining clearly the splendid services rendered to humanity by medicine. It is no longer merely the personal relation of doctor to patient, and the

personal service: there is coming now the infinitely broader relation of sympathy and confidence between the entire community and the whole medical profession, engaged in a common work of discovering and removing the causes of Disease. Hygiene and preventive medicine are the fields wherein the greatest triumphs of the future, as of the past, are to be achieved. But there will always remain the close and individual relation of Doctor and patient which is so well depicted in all its phases in the verses of this collection. We turn from the larger outlook of the struggle which science wages against disease, to the more narrow sphere wherein every home of the land the Doctor wages his never ending battle with the individual cases of weakness, of suffering, or of injury, In the poetry and in the prose of life, in its happiest drama and its wildest tragedies he has ever his important part to bear. It is good to find that the rôle assigned him in the unfolding scroll of Time is one of ever growing honor and importance.

—William Pepper, M. D.

Preface

IN MAKING this anthology of medical verse, it has been my aim to produce a volume that will direct attention to the valuable poems written by the Doctor and about the Doctor. The medical profession has written much admirable poetry which has appeared chiefly in local and medical journals. I have made an effort to preserve and bring together in permanent form these poems, with many old favorites by well-known authors. One limited volume would not contain all the verse written upon this subject, and I am aware that poems worthy a place have been omitted. On the other hand, a number of original poems appear which were written expressly for this book. The volume is compiled especially for the Doctor, with the hope that he may find in it a restful diversion from an arduous practice. My task has been lightened by the considerate criticisms and kindly suggestions offered by members of the profession, to whom I here extend cordial thanks.

For the use of copyrighted poems I gratefully acknowledge the graciousness of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company; Harper & Brothers; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Dodd, Mead & Company; Lee & Shepard; Roberts Brothers; Frederick A Stokes Company; Bowen-Merrill Company; Cassell Publishing Company and many of the authors represented.

—I. R. W.

Buffalo, N. Y.,
September 3rd, 1897.

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THE DOCTOR'S WINDOW

The Drama of the Doctor's Window

IN THREE ACTS, WITH A PROLOGUE.

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Midsummer-Night's Dream.

PROLOGUE

"WELL, I must wait!" The Doctor's room,
Where I used this expression,
Wore the severe official gloom
Attached to that profession;
Rendered severer by a bald
And skinless Gladiator,
Whose raw robustness first appalled
The entering spectator.

No one would call "The Lancet" gay,—
Few could avoid confessing
That Jones "On Muscular Decay"
Is, as a rule, depressing:
So, leaving both, to change the scene,
I turned toward the shutter,
And peered out vacantly between
A water-butt and gutter.

Below, the Doctor's garden lay,
If thus imagination
May dignify a square of clay
Unused to vegetation,
Filled with a dismal-looking swing—
That brought to mind a gallows—
An empty kennel, mouldering,
And two dyspeptic aloes.

No sparrow chirped, no daisy sprung,
About the place deserted;
Only across the swing-board hung
A battered doll, inverted,
Which sadly seemed to disconcert
The vagrant cat that scanned it,
Sniffed doubtfully around the skirt,
But failed to understand it.

A dreary spot! And yet, I own,
Half hoping that, perchance, it
Might, in some unknown way, atone
For Jones and for "The Lancet,"
I watched; and by especial grace,
Within this stage contracted,
Saw presently before my face
A classic story acted.

Ah, World of ours, are you so gray
And weary, World, of spinning,
That you repeat the tales today
You told at the beginning?
For lo! the same old myths that made
The early "stage successes,"
Still "hold the boards," and still are played,
"With new effects and dresses."

Small, lonely, "three-pair-backs" behold,
Today, Alcestis dying;
Today, in farthest Polar cold,
Ulysses' bones are lying;

Still in one's morning "Times" one reads
How fell an Indian Hector;
Still clubs discuss Achilles' steeds,
Briseis' next protector;—

Still Menelaus brings, we see,
His oft-remanded case on;
Still somewhere sad Hypsipyle
Bewails a faithless Jason;
And here, the Doctor's sill beside,
Do I not now discover
A Thisbe, whom the walls divide
From Pyramus, her lover?

ACT THE FIRST

ACT I began. Some noise had scared
The cat, that like an arrow
Shot up the wall and disappeared;
And then across the narrow,
Unweeded path, a small dark thing,
Hid by a garden-bonnet,
Passed wearily towards the swing,
Paused, turned, and climbed upon it.

A child of five, with eyes that were
At least a decade older,
A mournful mouth, and tangled hair
Flung careless round her shoulder,
Dressed in a stiff ill-fitting frock,
Whose black uncomely rigor
Seemed to sardonically mock
The plaintive, slender figure.

What was it? Something in the dress
That told the girl unmothered;
Or was it that the merciless
Black garb of mourning smothered

Life and all light:—but rocking so,
In the dull garden-corner,
The lonely swinger seemed to grow
More piteous and forlorner.

Then, as I looked, across the wall
Of "next-door's" garden, that is—
To speak correctly—through its tall
Surmounting fence of lattice,
Peeped a boy's face, with curling hair,
Ripe lips, half drawn asunder,
And round, bright eyes, that wore a stare
Of frankest childish wonder.

Rounder they grew by slow degrees
Until the swinger, swerving,
Made, all at once, alive to these
Intentest orbs observing,
Gave just one brief, half uttered cry,
And,—as with gathered kirtle,
Nymphs fly from Pan's head suddenly
Thrust through the budding myrtle.—

Fled in dismay. A moment's space,
The eyes looked almost tragic;
Then, when they caught my watching face,
Vanished as if by magic;
And, like some somber thing beguiled
To strange, unwonted laughter,
The gloomy garden having smiled,
Became the gloomier after.

ACT THE SECOND

YES: they were gone, the stage was bare,—
Blank as before; and therefore,
Sinking within the patient's chair,
Half vexed, I knew not wherefore,
I dozed; till, startled by some call,
A glance sufficed to show me,
The boy again above the wall,
The girl erect below me.

The boy, it seemed, to add a force
To words found unavailing,
Had pushed a striped and spotted horse
Half through the blistered paling,
Where now it stuck, stiff-legged and straight,
While he, in exultation,
Chattered some half-articulate
Excited explanation.

Meanwhile, the girl, with upturned face,
Stood motionless, and listened;
The ill-cut frock had gained a grace,
The pale hair almost glistened;
The figure looked alert and bright,
Buoyant as though some power
Had lifted it, as rain at night
Uplifts a drooping flower.

The eyes had lost their listless way,—
The old life, tired and faded,
Had slipped down with the doll that lay
Before her feet, degraded;
She only, yearning upward, found
In those bright eyes above her
The ghost of some enchanted ground
Where even Nurse would love her.

Ah, tyrant Time! you hold the book,
We, sick and sad, begin it;
You close it fast, if we but look
Pleased for a meager minute;
You closed it now, for, out of sight,
Some warning finger beckoned;
EXEUNT both to left and right;—
Thus ended Act the Second.

ACT THE THIRD

OR so it proved. For while I still
Believed them gone for ever,
Half raised above the window sill,
I saw the lattice quiver;
And lo, once more appeared the head,
Flushed, while the round mouth pouted,
"Give Tom a kiss," the red lips said,
In style the most undoubted.

The girl came back without a thought,
Dear Muse of Mayfair, pardon,
If more restraint had not been taught
In this neglected garden;
For these your code was all too stiff,
So, seeing none dissented,
Their unfeigned faces met as if
Manners were not invented.

Then on the scene, by happy fate,
When lip from lip had parted,
And, therefore, just two seconds late,
A sharp-faced nurse-maid darted;
Swooped on the boy, as swoops a kite
Upon a rover chicken,
And bore him sourly off, despite
His well-directed kicking.

The girl stood silent, with a look
  Too subtle to unravel,
Then, with a sudden gesture took
  The torn doll from the gravel;
Hid the whole face, with one caress,
  Under the garden-bonnet,
And, passing in, I saw her press
  Kiss after kiss upon it.

EXEUNT OMNES. End of play.
  It made the dull room brighter
The Gladiator almost gay,
  And e'en "The Lancet" lighter.

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Convalescent to Her Physician

FRIEND, by whose cancelling hand did Fate forgive
  Her debtor, and rescribe her stern award
Oh with that happier light wherein I live
  May all thine after years be sunned and starred
May God, to Whom my daily bliss I give
  In tribute, add it to thy day's reward,
And mine uncurrent joy may'st thou receive
  Celestial sterling! Aye and thou shalt thrive
Even by my vanished woes: for as the sea
  Renders its griefs to Heaven, which fall in rains
Of sweeter plenty on the happy plains,
  So have my tears exhaled; and may it be
That from the favoring skies my lifted pains
  Descend, oh friend, in blessings upon thee!

—SYDNEY DOBELL.

Andrew Jack, M. D.

FAREWELL to the University!
I'm titled now with high degree;
All capped and doctor'd forth I ride,
To see the world's great pomp and pride!

For years I've drudged, a patient hack,
With whip and driver at my back;
But now unmuzzled I propose
To track the game with my own nose.

The wide, wide world before me lies,
With many a blank, and many a prize;
But crowns are nowhere gained by sighs;
He nobly wins who boldly tries.

What made the Romans men of might
But wars to wage and foes to fight?
Then let us fight like them, and win!
Or, if we lose—bad luck 's no sin!

Farewell gray hall and fusty book,
And front severe and solemn look;
Long rows of lectures dull and dry,
In mummied state there let them lie

Farewell, proud Arthur's Seat, where oft
With bouyant heart I stood aloft,
And through the broad sun's crimson glow,
Looked on the old gray town below,

And spied afar the huge, huge Bens
That gird our peaceful Highland Glens,
Where birches nod, and fountains pour
On ferny brae and pebbly shore.

And fare-thee-well, my student's home,
Far up near to the starry dome,

'Mid wreaths of smoke, and bristling crops
Of gables gaunt and chimney-tops!

And fare-thee-well, good Dame M'Knight,
Who kept me always right and tight,
And washed my clothes and brushed my hat;
God bless you, honest dame, for that!

And farewell, Nelly M'Intyre,
Who smoothed my bed and trimmed my fire,
Blue-eyed, blithe-hearted, bright-souled Nell;
By Jove, I loved that girl too well!

Dear blue-eyed Nell, when Dame M'Knight
Called, "Come up, Nell, and put things right!"
And thou shot up with three light skips,
My heart leapt to my finger-tips.

No courier of the heavenly clans,
With light blue scarf and silver vans,
Could witch my eye like view of Nell;
By Jove, I loved that girl too well!

But love is not a bond to bind
The full-blown sail that takes the wind;
A fair face marred Mark Antony;
So, Nell, I'll think no more of thee!

Farewell, my comrades and my chums,
With whom I picked dry learning's crumbs,
And quaffed, four green and golden years,
Life's mingled bowl of hopes and fears.

God bless you all, my jolly boys!
The day is past to play with toys;
I go to fight my way,—and you,
Do well what thing you find to do!

I hear the railway whistle call,
And brush the briny drops that fall;
I leave you now plain Andrew Jack,
Perhaps I'll come Sir Andrew back!

—John Stuart Blackie.

The Morning Visit

A SICK man's chamber, though it often boast
The grateful presence of a literal toast,
Can hardly claim, amidst its various wealth,
The right unchallenged to propose a health;
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,
Friendship must launch his sentiment at least,
As prisoned damsels, locked from lovers' lips,
Toss them a kiss from off their fingers' tips.

The morning visit,—not till sickness falls
In the charmed circles of your own safe walls;
Till fever's throb and pain's relentless rack
Stretch you all helpless on your aching back;
Not till you play the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'Tis a small matter in your neighbor's case,
To charge your fee for showing him your face;
You skip up-stairs, inquire, inspect, and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.

But when at length, by fate's transferred decree,
The visitor becomes the visitee,
Oh, then, indeed, it pulls another string;
Your ox is gored, and that 's a different thing!
Your friend is sick: phlegmatic as a Turk,
You write your recipe and let it work;
Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown,
And sometimes worse, with which your draught goes down.
Calm as a clock your knowing hand directs,
RHEI, JALAPAE ANA GRANA SEX,
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
SCRUPULOS DUOS PULVERIS IPECAC;
And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes,
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.

But change the time, the person, and the place,
And be yourself "the interesting case,"
You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn;
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance,—pleasing creatures quite;
Try them,—and bless you,—don't you find they bite?
You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
But be yourself the sitter whom it draws,
And trust my statement, you will not deny
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish fly!
It's mighty easy ordering when you please,
INFUSI SENNAE CAPIAT UNCIAS TRES;
It's mighty different when you quackle down
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
PILULA, PULVIS,—pleasant words enough,
When other throats receive the shocking stuff;
But oh, what flattery can disguise the groan
That meets the gulp which sends it through your own!
Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparing rules
Give you the handling of her sharpest tools;
Use them not rashly,—sickness is enough;
Be always "ready," but be never "rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures;
Of those remaining, 't is the smallest part
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art;
But simple KINDNESS, kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn,—
KINDNESS, untutored by our grave M. D.'s,
But Nature's graduate, when she schools to please,
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

Once more, be QUIET: coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But, stealing softly on the silent toe,
Reach the sick chamber ere you 're heard below.

Whatever changes there may greet your eyes,
Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise;
It 's not your business by your face to show
All that your patient does not want to know;
Nay, use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.
But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch;
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist.
If the poor victim needs must be percussed,
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust;
(Doctors exist within a hundred miles
Who thump a thorax as they 'd hammer piles;)
If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
Catch the essentials, and ignore the rest.
Spare him; the sufferer wants of you and art
A track to steer by, not a finished chart.
So of your questions: don't in mercy try
To pump your patient absolutely dry;
He 's not a mollusk squirming in a dish,
You 're not Agassiz, and he 's not a fish.
And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a CHEERFUL FACE;
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene.
Each look, each movement, every word and tone
Should tell your patient you are all his own;
Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the VISIT that from day to day
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.
I gave his health, who never cared to claim
Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame;
Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest,
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.

—DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Country Doctor

THERE'S a gathering in the village, that has never been outdone
Since the soldiers took their muskets to the war of 'sixty-one;
And a lot of lumber-wagons near the church upon the hill,
And a crowd of country people, Sunday-dressed and very still.
Now each window is pre-empted by a dozen heads or more,
Now the spacious pews are crowded from the pulpit to the door;
For with coverlet of blackness on his portly figure spread,
Lies the grim old country doctor, in a massive oaken bed.
Lies the fierce old country doctor,
Lies the kind old country doctor,
Whom the populace considered with a mingled love and dread.

Maybe half the congregation, now of great or little worth,
Found this watcher waiting for them, when they came upon the earth;
This undecorated soldier, of a hard, unequal strife,
Fought in many stubborn battles with the foes that sought their life.
In the night-time or the day-time, he would rally brave and well,
Though the summer lark was fifing, or the frozen lances fell;
Knowing if he won the battle, they would praise their Maker's name,
Knowing if he lost the battle, then the doctor was to blame.
'T was the brave old virtuous doctor,
'T was the good old faulty doctor,
'Twas the faithful country doctor—fighting stoutly all the same.

When so many pined in sickness, he had stood so strongly by,
Half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die;

They must slowly learn the lesson how to live from day to day,
And have somehow lost their bearings—now this landmark is away.
But perhaps it still is better that this busy life is done:
He has seen old views and patients disappearing one by one;
He has learned that Death is master both of Science and of Art;
He has done his duty fairly, and has acted out his part.
And the strong old country doctor,
And the weak old country doctor,
Is entitled to a furlough for his brain and for his heart.

—Will Carleton.

Doctors

'TIS quite the thing to say and sing
Gross libels on the doctor—
To picture him an ogre grim
Or humbug-pill concocter;
Yet it's in quite another light
My friendly pen would show him—
Glad that it may with verse repay
Some part of what I owe him!

When one's all right he's prone to spite
The doctor's peaceful mission;
But when he's sick, it's loud and quick
He bawls for a physician!
With other things the doctor brings
Sweet babes our hearts to soften;
Though I have four, I pine for more—
Good doctor, pray, come often!

What though he sees death and disease
Run riot all around him?
Patient and true, and valorous, too,—
Such have I always found him!

Where'er he goes, he soothes our woes,
And, when skill 's unavailing,
And death is near, his words of cheer
Support our courage failing.

In ancient days they used to praise
The godlike art of healing;
An art that then engaged all men
Possessed of sense and feeling;
Why, Raleigh—he was glad to be
Famed for a quack elixir,
And Digby sold (as we are told)
A charm for folk love-sick, sir!

Napoleon knew a thing or two,
And clearly HE was partial
To doctors; for, in time of war,
He chose one for a marshal.
In our great cause a doctor was
The first to pass death's portal,
And Warren's name at once became
A beacon, and immortal!

A heap, indeed, of what we read
By doctors is provided,
For to those groves Apollo loves
Their leaning is decided;
Deny who may that Rabelais
Is first in wit and learning—
And yet all smile and marvel while
His brilliant leaves they 're turning.

How Lever's pen has charmed all men—
How touching Rab's short story!
And I will stake my all that Drake
Is still the schoolboy's glory!
A doctor-man it was began
Great Britain's great museum;
The treasures there are all so rare,
It drives me wild to see 'em!

There's Cuvier, Parr, and Rush—they are
  Big monuments to learning;
To Mitchell's prose (how smooth it flows!)
  We all are fondly turning;
Tomes might be writ of that keen wit
  Which Abernethy 's famed for—
With bread-crumb pills be cured the ills
  Most doctors now get blamed for!

In modern times the noble rhymes
  Of Holmes (a great physician!)
Have solace brought and wisdom taught
  To hearts of all condition.
The sailor bound for Puget Sound
  Finds pleasure still unfailing,
If he but troll the barcarolle
  Old Osborne wrote on Whaling!

If there were need I could proceed
  Ad naus with this prescription,
But, inter nos, a larger dose
  Might give you fits conniption:
Yet, ere I end, there's one dear friend
  I'd hold before these others,
For he and I, in years gone by,
  Have chummed around like brothers.

Together we have sung in glee
  The songs old Horace made for
Our genial craft—together quaffed
  What bowls that doctor paid for!
I love the rest, but love him best,
  And, were not times so pressing,
I'd buy and send—you smile, old friend?
  Well, then, here goes my blessing!

—Eugene Field.

Doc Sifers

F all the doctors I could cite you to in this-here town,
Doc Sifers is my favo-RITE, jes take him up and down:
Count in the Bethel Neighberhood, and Rollins, and Big Bear,
And Sifers' standin 's jes as good as ary doctor's there!

There 's old Doc Wick, and Glenn, and Hall, and Wurgler, and McVeigh,
But I'll buck Sifers 'ginst 'em all and down 'em any day!
Most old Wick EVER knowed, I s'pose, was WHISKY!—Wurgler—well,
He et MORPHINE—ef ACTIONS shows and facts 's reliable.

But Sifers—though he ain't no sot, he's got his faults; and yit
When you GIT Sifers onc't, you've got A DOCTOR, don't fergit!
He ain't much at his office, er his house, er anywhere
You'd natchurly think certain fer to ketch the feller there.

But don't blame Doc: he's got all sorts o' cur'ous notions—as
The feller says,—his odd-come-shorts—like smart men mostly has:—
He'll more'n like be potter'n 'round the Blacksmith Shop; er in
Some back-lot, spadin' up the ground, er gradin' it agin;

Er at the workbench, planin' things; er buildin' little traps
To ketch birds; galvenizin' rings; er graftin' plums, perhaps.
MAKE ANYTHING!—good as the best!—a gunstock—er a flute.—
He whittled out a set o' chessmen onc't o' laurel-root,

Durin' the Army—got his trade o' SURGEON there—I own
Today a finger ring Doc made o' sealin'-wax and bone!
An' glued a fiddle onc't fer me—jes' all so busted YOU
'D a-throwed the thing away, but HE fixed her as good as new!

And take Doc, now, in AIGGER, say, er cramps; er rheumatiz;—
And all afflictions thataway, and he 's the best they is!
Er janders—milksick—I don't keer—k-yore anything he tries,—
A felon—er a frost-bit' yeer—er granilated eyes.

There was the Widder Daubenspeck they all give up fer dead—
With fits, and "ligture o' the neck," and clean out of her head!—
First had this doctor, what's-his-name, from Puddlesburg; and then
This little red-head, "Burnin' Shame," they call him—Dr. Glenn.

And they "CONSULTED" on the case, and claimed she'd haf to die. . . .
I jes' was joggin' by the place, and heerd her daughter cry,
And stops and calls her to the fence; and I-says-I, "Let ME
Send SIFERS—bet you fifteen cents he'll k-yore her!"
"Well," says she,

"LIGHT OUT!" she says.—And, LIPP-TEE-CUT! I loped in town—and rid
'Bout two hours more to FIND him, but I scored him when I did!
He wuz down at the Gunsmith Shop, a-stuffin' birds! . . . Says he,
"My sulky's broke." Says I, "You hop right on and ride with me!"

I GOT him there! . . . "Well, Aunty: ten days K-YORES you," Sifers said,
"But what's yer idy LINGER'N' when they want you OVERHEAD?"
And there's Dave Banks—jes' back from war without a scratch—one day
Got ketched up in a sickle-bar—a reaper-runaway;—

His shoulders, arms, and hands and legs jes' sawed in strips!—And Jake
Dunn starts fer Sifers,—feller begs to SHOOT him, PITY'S-SAKE
Doc, 'course, was gone; but he had penned the notice—"A Big Bear—
Be back TOMORRY: Gone to 'tend the Bee Convention there.'

But Jake, he TRACKED him!—rid and rode the whole indurin' night!
And 'bout the time the roosters crowed they both hove into sight.
Doc had to AMPITATE—but 'greed to save Dave's arms, and said
He COULD a-saved his LEGS ef he'd got there four hours ahead.

Doc's wife's own mother purt' nigh died onc't 'fore he could be found,
And all the neighbers, fur and wide, a-all jes chasin' round!—
Tel finally,—I had to laugh,—'t'uz jes like Doc, you know,—
Was LEARNIN' fer to TELEGRAPH, down at the old Dee-po.

But all they're faultin' Sifers fer, they 's none of 'em kin say
He's biggoty, er keerless, er not POSTED anyway;
He ain't built on the common plan o' doctors NOWADAYS,—
He's jes' a great big brainy man—that's where the trouble lays!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

To Dr. (Afterwards Sir Edward) Wilmot

WITH doubtful strife, Humanity and Art
For conquest vie in Wilmot's head and heart.
On his loved son Apollo did bestow
The healing power, and words to soften woe.
With sympathizing eyes and tender mind
He views the maladies of human-kind;
Reprieves the languid patient from the grave,
While Pity soothes whom Medicine cannot save!

—WILLIAM DUNCOMBE.

In a Dissecting Room

SIGHTLESS eyes half closed beneath
Long, black lashes curling yet;
Wavy locks the pale face wreathe
With the salty drops still wet.

Lying there so silently
Womanhood reproachful seems;
'Tis a face that we may see
Reappear in troubled dreams.

Lifeless, wasted arm and hand
Stripped of skin by scalpel keen;
Shining tendons, band on band
Ligaments and muscles seen.

Wondrously the fingers move,
Answering to the testing touch
Of each muscle far above,
Whilst the learner marvels much.

Searcher, would that thou couldst find
What mysterious power once moved
That dead form! How vain and blind
This long quest of ours has proved!

Now the forceps and the knife
Merciless attack the face
Eagerly with death at strife,
Winning by a swifter pace.

Inch by inch the clinging skin
With reluctance parting shows
Unknown wonders far within,
Sources whence expression flows.

Tiny threadlike muscles here
  Teach the lips to move in smiles;
Draw the eyelids tense with fear,
  Close them when soft sleep beguiles.

These have knit the brows to frown;
  Those have taught the mouth to kiss;
Care and pain have oft weighed down
  Wrinkling forehead's calm with this.

These once spread the nostrils wide
  When in anger breath came fast;
Or when blew from ocean's tide
  Airs of health caught ere they passed.

Magic house, where sometime dwelt
  Spirit, soul, howe'er 'tis known!
Ah, what thrills thy walls have felt!
  Whither has thy tenant flown?

If this ruined home appear
  Wonderful beyond compare,
What was then the dweller here
  That could vanish into air?

—Dr. William Burt Harlow

Ode to a Doctor

THE Doctor comes, and quick prescribes;
  And then, when we are better,
He sends a bill that reads like this:
  "To Dr. Cureall, Dr."

For when we're in the grasp of Pain,
  And he has come and knocked her,
We surely must admit that we
  Are Dr. to our Dr.

—James G. Burnett.

A Ballade of Busy Doctors

WHEN winter pipes in the poplar-tree,
And soles are shod with the snow and sleet—
When sick-room doors close noiselessly,
And doctors hurry along the street;
When the bleak north winds at the gables beat,
And the flaky noon of the night is nigh,
And the reveler's laugh grows obsolete,
Then Death, white Death, is a-driving by.

When the cowering sinner crooks his knee,
At the cradle-side, in suppliance sweet,
And friends converse in a minor key,
And doctors hurry along the street;
When Croesus flies to his country seat,
And castaways in the garrets cry,
And in each house is a "shape and a sheet,"
Then Death, white Death, is a-driving by.

When the blast of the autumn blinds the bee,
And the long rains fall on the ruined wheat,
When a glimmer of green on the pools we see,
And doctors hurry along the street;
When every fellow we chance to meet
Has a fulvous glitter in either eye,
And a weary wobble in both his feet,
Then Death, white Death, is a-driving by.

ENVOY.

When farmers ride at a furious heat,
And doctors hurry along the street,
With brave hearts under a scowling sky,
Then Death, white Death, is a-driving by.

DR. JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

My First Patient

WHAT shall I say, when all my friends tonight
Have blazed in such a galaxy of light;
How can I sing, when all around me here
Speaks of naught else than Pittsburg's jovial cheer;
What shall I do to raise my name to glory,—
With your permission, may I tell a story?

'Tis not a story such as doctors tell
A dying patient, that he 'll soon "get well"
If he, all medication being vain,
Will seek the balmy air of distant plain.
Nor such an one, when on a rainy night,
The doorbell 's rung by some unhappy wight,
Who cries aloud, "Sir, is the doctor in?"
To tell a story then is not a sin.

This story then, believe me, is a true one,
And happened to myself some years ago;
It therefore is, most certainly a new one,
I never having mentioned it to friend or foe.
'Twas when I, fresh from halls of learning,
Believed myself a great receptacle of knowledge,
As most young men, whose eager minds are burning
With lore all medical, received at college.
I thought that I could all diseases cure,
Could dish out medicines for aches and ills,
That no one need a single pang endure
If I stood by with homœopathic pills.

It was in Philadelphia, city fair,
I lectured once and practiced physics there,
Sowed my wild oats, from which, dear me, I 'm reaping
Disastrous fruits, more bitter for their keeping.

'Twas there a student in long days gone by,
Those days of pleasant memory, when I
Heard from dear Matthew's lips, the truths that fell
Of our great system, which he knew so well,
Where Gardner taught us on a simple plan
"The noblest study of mankind is man,"
Unfolded to our wondering gaze each hour,
The last great work of God's creative power.
Go, search your colleges for learnéd men,
Who teach anatomy to students eager,
List well to their instruction and e'en then
To Gardner's 'twill be commonplace and meager.

There gentle Loomis toiled from day to day,
While swept the golden sands of life away,
Caught the last twining of the silver cord,
To pour out knowledge from his ample hoard.
Ah! let us pause and drop a silent tear,
To those fond memories we hold so dear.
Let recollection tune our hearts once more,
To friends departed whom we knew of yore.

* * * * * * * *

But Williamson and Hemple stand to view,
And, oh my prophetic soul, MY UNCLE! too.

But there were fellow-students also there
Who now have grown in name and reputation,
Have married ladies who are wonderous fair,
And done "right nobly," every man his share,
To medicate the nation.

I have my eye on one, whom I could name,
Who 'd slip a quiz at any time to go
And exercise the muscles of his frame,
By rolling ten-pins in a street below.

I see another, who on clinic-days would be
So weary with his labors and so pale,
That he would fain entice a company
To feed on oysters and to drink pale ale,

But pshaw; I see the blushes on these doctors' faces,
But worse than all! their ladies make grimaces.
Therefore, though every word of this is truth,
I 'll not repeat these memories of my youth.

Well, as I said—excuse my being prosy,
I 'll hurry through this little bit of rhyme,
The older gentlemen are growing dozy,
And think I 'm wasting very precious time.

In that same city fair, of which I tell,
Amid the cares of life there used to dwell
A lady of the far-famed Emerald Isle,
Rheumatic and dyspeptic, full of bile,
"Cross as two sticks," and with a temper sour,
The doctor having tested well the power
Of senna and of salts, of pills and blisters,
Salves, plasters, chologogues and clysters,
To kill or cure her—but had been defeated—
By strength of constitution being cheated.

She sent for me in haste to come and see,
What her condition for a cure might be.
Dear me! a patient—what a happy tone,
To have a patient and one all my own—
To have a patient and myself be fee 'd,
Raised expectations very high indeed—
I saw a practice growing from the seed.

I tried to don a very learnéd look,
Placed 'neath my arm a Symptom-Codex book,
(A fashion which in many cities then
Was followed by most scientific men,
But which, adopted in New York would be
Considered proof of insufficiency).
It was a bitter cold December day,
And as I tramped the hard and frozen ground,
The winter wind with icicles at play,
Strewed glittering fragments everywhere around.

I reached the house in expectation rare,
And found the patient seated on a stool,
From which she turned a concentrated stare,
As though I 'd been a thief, a knave, or fool.
I drew my chair quite gently to her side,
And to her wrist my finger I applied,
Counted her pulse, and with a cheerful air,
Said—quite professionally—"Hem! QUITE FAIR!"

In soothing accents then the dame I asked,
"Will you allow me to inspect your tongue?"
She blurted out, not liking to be tasked,
"Arrah! me darlint, but you 'r moighty young—
Oive got a misery in me side, och! dear,
Its throubled me for over sixteen year;
Cure me o' that, me darling honey,
Ye 'll get a dollar o' the best of money."

I asked each symptom and observed each look,
Wrote them "SECUNDUM ARTEM" in my book,
Talked more about her rheums and aches and pains,
Than Allen's Cyclopædia contains,
And then requested as simple boon,
That she would bring a tumbler and a spoon.

* * * * * * * *

There's not a lady or a doctor here
Who does not know these philosophic facts,
Which oftentimes are suddenly made clear,
That heat expands and cold contracts;
That if we bring a glass, a jug, or pot
From freezing temperature to air that's hot,
Then the attraction called "cohesive" ceases,
And ten to one, the glass will split to pieces.

Now this old lady's crockery was kept
In a cold hall adjoining where she slept,
And as she brought the tumbler to her seat,
She suddenly exposed it to the heat.

I drew my tiny vial from its place,
And counting, dropped—one, two, three, four,
When suddenly, oh! most unlucky case,
The tumbler split, and fell upon the floor.

The Irish dame grew purple with her ire,
She started from her seat fornenst the fire,
Seized with a will the poker from its place,
And screamed, while shaking it before my face,
"Out of me house ye murtherin' villain!
Is it meself that ye 'd be killin'!
Them pizen drops that burst yon glass in twain
Would kill me ere they aised me pain.
Och! 'tis a mercy that the stuff was spilt
Afore I was blowed up and kilt."

How, when, or where I made retreat,
I do not now remember,
I found myself far up the street,
That day in cold December.

I felt just as I did one day,
When my young love was jilted;
I felt—as western people say—
Expressive adverb—"wilted."

But every rose will have its thorn,
And every thorn its rose,
There 's cob in every ear of corn,
There 's nightmare in the doze.

Our lives, we know, are all made up
Of pleasure and of pain;
But gall and wormwood in the cup,
May turn to sweets again.

And so, what then o 'erwhelmed me quite
And gave my pride a fall,
I here with smiles rehearse tonight
A little joke—that 's all.

—Dr. William Tod Helmuth.

Morituri Salutamus

THE wild-eyed March has come again
With frightened face and flying feet,
And hands just loosed from winter's chain
Outstretched the reluctant spring to greet.

From her bleak hills across the lea,
She sweeps with tresses backward blown,
And far out on the homeless sea
The maddened billows hear her moan.

The leaves are whirled in eddying drifts
Or hunted down the barren wold,
Where timidly the crocus lifts
Her shaken cap of green and gold.

Above the dark pool's ruffled breast
The swallow skims on glancing wing,
And from yon brown elm's towering crest
I hear the amorous mock-bird sing.

It leans above the gabled roof
That crowns the long hill's fallow side,
A summer shelter, shower proof
When June shall flaunt her leafy pride;

But naked yet, in wintry guise
Its trailing masses sweep the ground,
The bare trunk lifted to the skies
A mark for many a league around.

His sire had planted it when first
He made this woodland wild his own;
Beneath its boughs his youth was nursed,
And with its growth himself had grown.

To manhood, and to riper years;
One on whom God had set his sign,
The well-beloved of all his peers,
But by the poor deemed half divine.

The good old Doctor! mild as wise,
With pleasant jest for all he met,
The kindly humor in his eyes
Flashed through the lips so gravely sweet.

Firm hand, big heart and ample brain
Toughened by battles fought and won,
Scarred with the wind and winter rain,
And bronzed by many a summer sun.

Not largely learned in useless lore,
Nor dully studious overmuch,
Saved by the sturdy wit he bore
From making other's wit his crutch.

But many a childing mother owned
His ready skill, and many a wife
Whose hope or stay in anguish groaned,
Owed to his care some precious life.

All perilous soundings on his chart
Were pricked by faithful memory;
He knew the limits of his art
As seamen know the unfathomed sea.

And every season when to sow
Each several seed in order due,
And of the wilding weeds that grow
The hidden use of each he knew.

All earnest faith he held as good,
The path of honor plain and broad;
His simple creed, best understood,
Was duty—unto man and God.

Not passing with averted face
  The wayfarer fallen by the road,
Naked and bruised, and in disgrace,
  Fainting beneath life's bitter load.

Into his wounds the oil he poured,
  Gave food and wine for benison,
Nor, though his pouch was illy stored,
  Forgot the pence to help him on.

When civic strife ran fierce and high,
  His was the storm-assuaging speech
That bade the wordy tumult die
  And linked the neighbors, each to each.

So, walking in this narrow round
  Of homliest cares and use, at best,
His days, with simple pleasures crowned,
  Had moved him to his honored rest;

When suddenly a darkness fell,
  Black as the pall of thickest night,
As though some fiend from nether hell
  Had come between us and God's light.

From both its brooding pinions oozed
  The ghastly dews of pestilence,
A stealthy horror that confused
  The brain and palsied every sense.

Where 'er the lowering tempest broke,
  Terror and doom were on the wind;
The crowded cities felt the stroke
  And want and famine stalked behind.

As rose the long, wild wail of woe
  By lake and river, plain and hill,
The Yellow Death swept on, and lo!
  A land of corpses, stark and chill.

Then, at the summons, stepping down,
By never one selfish thought delayed,
Where, racked with pain, the stricken town
Stretched forth its fevered hands for aid,

Or where, with anguish looking up,
The cowering hamlet, kneeling there,
Drank to the dregs the bitter cup
That might not pass for any prayer,

He moved, like some supernal guest,
With healings on his wings, and balm
To bring the tortured body rest,
And to the spirit whisper calm.

Where Misery crouched in darkest den,
With foulest squalor grim and gaunt,
He only saw his fellow-men
And knew the largest claim in want.

Felt the fierce poison in his vein,
Saw o 'er his head the impending sword
And, fronting fate in high disdain,
Fell at his post without a word.

* * * * * *

When winter snows had purged the lands,
And bleak December winds were shrill,
They bore him back with reverent hands,
To his old home upon the hill.

The spring will dress his narrow bed
With all the wild flowers that he loved,
And round his rest a fragrance shed,
Pure as that virtue he approved;

And fainting in the dusky tree
That rocks above his dreamless sleep,
With drowsy hum of murmurous bee,
A solemn hush will summer keep;

The autumn feed with thousand rills
  The drouth of willow-margined streams,
And touch the sadness of the hills
  With crimson and with golden gleams;

But, evermore, all hours that bring
  Or summer light, or winter gloom,
Will pass by on unheeded wing,
  Nor pause to note his nameless tomb.

What needs his name? or any name
  Of those brave hearts that with him died?
They battled not for fee or fame,
  Our loyal brothers, true and tried.

Enough if standing by his grave
  In some far twilight's fading day,
One tender soul he died to save,
  Remembering all he was, shall say:

"Here sleeps beneath his native soil,
  Who since his manhood's work began,
Gave all his days of useful toil
  And, at the last, his LIFE for man."

—Dr. J. DICKSON BRUNS.

The Remedy Worse than the Disease

I SENT for Radcliffe; was so ill
  That other doctors gave me over;
He felt my pulse, prescribed a pill,
  And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
  And wine had warmed the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
  I died last night of my physician.

—MATTHEW PRIOR.

Marshal Saxe and His Physician

FEVER 'S a most audacious varlet;—
Now in a general's face he shakes
His all-defying fist, and makes
His visage like his jacket—scarlet;
Now o'er surrounding guards he throws
A summerset, and never squeaks
"An' please your Majesty," but tweaks
The Lord's anointed by the nose.

With his inflammatory finger,
(Much like the heater of an urn)
He makes the pulses boil and burn,
Puts fur upon the tongue, (not ermine,)
And leaves his prey to die or linger,
Just as the doctors may determine.

Though this disorder sometimes seems
Mild and benignant,
It interferes so with our schemes,
Imparting to our heads a dizziness,
Just when we want them clear for business,
That it may well be termed malignant.

Of these inopportune attacks,
One fiercely fell on Marshal Saxe,
Just as his troops had opened trenches
Before a fortress; (what a pity!)
Not only did it make his heart ache
To be condemned to pill, cathartic,
Bolus, and blister, drugs and drenches,
But shocked his military notions,
To make him take unwished-for potions,
Instead of taking, as he wished—the city.

Senac, however, his physician,
Soon gave our invalid permission
To be coached out an easy distance
First stipulating one condition—
That whatsoe'er the when and where,
The Doctor should be then and there,
Lest any syncope, relapse,
Or other unforseen mishaps,
Should call for medical assistance.

Saxe gives consent with all his heart,
Orders the carriage in a minute,
Whispers the coachman—mounts within it,
Senac the same, and off they start,
Joking, smiling, time beguiling,
In a facetious tête-á-tête.—
The subject of their mutual chatter is
Nothing to us;—enough to state
That Marshal Saxe at length got out
To reconnoitre a redoubt,
Projecting from a range of batteries.

Left in the carriage, our physician,
By no means relished his position,
When he discovered they had got
Nearly within half cannon shot;
Wherefore he bawled, with fear half melted,
"For God's sake move me from this spot!—
Doubtless they've noticed our approach,
And, when they recognize your coach,
Shan't I be fired at, peppered, pelted,
(When I can neither fly nor hide)
From some of yonder bristling masses?"
"It's not unlikely," Saxe replied;
"And war I know is not your trade,
So if you feel the least afraid,
Pull up the glasses!"

—Horace Smith.

A Quandary

"I DO NOT know your Doctor Holmes;
What has he published?" asks my friend, M. D.
"What is his specialty?"
"Ah, yes, of course," say I,
"Most surely, why,
He 's written tomes and tomes
On Snakes—and Teas—and Breakfasts,—don't you know?"
"Oh!" says my friend, "Yes, Oh!
No doubt some dietetic treatises,
With alcohol for target. These it is."

"Nay that is not the kind of evils
The doctor deals with; he prescribes
A tonic for the mind,
To cure blue devils,
With frequent diatribes
On man and womankind."
"Humph! A mind-cure fanatic," says M. D.
"Excuse me, if you please,
I 'll none of him." With that, you see,
He left me blinking;
And now, here seated in my study at my ease,
I'm quietly thinking.

Pray, doctor, answer me a word;
Shakespeare and Keats, 't is true,
Are thy familiars. Hast thou haply heard,—
Pardon the question,—of one Dr. Tait?
Canst thou expatiate
On Dr. Lister's antiseptics?
Or prate of blisters and the skeptics,—
The modern crew
Who hold the modern view?

Thy honest pardon grant,
Dear doctor, for 't is so I ask it thee;
Thy sturdy blows
For reason against cant
In followers of every "opathy"
All the world knows
(All save M. D.).
Now when, for various ills,
I take my pills,
Or squills,
Or ipecac, or gall,
I know 't is thou hast made my dose so small,
Not doubting Nature will perform her share
The breaches to repair.
That thou art learned in the lore
Of thy profession
I make thee full confession.
Only, when questioned by M. D.,
I quite forgot,
In my confusions,
Thy "Homeopathy
And Like Delusions";
And recollected not
Thy "Currents" and thy "Border Lines";
Though all thy verse
My memory could rehearse
And many a tale came back by good, sure signs.

Therefore, I ask thy pardon here,
With heart sincere;
And then, too, as I write,
Thy good physicians from thy volumes rise
And chide me for despite.
Than they are scarce more wise
The great "Professor" and the "Autocrat."
Yet, for all that,
I boldly dare affirm,
Not Koch, nor Gross, nor Fritzsch,
Hitzig, nor Sims, nor Brown-Séquard,

Bacillic germ,
The itch!
Transfusion, nor old Dr. Jenner's scar,
Holds thee in thrall
Like those fair theories of good John Brown—
Thy prototype in Scottish garb—
On dogs and human fry.

Pray, in thy list of volumes medical,
Which dost thou most take down?
Which most attracts thine eye?
How rank'st thou "Marjorie"?
And how dear "Rab"?
In one word, understand,
Lie they not dogs-eared on thine ESCRITOIRE,
While Virchow is no more
Than honored with a station near thy hand?

Ah, scribbling doctor, mine,
What better could a bard inherit
Than thy pen's power?
What could a healer do one-half so fine
As bear thy cheerful, kindly spirit
Where Pain rules his dark hour?

—GEORGE HERBERT STOCKBRIDGE.

The Doctor's Hard Case

FROM AMEDEE LATOUR.

UNSUCCESSFUL, full of learning,
He will die for want of bread,
If successful, full of earning,
He will die of work instead.

—WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Great Expectations of the House of Dock

SIX generations down our line
The name of Dickory ran,
And everybody understood
'Twas part of heaven's plan,
That Dickory the seventh should be,
A very famous man.

Indeed, the fortune-tellers all
Declared 'twas heaven's design,
That Dickory the seventh should be
A something quite divine,—
The flower of all the family,
The glory of the line.

The men kept talking at their work,
The women at their tea,
Of what a wondrous genius
This Dickory would be;
But how his wit would show itself
No two could quite agree.

Some looked to see upon the world
A mighty warrior rise,
And some a President, and some
A statesman high and wise,
And some a great discoverer
With telescopic eyes.

Some thought another Cicero
Would rouse the patriot's rage,
Some that a second Livius
Would paint the glowing page:
But no one doubted when he came
Would come the golden age.

What wonder then my grandsire's house
  Was crowded night and day?
What wonder smiling faces came
  And sad ones went away,
Until each night a funeral seemed,
  Each morn a wedding gay?

They brought their daughters, young and old,
  Oh, what a sight to see!
For some were very tall and fine,
  And some were short and wee,
And some were very pale and lean,
  Some fat as they could be.

Through what a gushing sea of love
  My sire (who was no saint),
Now gambolled on from boy to man,—
  Ah heaven, could I but paint!
But soon as I attempt the tale
  It always makes me faint.

What wonder any maid were fain
  To mother such a son,
Whose greatness was already fixed
  Before the marriage done?
Of whom it might be said, even then,
  Life's battle was half won?

And so they laid their siege at him
  Who was to be my sire:
O Lord, what quarrels now ensued!
  What sparks were fanned to fire!
The Thomsons could not see the Browns,
  The Gardiners paled with ire.

The Fergusons denounced the Frys,
  The Smiths defied the Pooles,
The haughty Henrys vowed the Jacks
  Were but the Ames's tools;

The noble Bloods looked on and said,
"Oh, what a pack of fools!"

And so month after month rolled on
The noisy ball of strife;
A hundred reputations failed,
Ten fortunes and one life,
Till finally the die was cast,—
My father chose a wife.

And now another year rolls round
Upon the house of Dock:
But what is this unwonted stir?
And what is all this talk?
Who runs so swift into the night?
'Tis after twelve o'clock.

Why is the mansion all alight?
Who knocks upon the door?
'Tis he who ran into the night,
And with him are two more:
One is the famous Doctor Searle,
The other, Dr. Gore.

I thought I heard a little groan,—
But no, it cannot be,
For look! within the study there
My grandsire full of glee,
Who even now in fancy trots
Young Dickory on his knee!

His face is beaming with delight,
His lips benignly curl,
When lo, with coat-tails flying straight,
In plunges Doctor Searle;
He tries to speak, but only gasps—
"MY GOD! IT IS A GIRL!"

—Henry Ames Blood.

Minerva Medica

GOOD Chairman, Brothers, Friends, and Guests,—all ye who come with praise
To honor for our ancient guild a life of blameless days,
If from the well-worn road of toil I step aside to find
A poet's roses for the wreath your kindly wishes bind,
Be certain that their fragrance types, amid your laurel leaves,
The gentle love a tender heart in duty's chaplet weaves.
I can't exactly set the date,—the Chairman he will know,—
But it was on a chilly night, some month or two ago.
Within, the back-log warmed my toes; without, the frozen rain,
Storm-driven by the angry wind, clashed on my window-pane.
I lit a pipe, stirred up the fire, and, dry with thirst for knowledge,
Plunged headlong in an essay by a Fellow of the College.
But, sir, I 've often seen of late that this especial thirst
Is not of all its varied forms the keenest nor the worst.
At all events, that gentleman—that pleasant College Fellow—
He must have been of all of us the juiciest and most mellow.
You ask his name, degree, and fame; you want to know that rare man?
It wasn't you,—nor you,—nor you,—no, sir, 't was not the Chairman!
For minutes ten I drank of him; quenched was my ardent thirst;
Another minute, and my veins with knowledge, sir, had burst;
A moment more, my head fell back, my lazy eyelids closed,
And on my lap that Fellow's book at equal peace reposed.
Then I remember me the night that essay first was read,
And how we thought it couldn't all have come from one man's head.
At nine the College heard a snore and saw the Chairman start,—
A snore as of an actor shy rehearsing for his part.

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At ten, a shameless chorus around the hall had run,
The Chairman dreamed a feeble joke, and said the noes had won.
At twelve the Treasurer fell asleep, the wakeful Censors slumbered,
The Secretary's minutes grew to hours quite unnumbered.
At six A. M. that Fellow paused, perchance a page to turn,
And up I got, and cried, "I move the College do adjourn!"
They didn't, sir; they sat all day. It made my flesh to creep.
All night they sat;—that couldn't be. Goodness! was I asleep?
Was I asleep? With less effect that Fellow might have tried
Codeia, Morphia, Urethan, Chloral, Paraldehyde.
In vain my servant called aloud, "Sir, here's a solemn letter
To say they want a song from you, for lack of some one better.
The Chairman says his man will wait, while you sit down and write;
He says he's not in any haste,—and make it something light;
He says you needn't vex yourself to try to be effulgent,
Because, he says, champagne enough will keep them all indulgent."
I slept—at least I think I slept—an hour by estimation,
But if I slept, I must have had unconscious cerebration,
For on my desk, the morrow morn, I found this ordered verse;
Pray take it as you take your wife,—"for better or for worse."

A golden wedding: fifty earnest years
This spring-tide day from that do sadly part,
When, 'mid a learned throng, one shy, grave lad,
Half conscious, won the Mistress of our Art.

Still at his side the tranquil goddess stood,
Unseen of men, and claimed the student boy;
Touched with her cool, sweet lips his ruddy cheek,
And bade him follow her through grief and joy.

"Be mine," she whispered in his startled ear,
"Be mine today, as Paré once was mine;
Like Hunter mine, and all who nobly won
The fadeless honors of that shining line.

"Be mine," she said, "the calm of honest eyes,
The steadfast forehead, and the constant soul,
Mine the firm heart on simple duty bent,
And mine the manly gift of self-control.

"Not in my service is the harvest won
That gilds the child of barter and of trade
That steady hand, that ever-pitying touch,
Not in my helping shall be thus repaid.

"But I will take you where the great have gone,
And I will set your feet in honor's ways;
Friends I will give, and length of crowded years,
And crown your manhood with a nation's praise.

"These will I give, and more; the poor man's home,
The anguished sufferer in the clutch of pain,
The camp, the field, the long, sad, waiting ward,
Watch for your kindly face, nor watch in vain;

"For, as the sculptor years shall chisel deep
The lines of pity 'neath the brow of thought,
Below your whitening hair the hurt shall read
How well you learned what I my best have taught."

The busy footsteps of your toiling stand
Upon the noisy century's sharp divide,
And at your side, tonight, I see her still,
The gracious woman, strong and tender-eyed.

O stately Mistress of our sacred Art,
Changeless and beautiful and wise and brave,
Full fifty years have gone since first your lips
To noblest uses pledged that forehead grave.

As round the board our merry glasses rang,
His golden-wedding chimes I heard tonight;
We know its offspring; lo, from sea to sea
His pupil children bless his living light.

What be the marriage-gifts that we can give?
What lacks he that on well-used years attends?
All that we have to give are his today,—
Love, honor, and obedience, troops of friends.

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Doctor Munroe

"DEAR Doctor, be clever, an' fling aff your beaver,
Come, bleed me an' blister me, dinna be slow;
I 'm sick, I 'm exhausted, my prospects are blasted,
An' a' driven heels o'er head, Doctor Munroe!"
"Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;
Pray, what's the misfortune that troubles you so?"
"O, Doctor! I 'm ruin'd, I 'm ruin'd forever—
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Munroe!

"I meant to have married, an' tasted the pleasures,
The sweets, the enjoyments from wedlock that flow;
But she 's ta'en another, an' broken my measures,
An' fairly dumfounder'd me, Doctor Munroe!
I 'm fool'd, I am dover'd as dead as a herring—
Good sir, you 're a man of compassion, I know;
Come, bleed me to death, then, unflinching, unerring,
Or grant me some poison, dear Doctor Munroe!"

The Doctor he flang aff his big-coat an' beaver,
He took out his lance, an' he sharpen'd it so;
No judge ever look'd more decided or graver—
"I 've oft done the same, sir," says Dr. Munroe.
"For gamblers, rogues, jockeys, and desperate lovers,
But I always make charge of a hundred, or so."
The patient looked pale, and cried out in shrill quavers,
"The devil! do you say so, sir, Doctor Munroe?"

"O yes, sir, I 'm sorry there 's nothing more common;
I like it—it pays—but, ere that length I go,
A man that goes mad for the love of a woman
I sometimes can cure with a lecture, or so."

"Why, thank you, sir; there spoke the man and the friend too,
Death is the last reckoner with friend or with foe,
The lecture, then, first, if you please, I 'll attend to;
The other, of course, you know, Doctor Munroe."

The lecture is said—How severe, keen, an' cutting,
Of love an' of wedlock, each loss an' each woe,
The patient got up—o'er the floor he went strutting,
Smiled, capered, an' shook hands with Doctor Munroe.
He dresses, an' flaunts it with Bell, Sue, an' Christy,
But freedom an' fun chooses not to forego;
He still lives a bachelor, drinks when he 's thirsty,
An' sings like a lark, an' loves Doctor Munroe!

—James Hogg.

Fallopius to His Dissecting Knife

(1550)

NOW shalt thou have thy way, thou little blade,
So bright and keen; now shalt thou have thy way,
And plod no more through bodies cold as clay,
But through quick flesh, by fiery pulses swayed.
A glorious and munificent duke hath made
Thee a great gift: live convicts; and today,
Though Nature shudder, thou shalt say thy say
On Life's deep springs where God so long forbade.

Fear not lest Mercy blunt thy edge, or make
The hand that holds thee o'er the living man
With any human hesitation shake;
But thou shalt tell me why his life-blood ran
Thus in his veins; what Life is; and shalt slake
The thirst of thirsts that makes my cheek so wan.

—Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

Doctor Bonomi

BY chance
An alchymist doctor whose fortunes were down,
Shifted quarters, and set up one day in a town
In France.
He hired a house, and affixed to the door
A name that the people had never before
Seen.
The doctor was upright and stiff as a wall,
Remarkably bony, uncommonly tall,
And lean.
Now into this house from a wagon was brought,
Whilst a crowd gathered staring, a monstrous retort;
And sweating and swearing, a staggering porter
Bore in a leviathan pestle and mortar;
Then hideous syringes, alchymical fixtures,
And great podgy bottles of all-colored mixtures.
A flutter
Among the gazers, who deemed every drop
Explosive material to go off with a pop
And splutter.
Therefore the people kept back in the street
Ready to beat an immediate retreat,
Should the doctor a tendency show to be loading
The squirts, or the bottles give signs of exploding
By fizzing.
Some gazed in mute awe on his spectacles big,
Whilst others the cut of his comical wig
Were quizzing.
Unheeding, the doctor paced solemnly round
In silence that whispered of wisdom profound
And vast.
But when all his chattels were carried within
To the last,

The physician's grave features relaxed to a grin,
And he said, "That will do; I think now I have nearly all
For this little city, the needful material."
Now round with the speed of a fire, the report
Of the squirts, the great bottles, the tubes, the retort
Flew;
And from every quarter the inquisitive pour,
Men, and of women, of course, a great store,
And the multitude fast round the alchymist's door
Grew.
Sudden, the crier emerged with a horn,
Calling, "O yes, O yes, this blessed morn
Into our city, of doctors e 'er born
The chief
Has come, Psalmanazar Bonomi,
Physician extraordinary to the King of Dahomy.
A deeper read doctor no mortal can show me;
He's doctor of medicine of famous Louvain;
Salamanca boasts of him (Salamanca 's in Spain);
And, to prove that his qualifications are thorough,
He passed at Montpelier, Bologne, Edinboro'.
In brief
This alchymist-doctor of learn'd Salamanca
(Expressive though vulgar the term) is a spanker.
Now vain the delusion of him who supposes
The doctor sets plasters, lets blood, or gives doses,
Applies leeches, pounds powders, rolls pills, spreads a blister·
Far other, good people, the practice of Mister
Bonomi.
Don't dream, if you're ill, for this doctor to send,
For certainly on you he will not attend.
Whatever your malady, be well assured,
You must not seek HIM, if you want to be cured.
Should he, like a common hack doctor, go round—
He the elixir of life who has found
In Dahomy?
No! he visits not prince, noble, burgher, or peasant.
Why should he? A score
Of doctors and more

Are set up in this poky old city at present.
So those who have croup,
And those with the hoop,
And those who have cholera, liver complaint,
Rheumatics, lumbago, have bile, inflammation,
Influenza, or measles, have fits, or who faint,
Have fevers, convulsions, tic, gout, palpitation,
Don't
Let them by calling Doctor Bonomi bother.
He will not attend; they must summon another;
Nor strive to induce, by a quadrupled fee,
Or by flattery, to bring him to visit, for he
Won't.
But, when you have found all physicians to fail,
And every prescription has ceased to avail,
When the pulse beats no more, and the last sigh is sped,
When the last tear has trickled, the last word been said,
When
Rigid the muscles, when motionless lies
The patient, sans breath, and sans ears, and sans eyes,
Sans feeling, sans thinking, sans all things, in bed;
In a word, when you know that the patient is dead,—
Then
Send for the illustrious Doctor Bonomi,
For then, in his own graphic words, "All will know me
To be
The Only Physician who has any science,
The only Bonomi, with none in alliance,
Who sets all the doctors of France at defiance."
So he
Urges all those of high rank or low station
By mortality robbed of a darling relation,
Father or mother,
Sister or brother,
Uncle or aunt, wife, husband, or lover,
And the same from the power of the grave would recover,
Let 'em
Apply to the doctor at their earliest leisure,
And, if not engaged, it will give him great pleasure

For the trifling fee of five francs each—no more—
The precious departed to life to restore,
And set 'em
In vigorous health once again in their places,
With their old dispositions, old habits, old faces.
So all who desire at a trumpery cost,
To recover a friend or relation that's lost,
Have only to come to the doctor, and he
Will their wishes attend at afore-mentioned fee.
N. B.
A reduction to families, children half-price.
Under twelve, and not according to size."

Well, the doctor he waited, the crier he cried,
Newspaper notices, placards, were tried,
But the crying and waiting proved wholly in vain;
And days as they passed, made it daily more plain
That folks were not eager to bring back again
Those who had died;
For—NO ONE APPLIED.
So after the doctor a fortnight had waited,
And nobody came,
He issued a poster, the color of flame,
Whereon it was stated
That greatly to blame
Were the people for thinking that he was deceiving 'em;
And, therefore, before he determined on leaving 'em,
He did intend
At the week's end
To prove he had power to do what he said.
He would go to the churchyard and raise ALL the dead.
Now, scarce had the placard appeared in the street,
Ere there came to the door a loud clatter of feet,
And one
Burst in on the doctor with colorless cheek,
And in his excitement scarce able to speak:
"Did you say you were going at the end of the week
To raise all the dead from the graves of the city?"
He fell on his knees wailing, "Doctor, have pity!

Do not arouse
My slumbering spouse!
Though fun
To a stranger such practices may be,
They 're death and perdition, and worse, sir, to me.
If my wife,
Who is dead—rest her soul!—came to life,
What should I do?
For scarce had I seen her in sepulchre laid
Ere I put in the banns, and was spliced to her maid.
It never would do
Wives to have two,
Especially when the first wife was a scold,
Corpulent, fussy, and ugly and old;
And after her death one's enjoying her gold
With Kitty,
Who is dapper, and young, and good-natured, and pretty."
Then he pressed
A well-weighted purse on Bonomi, and said,
"Now, doctor, remember, in raising the dead,
Let HER rest."

Now scarce had this gentleman taken his hat,
When there pealed on the door a loud rat-a-tat-tat.
Then in came another man, shaking and bowing,
With forehead perspiring, and cheeks all a-glowing,
Who said, in an accent of trouble and fear,
Whilst with a blue handkerchief mopping his face,
"Why, doctor! good heaven! is it true what I hear,
That you're going to raise all the dead in the place?
Why, bless me! my uncle has lately deceased
And left me his heir,
And, dear sir, I declare
That now, from pecuniary troubles released,
I'm only beginning life's pleasures to taste.
Oh, doctor! if you've not the heart of a stone,
Have pity, and leave my poor uncle alone.
I pray you accept of this trifle, and save
Me the terrible blow. Let HIM rest in his grave."

Then in came another, with face of despair,
Who said palpitating, "I pray you forbear!
My brothers are dead, I'm enjoying their share
Of the fortune my father amassed; I don't care
To have to refund it, surrendering the pelf;
Its a thousand times better to spend it oneself.
Beside
Providence knew, I am sure, what was best,
When, by measles, it took my dear brothers to rest.
They died
By Heaven's decree; and shall mortal perverse
Adventure what Providence rules to reverse?
They are better by far,
I'm convinced, where they are.
(Here, doctor, I pray you to finger this purse);
Earth was no home
For souls such as theirs, so the heavenly flame
Rose to the ether sublime whence it came.
O monster inhuman! rerivet again
Of spirit and matter the long-shattered chain!
Replace the poor bird in the cage whence its flown!
Cast once more from his home the poor exile restored!
O'er the criminal pardoned again lift the sword!
For my brothers' sake, doctor, give ear to my plain,
And let THEM alone."

The next to appear was a lady, who said,
With pattering tears, and pendulous head,
"Alack
For my master who lay for a long time in bed!
A terrible sufferer, whilst by his side
I tenderly waited and watched, till he died,
And must he, with every fond fancy and whim,
Come back?
For years I kept dancing attendance on him,
And only when I was released by his death,
The leisure obtained to look round, and take breath.
Now I enjoy,
Without any alloy,

My freedom and income, which he, ere he died,
In return for my nursing took care to provide.
O, doctor! I 'm tired of being a nurse:
So I pray you to take a few coins from this purse,
And save
My feelings, by letting HIM rest in his grave."

The next to arrive was a gentleman eager,
With sharp-pointed nose, long, lanky, and meagre;
Like a rat's
Was his face. He, the tallest of hats
With the smallest of brims in his fingers was folding,
Whilst the stiffest cravat his long neck was enfolding;
His swallow-tails hung to the calf of his leg.
Now thus, in shrill tones, began he to beg,
Making a bow:
"How do you do, doctor? how
Are you? dear Doctor Bonomi; I 'm calling
To assure you I fear the event of a riot
In the city at the prospect, no little appalling,
Of our dead folk not being allowed to lie quiet.
I have come to you, doctor, in hopes to impress
Your mind with a sense of the prevailing distress
Which is caused among many good folk by the thought
Of the miracle which is about to be wrought.
But perhaps you will best understand, if I place
Before you an instance, a representative case.
My lady gave birth
Twice to twins; in the earth
They are lying, very much to their benefit surely,
And to my satisfaction. They always were poorly;
And, because of their ailing,
They never ceased wailing,
Till their happy release
Gave the family peace.
They are well where they are; but, I fear and suppose,
With the others these babies to revive you propose.
What moneys they 'll cost me in victuals and clothes!
Why, to think, sir," he added, with agonized groan,
"Of the cost of four little boys' breeches alone,

Which always give way at the seat and the knee;
Which they are ever outgrowing;
Which take buttons and sewing!
Alas! but four boys would be ruin to me.
They would always be yelping for something to eat;
They would cost me a fortune in bread, sir, and meat.
Then their education
Befitting their station!
I have children already, enough and to spare.
Already my wife has found grey in my hair.
At the prospect I 'm ready to die of despair
Of having to provide
For four hungry, howling, nude creatures beside.
Therefore, good sir, if you wake those that sleep,
Clear of my babies, I pray you to keep.
Here's a humble reminder, fifteen louis-d'or:
And, in raising the dead, pray, MY BABIES pass o'er."

Now was heard in the street of wheels a loud rumble·
Then a sudden portentious loud rap at the door.
And next, up the stair,
With tumble
And grumble
Full into the room came bouncing the Mayor.
"Ahem!" said his worship. "Sacré bleu! mille diables!
Are you going to arouse from their graves all the rabble?
Are you, sir, the man who will quicken the dead?"
He stopped, out of breath, but still waggled his head,
Puffing and blowing.
"What! Such an infringement of order, indeed!
Revolution and anarchy certain to breed.
Do you think I am going
To tolerate it for one moment? Odds bobbin!
To pay Peter, in verity, Paul 't would be robbing;
For I fear I should have to vacate my great chair,
If, among all the others, you roused the ex-Mayor.
So, out of the city I bid you be packing,
Or me, ventre gris! sir, you will not find lacking
In putting in force the full weight of the law,
And sending you where you were never before—

Into prison; and mark you, if once you were in it,
You would not be able to slip out in a minute.
But I 'm generous, doctor, and ready to offer
A compromise. Here are rouleaux in this coffer:
Take them. Your absence—I 'm ready to buy it;
Only, for mercy's sake, leave the dead quiet.
To the money you 're welcome—accept, and be gone;
But, whatever you do, leave the EX-MAYOR alone.
Now pack
Up your traps; it 's a beautiful morning
For shifting your quarters. No slighting my warning!
Why," added his worship, with iciest stare,
"I 'm 'whelmed with amazement to think you should dare
To dream of unseating ME—me, sir, the Mayor!
Then back
With your bottles and drugs to the wilds of Dahomy,
There practice at ease, on fresh corpse or old mummy,
With nothing to fear,
But only not here,
So! out of the town with you, Doctor Bonomi!"

—S. BARING-GOULD.

The Quack Doctor

BUT what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicensed gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand grenadoes flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they slew.

—WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon.

The Transferred Malady

(IN AN OCULIST'S OFFICE.)

HOW sweet the girl! I saw her pass
The waiting group, with dumb surprise;
A golden-haired, trim, willowy lass,
With heaven's soft azure in her eyes.
What could there be in them to mend?
Nothing, I stoutly should insist;
But still she asked to see my friend
The bachelor—and oculist.

I saw her take the patient's chair
(Venus and Science matched amain),
And though his search found little there,
He asked the girl to come again.
But while with his ophthalmoscope
He sought the source of her distress,
In the next room, with rhyme and trope,
I tried my rapture to express.

"Neuritis of mild type it is,"
He said (whatever that may be);
"Here is a wash I use for this,
But come each day and visit me."
I knew the doctor's ready skill;
Yet while he battled with the case,
His eyes received from hers a thrill;
A crimson flush suffused her face.

Daily, as she was bid, she came;
Daily the doctor scanned her eyes.
A cardiac spasm I need not name
At length he struggled to disguise;

For gazing in those orbs of blue
So close transferred an aching smart.
No "wash" he ever gave or knew
For ailing eyes could help his heart.

The girl was cured, the patient lost,
What now avails his utmost fees
Or rapid skill, to be so tossed
About my Cupid's sharp caprice?
Those blue eyes, had I had the case,
Should not have been for years dismissed.
To keep them always face to face,
I 'd die—a baffled oculist.

—Joel Benton.

With the Scapel

HERE'S our "subject," tall and strong,
With vermillion well injected;
Where the blood once coursed along,
Ready now to be dissected.
Some one never claimed, it seems,
Friendless amid London's Babel:
Did he ever in his dreams
See this table?

Here's a hand that once held fast
All things pleasant, to its liking;
Now its active days are past,
Or for friendship, or for striking.
Nothing colder here could lie,
Yet on some one's palm there lingers
Sense of its warm touch, while I
Strip the fingers.

How the dead eyes strangely stare,
When I lift the lids above them!
Yet some woman lives, I swear,
Who too well had learnt to love them;
Some one since their final sleep
Holds their smiles in recollection,
While I put them by to keep
For dissection.

Then the heart. I take it out,
Handling it with no compunction;
Once it wildly pulsed, no doubt,
Well performed each wondrous function.
Sped the life-blood in its race
In miraculous gyration,
Felt, responsive to one face,
Palpitation.

Where was life then? Was it hid
In each curious convolution,
Packed beneath the cranium lid
With such ordered distribution?
Can we touch one spot and say,
Here all thought and feeling entered,
Here—'twas but the other day—
Life was centered?

No, that puzzle still remains,
One unsolved, supreme attraction;
Here are muscles, nerves and veins—
Where was that which gave them action?
Though the scapel's edge be keen,
Comes no answer from the tissues,
Telling us where life has been—
Whence it issues.

We can bid the heart be still,
Stop the life-blood's circulation;
Paralyze the sovereign will,
Through the centres of sensation.

When the clay lies at your feet,
We can light no life within it,
Cannot make the dead heart beat
For one minute.

Yet this thought remains with him,
Dead he is to outward seeming,
Still the eyes, so glazed and dim,
See what lies beyond our dreaming;
Know the secret of the spheres
Truth of doom or bliss supernal,
Read the riddle of the years—
Life eternal!

So we 'll leave him, ready now
For tomorrow morning's lecture,
Little recks that placid brow
Of our wayward wild conjecture.
It may be our fate to die
All unwept and missed by no men—
As he lies there we may lie;
ABSIT OMEN.

—H. SAVILE CLARKE.

The Joking Doctor

I KNEW a doctor years ago,
Aged forty, fat, and ruddy,
Who made of puns, both high and low,
A most important study.

To men who fasted for a day,
Whose lungs were but presumption,
He 'd say in a most joyous way,
"How great is your consumption!"

And added that in many ways,
His heart was sympathetic,
And how his skill brought forth more praise,
Than any known emetic.

When called upon to use his power,
And check some angry tumor,
He 'd cry "how CAN you look so sour,
You 're in delicious humor!"

And if some sighed "the room needs air,"
Before the mourners present,
He 'd smile, and gently say, "forbear,
Your rheum is very pleasant."

My daughter Annie, on the stoop,
Fell sick in strangest manner,
This doctor came, and said "it 's croup,
I 'll ipecac you, Anna!"

And when I asked him, "shall I die."
After some great entreaties,
He muttered "yes," with one closed eye,
"Unless you diabetes!"

And thus for many, many years,
This creature has been stunning
Thousands of helpless, suffering ears,
By his atrocious punning.

But I will have my joke on him,
Altho' to me 't is trying;
For sometime back I 've felt quite slim,
HE told me I was dying.

His bill since last July is due,
And it will make him holler
To find (I tell this ENTRE NOUS),
I have n't left a dollar!

—FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

Guneopathy

I SAW a lady yesterday,
A regular M. D.,
Who 'd taken from the Faculty
Her medical degree;
And I thought, if ever I was sick,
My doctor she should be!

I pity the deluded man
Who foolishly consults
Another man, in hopes to find
Such magical results
As when a pretty woman lays
Her hand upon his pulse!

I had a strange disorder once,
A kind of chronic chill,
That all the doctors in the town,
With all their vaunted skill,
Could never cure, I 'm very sure,
With powder nor with pill.

I don't know what they called it
In their pompous terms of Art,
Nor if they thought it mortal
In such a vital part,—
I only know 't was reckoned
"Something icy round the heart!"

A lady came,—her presence brought
The blood into my ears!
She took my hand—and something like
A fever now appears!
Great Galen!—I was all aglow,
Though I 'd been cold for years!

Perhaps it is n't every case
That 's fairly in her reach,
But should I e'er be ill again,
I fervently beseech
That I may have, for life or death,
A lady for my "leech"!

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Doctor Gall

I SING of the organs and fibers
That ramble about in the brains;
Avaunt! ye irreverent jibers,
Or stay and be wise for your pains.
All heads were of yore on a level,
One could not tell clever from dull,
Till I, like Le Sage's lame devil,
Unroofed with a touch every skull.
Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all,
Then come in a crowd to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

The passions, or active or passive,
Exposed by my magical spells,
As busy as bees in a glass hive,
Are seen in their separate cells.
Old Momus, who wanted a casement
Whence all in the heart might be read,
Were he living, would stare with amazement
To find what he wants in the head.

There 's an organ for strains amoroso,
Just under the edge of the wig,
An organ for writing but so-so,
For driving a tilbury gig;

An organ for boxers, for stoics,
For giving booksellers a lift,
For marching the zig-zag heroics,
And editing Jonathan Swift.

I raise in match-making a rumpus,
And Cupid his flame must impart
Henceforth with a rule and a compass,
Instead of a bow and a dart.
"Dear Madam, your eyebrow is horrid;
And Captain, too broad is your pate;
I see by that bump on your forehead
You 're shockingly dull tête-a-tête."

When practice has made my book plainer
To manhood, to age, and to youth,
I 'll build, like the genius Phanor,
In London a palace of truth.
Then fibs, ah, beware how you tell 'em,
Reflect how pellucid the skull,
Whose downright sincere cerebellum
Must render all flattery null.

Your friend brings a play out at Drury,
'Tis hooted and damned in the pit;
Your organ of friendship 's all fury,
But what says your organ of wit?
"Our laughter next time prithee stir, man,
We don't pay our money to weep;
Your play must have come from the German,
It set all the boxes asleep."

At first, all will be in a bustle;
The eye will, from ignorance, swerve,
And some will abuse the wrong muscle,
And some will adore the wrong nerve.
In love should your hearts then be sporting,
Your heads on one level to bring,
You must go in your nightcaps a-courting,
As if you were going to swing.

Yet some happy mortals, all virtue,
  Have sentiment just as they should,
Their occiput nought can do hurt to,
  Each organ 's an organ of good;
Such couples angelic, when mated,
  To bid all concealment retire,
Should seek Hymen's altar bald-pated,
  And throw both their wigs in his fire.

My system, from great A to Izzard,
  You now, my good friends, may descry,
Not Shakespeare's Bermudean wizard
  Was half so enchanting as I.
His magic a Tempest could smother,
  But mine the soul's hurricane clears,
By exposing your heads to each other,
  And setting those heads by the ears.

Oh, I am the mental dissector,
  I fathom the wits of you all;
So here is an end to the lecture
  Of craniological Gall.

—James Smith.

Most to be Pitied

THE woman of sentiment said to the Doctor,
  (And the answer he gave her most awfully shocked her!)
"Dear Doctor, of all the relentless diseases
That lie in dark wait, without warning to seize us,
What malady is it so harshly attacks us,
So wickedly wounds and so ruthlessly racks us,
That, seeing its victim distressed in such fashion
You give him at once your profoundest compassion?"
And the Doctor responded, "I think 'tis admitted
The man with the small-pox is most to be pitied!"

—Mrs. George Archibald.

Miss Sophronia's Cure

HE treated me for mumps, did the blessed Dr. Stumps,
He treated me for measles when my soul was in the dumps;
And without a shade of question he improved my indigestion—
Oh! a therapeutic wonder was the blessed Dr. Stumps!

But when my mumps had fled then I had an aching head,
And when my head was cured I had lung-complaint, instead;
Then he clinched with my bronchitis, then he treated my gastritis—
And now that blessed doctor—he has left me—he is dead!

When he used to come and say, "Ah! you have the chills to-day!"
Or, "You have a touch of fever," I was frolicsome and gay;
When he told me, "Miss Sophronia, you are suffering from pneumonia,"
I rejoiced with great rejoicing at the words he used to say.

For he 'd sit and sympathize with compassion in his eyes,
And he 'd talk about my symptoms and he 'd look superbly wise;
Then he 'd give me learned theses on the treatment of diseases,
And number all the catalogue of all my agonies.

While the long years rolled away I was very sick and gay,
I was very ill and happy, gladly wasting in decay;
But when Dr. Stumps departed, Dr. Meyers, iron-hearted,
Came and cured me in a fortnight—and I'm sad and well to-day.

PHOTOGRAVURE & COLOR CO N.Y.

Now I have no blessed ease that accompanies disease—
What is there in life to cheer me? What is there in life to please?
Now I have no blessed theses on my symptoms and diseases—
If I must continue healthy, let me die and find release.

—Sam Walter Foss.

Housewifely Physic

GOOD husewife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good AQUA COMPOSITA, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
With sirops, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask MEDICUS' counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and than.
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail;
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail:
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

—Thomas Tusser, About 1557.

A Human Skull

A HUMAN Skull! I bought it passing cheap,
Indeed 'twas dearer to its first employer!
I thought mortality did well to keep
Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

It is a ghostly monitor, and most
Experienced our wasting sand in summing;
It is a grave domestic finger-post
That warning points the way to kingdom-coming.

Time was, some may have prized its blooming skin;
Here lips were woo'd, perhaps, in transport tender;
Some may have chuck'd what was a dimpled chin,
And never had my doubt about its gender!

Did she live yesterday or ages back?
What color were the eyes when bright and waking?
And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black,
Poor little head! that long has done with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)
Thy brains, Eliza Fry, or Baron Byron's;
The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Dr. Watts,—
Two quoted bards! two philanthropic syrens!

But this I surely knew before I closed
The bargain on the morning that I bought it;
It was not half so bad as some supposed,
Nor quite as good as many may have thought it.

Who love, can need no special type of death;
Death steals his icy hand where Love reposes.
Alas for love, alas for fleeting breath,
Immortelles bloom with Beauty's bridal roses.

O true love mine, what lines of care are these?
The heart still lingers with its golden hours,
But fading tints are on the chestnut trees,
And where is all that lavish wealth of flowers?

The end is near. Life lacks what once it gave,
Yet death has promises that call for praises,
A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

—FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

The Newcastle Apothecary

A MAN in many a country town we know,
Professes openly with death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother;
So (many a suffering patient saith),
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they 're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne;
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or give a clyster.
Of occupations these were QUANTUM SUFF.
Yet, still, he thought the list not large enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to 't.

This balanced things, for if ne hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into 't.
His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was SOLUS;
All the old women called him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter),
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles lettres.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.
No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's fables,
Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.
Apothecary's verse!—and where 's the treason?
'T is simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four,
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that 's called cathartical,
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse:

"WHEN TAKEN,
TO BE WELL SHAKEN."

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that 's of course
For what 's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.
Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster.
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.
"Well, how 's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod.
"Well, how? what then? speak out, you dunce!"—
"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once"—
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammered out.
"We jolted him about"—
"Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do."
"No, sir, and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes! odd's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died."

—George Coleman, The Younger.

Boyle Godfrey, Chymist and Doctor of Medicine

EPITAPHIUM CHEMICUM.

HERE lieth to digest, macerate, and amalgamate
with clay,
In Balneo Arenæ,
Stratum super stratum,
The Residuum, Terra Damnata, and Caput Mortuum,
Of Boyle Godfrey, Chimist
And M. D.
A man who in this earthly Laboratory
Pursued various processes to obtain
Arcanum Vitæ,
Or the Secret to Live;
Also Aurum Vitæ,
Or the art of getting, rather than making, Gold.
Alchemist like,
All his labor and propition,
As Mercury in the fire, evaporated in fumo.
When he dissolved to his first principles,
He departed as poor
As the last drops of an alembic:
For riches are not poured
On the Adepts of this world.
Thus,
Not Solar in his purse,
Neither Lunar in his disposition,
Nor Jovial in his temperament;
Being of Saturnine habit,
Venereal conflicts had left him,
And Martial ones he disliked.
With nothing saline in his composition,
All Salts but two were his Nostrums.
The Attic he did not know,

And that of the Earth he thought not Essential;
But, perhaps, his had lost its savor.
Though fond of news, he carefully avoided
The fermentation, effervescence,
And decupilation of this life.
Full seventy years his exalted essence
Was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass;
But the radical moisture being exhausted,
The Elixir Vitæ spent,
Inspissated and exsiccated to a cuticle,
He could not suspend longer in his vehicle,
But precipitated gradatim
Per companum
To his original dust.
May that light, brighter than Bolognian Phosphorus,
Preserve him from the Incineration and Concremation
Of the Athanor, Empyreuma, and Reverberatory
Furnace of the other world,
Depurate him, like Tartarus Regeneratus,
From the Fœces and Scoria of this;
Highly rectify and volatilize
His Etherial Spirit,
Bring it over the helm of the Retort of this Globe,
Place in a proper Recipient,
Or Crystalline Orb,
Among the elect of the Flowers of Benjamin,
Never to be saturated
Till the general Resuscitation,
Deflagration, and Calcination of all Things,
When all the reguline parts
Of his comminuted substance
Shall be again concentrated,
Revivified, alcholized,
And imbibe its pristine Archeses;
Undergo a new transmutation,
Eternal fixation,
And combination of its former Aura;
Be coated over and decorated in robes more fair
Than the majestie of Bismuth,

More sparkling than Cinnabar,
Or Aurum Mosaicum.
And being found Proof Spirit,
Then to be exalted and sublimed together
Into the Concave Dome
Of the highest Aludel in Paradise.

—Dr. Charles Smith.

The Old Doctor

THEY 'VE got a new man down hyere
At Mason's Cove, thet 's young
An' got a heap o' l'arnin'
An' quite a 'ily tongue.
I 've nothin' no-way 'ginst him,
But tell ye when I 'm sick
I want old Dr. Milspaugh,
An' I want him mighty quick!

He 's doctored all my fambly
For sixty year, ye know,
An' when he could n't cure us
He never told us so!
He never gave a case up
Like doctors sometimes do,
But let us die a-hopin'
Thet we was pullin' through.

'N' most I like about him
Is that he never tries
New-fangled drugs upon ye,
Like some thet ain't so wise.
No differ what 's your yailment,
He 'll give ye calermel;
Ef thet don't work he 'll dose ye
With quinine fer a spell.

Thar ain't no form o' sickness
  Thet ever showed itse'f
Inside o' mortal critters,
  Enj'yin' mortal breaf.
But what old Doc kin spot it
  An' call the thing by name,
Like he was blood-kin to it
  An' knowed f'om whar it came.

He 's hand-in-glove with fevers,
  'N' when he strikes a sprain
He 's jest like he was sayin'
  "Well, hyere ye are again!"
An' even Death don't feaze him—
  He knows it, branch an' roots,
So well ye 'bout 'ud reckon
  They both was in cahoots.

An' bein' he 's so po'rful,
  Ef ever I 'm took sick,
'S I say, I want old Doctor,
  'N' I want him middlin' quick!
'F my time 's come, naught can save me;
  Ef it ain't, why then old Doc
'Ull fetch me round a-hummin'
  An' gritty ez a rock.

—Eva Wilder McGlasson

On Aufidius

A HUM'ROUS fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon with instruments and skill,
Searches his skull, deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries—"Good surgeon, spare your pains,
When I began this brawl I had no brains."

—Actius Sannazarius.

The Same Who Physick'd Peter

(DON JUAN, CANTO X.)

I DON'T know how it was, but he grew sick:
The empress was alarm'd, and her physician
(The same who physick'd Peter) found the tick
Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition
Which augur'd of the dead, however QUICK
Itself, and show'd a feverish disposition;
At which the whole court was extremely troubled.
The sovereign shock'd, and all his medicines doubled.

Low were the whispers, manifold the rumors;
Some said he had been poison'd by Potemkin;
Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumors,
Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kin;
Some said 'twas a concoction of the humors,
Which with the blood too readily will claim kin;
Others again were ready to maintain,
"'Twas only the fatigue of last campaign."

But here is one prescription out of many:
"Sodæ sulphat. ʒ vj. ʒ fs. Mannæ optim.
Aq. fervent. f. ℥ ifs. ʒ ij. tinct. Sennæ
Haustus." (And here the surgeon came and cupp'd
him)
"℞ Pulv. Com. gr. iij, Ipecacuanhæ"
(With more beside if Juan had not stopp'd 'em.)
"Bolus Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus,
Et haustus ter in die capiendus."

This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer:

While that "hiatus maxime deflendus"
To be fill'd up by spade or mattock's near,
Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,
We tease mild Baillie, or soft Abernethy.

—Lord Byron.

The General Practitioner

HE must not walk his rounds for fear his patients think him poor,
And dearly do they love to see a carriage at their door;
And if his horse is fat, "He must have little work to do,"
And if it 's lean the reason is, "He starves the poor old screw."

Should he call upon his patients every day when they are ill
His motive plainly is "to make a great big doctor's bill,"
If he visits them less frequently—thus less'ning their expense—
The chances are he 'll be accused of willful negligence.

He must work all day and half the night, and never say he 's tired;
For the public look upon him simply as a servant hired;
And should he take a holiday, he 'll find when he comes back
Some patients have resented it by giving him "the sack."

Concerning money he must seem indifferent to be,
And folks will think he practices from pure philanthrophy,
When we hear about him boasting of the guineas that he earns
We wonder if they all appear in his income-tax returns.

About his own afflictions he must never say a word;
The notion of a doctor being ill is so absurd!
And when, perhaps from overwork, he 's laid upon the shelf,
His sympathizing patients say, "Physician, heal thyself!"

—Dr. J. Johnston.

In the Hospital

HOW the wind yells on the Gulf and prairie!
How it rattles in the windows wide!
And the rats squeak like our old ship's rigging:
I shall die with the turn of tide.

I 've had a rough life on the ocean,
And a tough life on the land;
Now I 'm like a broken hulk in the dock-yard,—
I can't stir foot nor hand.

There are green trees in the Salem graveyard
By the meeting-house steps they grow;
And there they put my poor old mother,
The third in the leeward row.

There 's the low red house on the corner,
With a slant roof and a wellsweep behind,
And yellow-headed fennel in the garden,—
How I see it when I go blind!

I wish I had a mug of cold water
From the bottom of that old curb-well.
I wish my mother's face was here alongside,
While I hear that tolling bell!

There 's a good crop of corn in the meadow,
And the biggest boy a'n't there to hoe;
They 'll get in the apples and the pumpkins,
But I 've done my last chores below.

Don 't you hear the Norther risin', doctor?
How it yells and hollers, far and wide!
And the moon 's a shinin' on that graveyard,—
Hold on. I 'm agoin' with the tide.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

The Doctor's Answer

I THANK you for the kindly word
You sent to me when first you heard
That something ailed me;
I hope you don't begrudge me ease
As badly as you did my fees
When your health failed ye.

You mourn, you say, yet chuckle, too,
As many mocking mortals do,
To see my illness.
I half believe it is in spite
That I the doctors can invite
And yet be bill-less.

'Tis only fair when I must feel
The ills that I am wont to steal
From others' anguish,
That I should know the sweet relief
The doctor's potent art can give
To those that languish.

And when I go through wet or dry
To answer every wailing cry
Till sickness floors me,
I think that you might do your best
To give a little needed rest
From all that bores me.

Don't touch my bell or telephone,
Go off and leave me quite alone
In my dominion;
Nor seek to visit me in bed
To conjure from this aching head
One more opinion.

Indeed, my pulse I never count,
Nor watch my fever though it mount
Toward disaster.
I let my doctor tend to those;
No one when sick, whate'er he knows,
Himself can master.

I call a trusty friend or two,
And let them say what 's best to do
For symptoms fateful;
And when they help me out of pain,
And put me on my feet again,
I 'm duly grateful.

I never fret and fume and stew,
As some that you may know of do,
But take my rations;
For watching long at cases slow,
And list'ning to your tales of woe
Have taught me patience.

About the nurse that I would like,
The care to take and fancy strike—
Ah! There 's my failing!
A neat, sweet, feat, attractive nurse
I like—no better and no worse
Because I 'm ailing!

With mien serene my dose I sip,
Then into "PUNCH" I take a dip
My ribs to tickle.
Though many a potent drug I quaff,
No drug is better than the laugh
When health is fickle.

When Health or Fortune turn their backs,
And want assails, or suffering racks
Me for awhile,
Whatever else I use as aids,
I joke and chuckle at the jades
Till again they smile.

DR. SAMUEL W. KELLEY.

Professions—Physic

The worth and Excellence of the true Physician—Merit, not the sole Cause of Success—Modes of advancing Reputation—Motives of Medical Men for publishing their Works—The great evil of Quackery—Present state of advertising Quacks—Their Hazard—Some fail, and why—Causes of Success—How Men of understanding are prevailed upon to have Recourse to Empirics, and to permit their names to be advertised—Evils of Quackery: to nervous Females: to Youth: to Infants—History of an Advertising Empiric, Etc.

NEXT, to a graver tribe we turn our view,
And yield the praise to worth and science due;
But this with serious words and sober style,
For these are friends with whom we seldom smile.
Helpers of Men they 're called, and we confess
Theirs the deep study, theirs the lucky guess;
We own that numbers join with care and skill,
A temperate judgment, a devoted will;
Men who suppress their feelings, but who feel
The painful symptoms they delight to heal;
Patient in all their trials, they sustain
The starts of passion, the reproach of pain,
With hearts affected, but with looks serene;
Intent they wait through all the solemn scene,
Glad if a hope should rise from nature's strife,
To aid their skill and save the lingering life;
But this must virtue's generous effort be,
And spring from nobler motives than a fee:
To the Physician of the Soul, and these,
Turn the distressed for safety, hope, and ease.
But as physicians of that nobler kind
Have their warm zealots, and their sectaries:
So among these for knowledge most renowned,
Are dreamers strange, and stubborn bigots found:

Some, too, admitted to this honored name,
Have, without learning, found a way to fame;
And some by learning—young physicians write,
To set their merit in the fairest light;
With them a treatise is a bait that draws
Approving voices—'tis to gain applause,
And to exalt them in the public view,
More than a life of worthy toil could do.
When 'tis proposed to make the man renowned,
In every age, convenient doubts abound;
Convenient themes in every period start,
Which he may treat with all the pomp of art:
Curious conjectures he may always make,
And either side of dubious questions take:
He may a system broach, or, if he please,
Start new opinions of an old disease;
Or may some simple in the woodland trace,
And be its patron, till it runs its race;
As rustic damsels from their woods are won,
And live in splendor till their race be run;
It weighs not much on what their powers be shown
When all his purpose is to make them known.

To show the world what long experience gains,
Requires not courage, though it calls for pains;
But at life's outset to inform mankind,
Is a bold effort of a valiant mind.

The great good man, for noblest cause displays
What many labors taught, and many days;
These sound instruction from experience give,
The others show us how they mean to live.
That they have genius, and they hope mankind
Will to its efforts be no longer blind.

There are, beside, whom powerful friends advance
Whom fashion favors, person, patrons, chance:
And merit sighs to see a fortune made
By daring rashness or by dull parade.

But these are trifling evils; there is one
Which walks unchecked, and triumphs in the sun.
There was a time when we beheld the Quack,
On public stage, the licensed trade attack;

He made his labored speech with poor parade,
And then a laughing zany lent him aid:
Smiling we passed him, but we felt the while
Pity so much, that soon we ceased to smile;
Assured that fluent speech and flowery vest
Disguised the troubles of a man distressed:—
But now our Quacks are gamesters, and they play
With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
With monstrous promise they delude the mind,
And thrive on all that tortures humankind.
Void of all honor, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—
Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop or pill;
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill;
And twenty names of cobblers turned to squires,
Aid the bold language of these blushless liars.
There are among them those who cannot read,
And yet they 'll buy a patent, and succeed;
Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,
For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid?
With cruel avarice still they recommend
More draughts, more syrup to the journey's end:
"I feel it not:"—"Then take it every hour:"
"It makes me worse;"—"Why then it shows its power:"
"I fear to die;"—"Let not your spirits sink,
You're always safe, while you believe and drink."
How strange to add, in this nefarious trade,
That men of parts are dupes by dunces made:
That creatures, nature meant should clean our streets,
Have purchased lands and mansions, parks and seats:
Wretches with conscience so obtuse, they leave
Their untaught sons their parents to deceive;
And when they're laid upon their dying bed,
No thought of murder comes into their head;
Nor one revengeful ghost to them appears,
To fill the soul with penitential fears.
Yet not the whole of this imposing train
Their gardens, seats, and carriages obtain;
Chiefly, indeed, they to the robbers fall,
Who are most fitted to disgrace them all:

But there is hazard—patents must be bought,
Venders and puffers for the poison sought;
And then in many a paper through the year,
Must cures and cases, oaths and proofs appear;
Men snatched from graves, as they were dropping in,
Their lungs coughed up, their bones pierced through their skin;
Their liver all one scirrhus, and the frame
Poisoned with evils which they dare not name;
Men who spent all upon physicians' fees,
Who never slept, nor had a moment's ease,
Are now as roaches sound, and all as brisk as bees.
If the sick gudgeons to the bait attend,
And come in shoals, the angler gains his end.
But should the advertising cash be spent,
Ere yet the town has due attention lent,
Then bursts the bubble, and the hungry cheat
Pines for the bread he ill deserves to eat:
It is a lottery, and he shares perhaps
The rich man's feast, or begs the pauper's scraps.
From powerful causes spring th' empiric's gains,
Man's love of life, his weakness, and his pains;
These first induce him the vile trash to try,
Then lend his name, that other men may buy:
This love of life, which in our nature rules,
To vile imposture makes us dupes and tools;
Then pain compels th' impatient soul to seize
On promised hopes of instantaneous ease;
And weakness too with every wish complies,
Worn out and won by importunities.
Troubled with something in your bile or blood,
You think your doctor does you little good;
And grown impatient, you require in haste
The nervous cordial, nor dislike the taste;
It comforts, heals, and strengthens: nay, you think
It makes you better every time you drink;
"Then lend your name"—you're loth, but yet confess
Its powers are great, and so you acquiesce:
Yet think a moment, ere your name you lend,
With whose 'tis placed, and what you recommend;

Who tipples brandy will some comfort feel,
But will he to the med'cine set his seal?
Wait, and you'll find the cordial you admire
Has added fuel to your fever's fire:
Say, should a robber chance your purse to spare,
Would you the honor of the man declare?
Would you assist his purpose? swell his crime?
Besides he might not spare a second time.
Compassion sometimes sets the fatal sign,
The man was poor, and humbly begged a line,
Else how should noble names and titles back
The spreading praise of some advent'rous quack?
But he the moment watches, and entreats
Your honor's name—your honor joins the cheats,
You judged the med'cine harmless, and you lent
What help you could, and with the best intent;
But can it please you, thus to league with all
Whom he can beg or bribe to swell the scrawl?
Would you these wrappers with your name adorn,
Which hold the poison for the yet unborn?
No class escapes them—from the poor man's pay,
The nostrum takes no trifling part away;
See! those square patent bottles from the shop
Now decoration to the cupboard's top;
And there a favorite hoard you'll find within,
Companions meet! the julep and the gin.
Time too with cash is wasted; tis the fate
Of real helpers to be called too late;
This find the sick, when (time and patience gone)
Death with a tenfold terror hurries on.
Suppose the case surpasses human skill,
There comes a quack to flatter weakness still;
What greater evil can a flatterer do,
Than from himself to take the sufferer's view?
To turn from sacred thoughts his reasoning powers
And rob a sinner of his dying hours?
Yet this they dare, and craving to the last,
In hope's strong bondage hold their victim fast:
For soul or body no concern have they,
All their inquiry, "Can the patient pay?

And will he swallow draughts until his dying day?"
Observe what ills to nervous females flow,
When the heart flutters and the pulse is low;
If once induced these cordial sips to try,
All feel the ease, and few the danger fly;
For, while obtained of drams they've all the force,
And when denied, then drams are the resource.
Nor these the only evils—there are those
Who for the troubled mind prepare repose;
They write, the young are tenderly addressed,
Much danger hinted, much concern expressed;
They dwell on freedoms lads are prone to take,
Which makes the doctor tremble for their sake;
Still if the youthful patient will but trust
In one so kind, so pitiful and just;
If he will take the tonic all the time,
And hold but moderate intercourse with crime;
The sage will gravely give his honest word,
That strength and spirits shall be both restored:
In plainer English—if you mean to sin,
Fly to the drops, and instantly begin.
Who would not lend a sympathizing sigh,
To hear yon infant's pity-moving cry?
That feeble sob, unlike the new-born note,
Which came with vigor from the op'ning throat;
When air and light first rushed on lungs and eyes,
And there was life and spirit in the cries;
Now an abortive, faint attempt to weep,
Is all we hear; sensation is asleep:
The boy was healthy, and at first expressed
His feelings loudly when he failed to rest,
When crammed with food, and tightened every limb
To cry aloud, was what pertained to him,
Then the good nurse, (who, had she borne a brain
Had sought the cause that made her babe complain.)
Has all her efforts, loving soul, applied
To set the cry, and not the cause, aside;
She gave her powerful sweet without remorse,
The sleeping cordial—she had tried its force.

Repeating oft: the infant, freed from pain,
Rejected food, but took the dose again,
Sinking to sleep; while she her joy expressed,
That her dear charge could sweetly take his rest:
Soon may she spare her cordial; not a doubt
Remains, but quickly he will rest without.

This moves our grief and pity, and we sigh
To think what numbers from these causes die;
But what contempt and anger should we show,
Did we the lives of these imposters know!

Ere for the world's I left the cares of school,
One I remember who assumed the fool;
A part well suited—when the idler boys
Would shout around him, and he loved the noise:
They called him Neddy:—Neddy had the art
To play with skill his ignominious part;
When he his trifles would for sale display,
And act the mimic for a school boy's pay.
For many years he plied his humble trade,
And used his tricks and talents to persuade;
The fellow barely read, but chanced to look
Among the fragments of a tattered book;
Where, after many efforts made to spell
One puzzling word, he found it oxymel;
A potent thing, 't was said to cure the ills
Of ailing lungs—the oxymel of squills;
Squills he procured but found the bitter strong
And most unpleasant; none would take it long;
But the pure acid and the sweet would make
A medicine numbers would for pleasure take.

There was a fellow near, an artful knave,
Who knew the plan, and much assistance gave:
He wrote the puffs, and every talent plied
To make it sell; it sold and then he died.

Now all the profit fell to Ned's control,
And Pride and Avarice quarreled for his soul;
When mighty profits by the trash were made,
Pride built a palace, Avarice groaned and paid;
Pride placed the signs of grandeur all about,
And Avarice barred his friends and children out.

Now see him Doctor! yes, the idle fool,
The butt, the robber of the lads at school;
Who then knew nothing, nothing since acquired,
Became a doctor, honored and admired;
His dress, his frown, his dignity were such,
Some who had known him thought his knowledge much.
Nay, men of skill, of apprehension quick,
Spite of their knowledge, trusted him when sick.
Though he could neither reason, write, nor spell,
They yet had hope his trash would make them well;
And while they scorned his parts, they took his oxymel.
Oh! when his nerves had once received a shock,
Sir Isaac Newton might have gone to Rock:
Hence impositions of the grossest kind,
Hence thought is feeble, understanding blind;
Hence sums enormous by those cheats are made,
And deaths unnumbered by their dreadful trade.
Alas! in vain is my contempt expressed,
To stronger passions are their words addressed;
To pain, to fear, to terror, their appeal,
To those who, weakly reasoning, strongly feel
What then our hopes?—perhaps there may by law
Be method found, these pests to curb and awe;
Yet in this land of freedom, law is slack
With any being to commence attack:
Then let us trust to science—there are those
Who can their falsehoods and their frauds disclose,
All their vile trash detect, and their low tricks expose
Perhaps their numbers may in time confound
Their arts—as scorpions give themselves the wound:
For when these curers dwell in every place,
While of the cured we not a man can trace,
Strong truth may then the public mind persuade
And spoil the fruits of this nefarious trade

—George Crabbe.

Lines by a Lunatic M. D.

H ! fair are the halls where stern PERITONITIS
Makes love to Miss ASTHMA, and courts the CATARRH,
Where the bright INFLUENZA is wooed by IRITIS,
And PSORA joins MEASLES in "Beautiful Star."

Oh ! bright gleam the eyes of that flirt ERYTHEMA.
And lightly PNEUMONIA whirls round in the dance.
PLEURITIS is madly in love with ŒDEMA,
And HERPES courts CHOLERA with amorous glance.

And old Mrs. SCABIES told Mr. PHLEBITIS
She'd brought MELANOSIS at last to the point ;
You know he's six thousand a year ; (LARYNGITIS
Will find that his nose is a bit out of joint).

Long, long I shall dream of that pet SCARLATINA ;
She gave me a rose from her rash at the ball,
On that thrice-happy night when Miss GUTTA SERENA
Kissed Captain PSORIASIS out in the hall.

Adieu ! sweet CHOREA ! Farewell ! CARCINOMA !
HYSTERIA ! My heart with emotion doth swell,
That heart, ANASARCA, is thine ; ATHEROMA
And bonny NEURALGIA, a lasting farewell !

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

On Dr. Lettsom, by Himself

WHEN people 's ill, they comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em ;
Sometimes they live, sometimes they die.
What 's that to I ? I lets 'em.

—JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM.

The Village Doctor

I SEE him still, as erst of yore,
With furrowed cheek and whitened brow,
Though he 's been dead of years a score,
I see him stand before me now.

I seem to see his withered form
Beside his faithful white-faced mare,
With old brown saddle-bags behind,
Whose odor 'twas a grief to bear.

With chronic cough I hear him pass—
He digs his steed with vigorous heel,
Whose callous sides, from daily thumps,
Had long since lost the power to feel.

The constant grin upon his face—
His light "te-he!" at human pain,
As oft he wrenched the offending tooth,
Our memory ever will retain.

But deeply down within his breast,
Beneath a mail-like Milan steel,
'Twas said by those who knew him best,
"The doctor has a heart to feel."

'Twas in the old Green Mountain State,
'Mid deep, dread winter's drifting snow,
The evening hour was waxing late,
Some forty years or more ago.

We sat around the ample hearth,
Where maple logs were blazing bright,
Glad songs arose, and social mirth
Upon that dismal winter night.

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The storm-cloud hung on Mansfield's brow—
  The wind blew piercingly and chill;
Fierce through the leafless branches shrieked,
  And roared along the fir-clad hill.

The deep'ning snow that all day long
  Had fallen silently and fast,
Now densely filled the frosty air,
  And piled in drifts before the blast.

And still we sat—the hours sped—
  The storm increased with fearful might;—
"I hope," our tender mother said,
  "No one's abroad this dreadful night."

Our mother's voice had hardly ceased,
  When sudden through the opening door,
O'er drifts, the quaint old doctor sprung,
  And forward fell upon the floor.

His brow was crusted o'er with ice,
  And crisp and frozen was his cheek;
His limbs were paralyzed with cold;
  For once, the doctor could not speak.

With genial warmth, and tender care,
  He soon revived, and said: "Come Bill,
Be kind enough to get my mare,—
  I must reach Martin's, on the hill."

Then on again, o'er trackless snow,
  Against the biting winter blast,
Without the hope of worldly gain,
  Through mountain drifts, the doctor passed.

Far up the winding mountain road,
  Through forest dark and blinding snow,
He reached the desolate abode
  Of sickness, poverty and woe.

Long years have passed; yet oft I ask,
As howls the tempest in its might,
While sitting by the evening fire,
"What faithful doctor rides tonight?"

Yes, faithful; though full well I know
The world is sparing of its praise;
And these self-sacrificing men
But seldom tempt the poet's lays.

And yet, I trust, when at the last,
They leave the world of human strife,
Like him "who loved his fellow men,"
Their names shall grace the Book of Life.

—Samuel Slayton Luce.

Bessie Brown, M. D.

'TWAS April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming.
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown:
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things;
The gossips met in purring bands
And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth
Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way
Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face so bright she bore,
I hoped that time might never wilt her.
The way she tripped across the floor
Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet,
And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Where'er she came, where'er she went,
Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I, too, grew ill;
My aching heart there was no quelling.
I tremble at my doctor's bill,—
And lo! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I 've drunk you 'd weep to hear!
They 've quite enriched the fatr concoctor,
And I 'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the Doctor.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

Rabelais and The Lampreys

WHEN the eccentric Rabelais was physician
To Cardinal Lorraine, he sat at dinner
Beside that gormandizing sinner;
Not like the medical magician,
Who whisked from Sancho Panza's fauces
The evanescent meats and sauces,
But to protect his sacred master
Against such diet as obstructs
The action of the epigastre,
O'erloads the biliary ducts,
The peristaltic motion crosses,
And puzzles the digestive process.

The Cardinal, one hungry day,
First having with his eyes consumed
Some lampreys that before him fumed,
Had plunged his fork into the prey,
When Rabelais gravely shook his head,
Tapped on his plate three times and said—
"Pah! Hard digestion! hard digestion!"
And his bile-dreading Eminence,
Though sorely tempted, had the sense
To send it off without a question.

"Hip! Hullo! bring the lampreys here!"
Cried Rabelais, as the dish he snatched;
And gobbling up the dainty cheer,
The whole was instantly despatched.

Reddened with vain attempt at stifling
At once his wrath and appetite,
His patron cried, "Your conduct 's rude,
This is no subject, sir, for trifling;

How dare you designate this food
As indigestible and crude,
Then swallow it before my sight?"

Quoth Rabelais, "It may soon be shown
That I don't merit this rebuff:
I tapped the PLATE, and that you 'll own
Is indigestible enough;
But as to this unlucky fish,
With you so strangely out of favor,
Not only 'tis a wholesome dish,
But one of most delicious flavor!"

—HORACE SMITH.

The Doctor's Walk

AT midnight oft I go,
Lost in vague reverie,
To where some lamp's faint glow
Tells there the sufferers be.

In through the window-pane
I look, and call to mind
The remedies again
I vainly sought to find.

A rustling sound I catch
Within, close to the door;
A dead man lifts the latch
And silent scans me o 'er.

My dog with angry bark
Forbids the unwelcome guest,
While I pass in the dark
By memory oppressed.

—ANDREAS JUSTIN KERNER.

Old Gaffer von Gunther

THERE hangs in my office, just back of the door,
A picture by Solomon, painted of yore,
In the days long departed, a time and age when,
The doctor was counted the greatest of men.
Old Gaffer von Gunther (I guess that's his name,
Though history nowhere refers to his fame)
Sits propped up in pillows adjusted with care,
In the arms of an ancient baronial chair;
His feet cased in slippers, his face in a frown,
His head in a bandage, his legs in a gown,
His skull like a foot ball, denuded of hair,
While his face is the picture of woe and despair.
On his left sits the doctor as pompous and great
As a cardinal burdened with secrets of state,
And bursting with impulse to let them all out,
And see his King tremble and hear the mob shout,
While patient and doctor look grave as the grave,
One craving salvation, one power to save.
This pompous old doctor with powdered peruke
And ruffs like a Duchess and rings like a Duke,
With velvet knee breeches and long silken hose,
And silver shoe buckles and red shining nose,
Sits there with his finger on von Gunther's wrist,
And looks at his time-piece like one keeping tryst.
His face is a study for painters, I ween—
A slight hint of jesting, a quizzical mien—
A shadow of dolor, a quick glance of mirth,
A solemn demeanor, like men wear at birth,
His eye fixed on—nothing hung up in the air,
Like one who is dreaming nor foul dreams nor fair.
His staff half reclining leans back on his chair,
His cocked hat close by him, one foot in the air
And hanging just over a well-rounded knee,

Where trunk-hose and stockings are met and agree.
Across from the doctor, near old Gaffer's chair,
A medical student well-favored and fair
Is counting his pulse-beats and wondering why
A man with such pulses should think he might die.
And close by the student, with exquisite grace,
A coy little maiden, with smiles on her face,
A cap on her ringlets, a bodice of blue,
A kirtle to match and a dream of a shoe,
Is brewing a tankard of something so rare
That the pompous old Doctor and student so fair
Wear glorified faces, like monks when they pray,
And sniff at the fragrance well knowing that they
Will sample the nectar and do it in haste
Before poor old Gaffer comes in for a taste—
For doctor and student have never been seen
To take the last pull from a jug or canteen,
But times out of record at dinner or lunch
They lead the whole rabble from roast beef to punch.
While Gaffer von Gunther, with woe-begone look,
Stares up at the student and glares at the cook,
The tankard of toddy, o'erflowing its brink,
Is passed to the doctor, who takes a big drink,
Then says, very coolly, "the stuff is too hot
For a man with a stomach like Gunther has got."
And orders the student to ladle it out
From tankard to beaker, from nozzle to spout,
Till, coming at last into Gaffer's own cup,
The student and lady may both take a sup;
Then the doctor cries out, with a smile and a wink,
"Ah, Gaffer, that 's good! Now, brace up and drink!"
And then I can fancy they chatter and laugh,
And praise up the toddy which all of them quaff,
While doctor and student go off with an air
Of "knowledge abundant, enough and to spare:"
And old Doctor Pompous is heard to declare,
"The man has LE MALADIE IMAGINAIRE!"

—DR. HENRY W. ROBY

Doctor Brighton

"One of the best physicians our city ever knew is kind, cheerful, merry, Doctor Brighton."—The Newcomes.

SCENE.—KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

THE COLONEL. BERYL (HIS NIECE).

THE COLONEL.

THOUGH long it is since Titmarsh wrote;
His good advice we still remember,
When bad catarrh and rugged throat
Are rife in town in grey November!
So, if your temper 's short or bad,
Or of engagements you are full, man;
Or if you 're feeling bored or sad,
Make haste and get aboard the Pullman!
And throw all physic to the dogs—
If life's sad burden you would lighten—
Run quick away from London fogs
And call in cheerful Doctor Brighton!

BERYL.

Good Doctor Brighton, a mighty magician is,
See him at once, howe'er bad you may be!
Take his advice—there no better physician is—
Naught is his physic but Sunshine and Sea!
Come down at once then! Leave London in hazy time,
Leave it enshrouded in yellow and brown!
Come here and revel in exquisite lazy time,
Flee from the turmoil and taint of the town!
Blue is the sky and the sunshine is glorious,
Charged is the air with delicious ozone:
Gay is the cliff and most gentle is Boreas,
Come down at once and recover your "tone!"

THE COLONEL.

Though many years have passed away,
And countless cares to not a FEW come,
The place is bright as in the day
Of Ethel, Clive, and Colonel Newcome:
The East Street shops are just as gay,
The turtle still is good at Mutton's;
The buns at Streeter's—so they say—
As well-beloved by tiny gluttons!
You still can gallop o'er the Down,
Or swim at Brill's just like a Triton.
A smile will supersede your frown
When you consult kind Doctor Brighton!

BERYL.

Here is Mama looking anxious and serious:
List to the patter of smartly shod feet!
Dainty young damsels, whose faces ne'er weary us,
Tailor-made dresses delightfully neat!
Angular ladies in gloomy æsthetic coats,
Maudle and dawdle the afternoon through;
Graceful girlettes in the shortest of petticoats,
Flutter their frills as they walk two-and-two.
Fur-coated beauties in carriages roll about.
Jaded M. P.'s try to trot away cares,
Dandies and poets and loungers here stroll about,
Dignified dowagers bask in Bath-chairs!

THE COLONEL.

Though cynics swear all pleasures fade,
And cry, O TEMPORA MUTANTUR!
The bonny laughing Light Brigade,
Still on the King's Road gaily canter!
And yet upon the Lawns and Pier,
Do lots of pleasant folk commingle:
While still the old, old song we hear—
The lullaby of surf on shingle!

Then let 's remain to laugh and laze,
  Where light and air enjoyment heighten—
Too short the hours, too few the days,
  We pass with merry Doctor Brighton!

—J. Ashby-Sterry.

An Old Skull

UNDER a tree, in a grassy glade,
Delved I deep, with a well-worn spade,
And there, half-hid in the soil, I saw
A row of teeth and a lower jaw,
'Twas a skull all gray and grinning.

With a bit of glass I scraped it clean,
'Twas the first of its kind I had ever seen,
So I fixed the jaw with a piece of twine,
Hung the skull on a climbing vine,
  And said, with an accent winning:

"I say, old skull, you 've a happy face,
I thought that the grave was a dismal place,
I 'll wager a hat that when on earth
You had n't that permanent look of mirth,
  And frowned as you went about sinning.

"Confess if you 're happier now than then,
And I 'll put you back in the earth again,
Refuse and your future shall surely be
In the dusty den of an old M. D."
  The old skull kept on grinning.

—James Clarence Harvey.

The Country Doctor

THE country doctor! Let the bard
Whose lyre is tuned to idle praise—
His locks unshorn, his face unmarred
By sweat and grime, his hands unscarred
By daily toil—in dulcet lays,
In empty word and hollow phrase
Recount the annals of the great:
Let him record and celebrate
Their noble deeds; their pomp and state,
Their wisdom—all, perpetuate.
A humbler theme to you I bring,
The smell of flowers, the breath of spring,
The flutter of the blue bird's wing,
And with it all I bring to you
The country doctor, good and true.

The country doctor! Him whose life
From sun to sun is daily rife
With bootless toil and ceaseless strife;
Whose sturdy frame is made to feel
The summer's flame, the winter's steel,
I come to sing in praise of him.
His soul is fat, his purse is slim,
His eyesight keen, his foresight dim,
For caring naught for power or pelf,
While there 's a crust upon the shelf,
He works for fun and boards himself!

Ah! ye, who traverse city streets
On swaying springs and cushioned seats,
The difficulties that HE meets,
The bumps and jolts, ye little know.
Through seas of mud, o'er wastes of snow,
Where icy tempests howl and blow,

In pouring rain, where torrents flow
And sheen and shadow come and go,
Astride the sorriest of nags
And armed with spur and saddlebags,
He onward works his weary way;
And be it night or be it day,
He never falters nor looks back
Adown the steep and rugged track,
But sets his teeth and onward plods,
Himself a clod among the clods!

I 've said, "A clod among the clods."
'Twere better, "God among the gods!"
For sacrificing hours of ease
And striving hard to do and please,
And winning but the dregs and lees
Of life's sweet wine, he fights disease
With clenched hand and bated breath,
And knows no conqueror but death.
It shames me not to tell the truth,
An unkempt, muddy god, forsooth!
Besmeared—bespattered—leggings, suit—
From crown of hat to sole of boot,
And ofttimes tumbled in the wave
That seems to yawn a watery grave,
He bobs serenely on the flood
And swims above the sea of mud,
For lo! his pockets are so light
He can not disappear from sight!

No scientific friend has he,
Who ends his name "A. M., M. D."
Or tacks thereto a "Ph. G.",
To help him in perplexity,
And earn them both a handsome fee;
But when he finds a knotty case,
A problem that he dare not face,
He sends his patient off to town
To some physician of renown.

(God save the mark! All, all are great
Who dwell within the city's gate!)
And THIS great man dilates his eyes
And rubs his hands, looks wondrous wise,
And nimbly gobbles up the prize!
The City doctor counts his gold,
Makes fresh deposits in the banks,
And sends the Country doctor, old,
A neatly worded note of thanks!

To church the City doctor goes.
(Ye need not smile and wink at me
And strive his spotless name to smirch:
I 'm told on good authority
The City doctor GOES to church.)
To take an hour's profound repose,
To hear the gilded organ ring,
To say his prayers and nod and doze
And see the sweet soprano sing.
The organ peals, the tenor squeals,
Great Scott! how good that doctor feels.
The selfsame hour, the selfsame date,
The Country doctor, sport of fate,
Moves up some gully's rocky course
Astride his rhubarb-colored horse.
The only anthem that HE hears,
The only tune that greet HIS ears
Is murmured by the evening breeze,
Which moans "Old Hundred" thro' the trees!

The City doctor spends his days
In crowded marts and traveled ways;
At night he sees the latest plays,
And rests his half-enchanted gaze
On some new "star" that lights the stage
A star of most uncertain age,
Of whom the critics rant and rage.
The Country doctor, poor, despised,
His purse half-starved and undersized,

Contents himself to stay at home;
The only stars he ever knows
Are those that rest in heaven's dome
And light the waste of winter snows.

The Country doctor! Blessed be he
Who sets the weary suff'rer free
From burning fever, racking pain
And countless ills, and does it, too,
Without a thought or hope of gain;
Without a single cent in view!
I come to sing in praise of him,
Whose soul is fat, whose purse is slim;
Whose eyesight 's keen, whose foresight 's dim.
For caring naught for fame or pelf,
While there 's a crust upon the shelf,
He works for fun and boards himself!

—S. Q. Lapius.

The Latest Reconstructive Nerve-Tonic and Restorative

IF I should die tonight—
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heart sick, o'er my lifeless clay,
If I should die tonight—
And you should come in deep grief and woe,
And say, "Here's that $10 I owe,"
I might rise up in my great white gravat,
And say, "What's that?"
If I should die tonight—
And you should come to my corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die tonight,
And you should come to me, and here and then
Just even hint about paying me that ten,
I might arise a while—but I 'd drop dead again.

E. B. Jackson.

The Honors That Await the Discoverer in Surgery

OF the doctors in convention, Surgeon Blank a moment claimed,
While he showed an apparatus and its various points explained,
Which he said he had invented for the cure of a disease
That all other forms of treatment but the knife had failed to ease.
When he closed, some seven members in their wisdom rose and said
They were each of them delighted with the paper Blank had read;
While it showed the greatest merit, they were still compelled to say,
That the malady in question could not be relieved that way.
One averred, in his opinion, 'twould be trifling with a life
To attempt to treat such cases without recourse to the knife,
And one warned his fellow-members that the plan was yet untried,
And one prophesied a failure, others, novelties decried.
So, in short, each poured cold water in the biggest kind of streams
On the head of the inventor and his too ambitious schemes;
Winding up with the assertion, that, as now the matter stands,
If successful with the author, it would fail in other hands.

In a year or so thereafter the convention met once more,
And again in proper season Surgeon Blank was on the floor;
This time with numerous patients of his own and others, too,
Proving thus to a conviction every point he claimed was true.
And once more the seven members were on hand in wise array,
And in turn, in the proceedings, each arose and had his say.

All were proud of being fellows of a body Blank adorned,
And they each one begged to mention, that, while other doctors scorned—
At the time of the invention when the subject first was broached—
They expressed themselves delighted and all doubters had reproached.
It was a glorious triumph our esteemed colleague had won,
But it should not be forgotten that it had before been done.
It was true the operation had most uniformly failed,
But then its vital principles no authority assailed.
And then they quoted Heurteloup and Joseph Emile, Cornay,
And Civiale, and Jacobsen, Brodie, Leroy, Mercier;
Proving thus that Blank's invention was invented long ago,
And that certain small improvements were the most that he could show;
And even in regard to these, each did contrive in terms
To convey the intimation that Blank had from him the germs.
Such is oft the meed of genius, but it 's not the only one;
There's the inward satisfaction of a duty ably done;
And the fame that bides forever for such deeds is still in store
When detraction's voice is silent, when this fleeting life is o'er.

DR. GEORGE CHISMORE.

Sent to a Patient, with the Present of a Couple of Ducks

I 'VE dispatch'd, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss ——— is very much better.
A Regular Doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I 've sent her a couple of Quacks.

—DR. EDWARD JENNER.

Love-Making

THE WAY OF THE M. D.

WELL, Angelina, this is most absurd,
The way I feel, it is upon my word;
Of course his own disease you would suppose
An Æsculapius could diagnose.
But now the fact is this, I can 't locate
This pain of mine, whether 'tis in my pate,
Or in my heart, my liver or my lung.
Sometimes it seems in all, and too, my tongue
Is subject to a paralytic stroke:—
You laugh, my dear, but really 'tis no joke,
For when I 'd broach a subject unto you,—
One old as time, but somehow ever new,
The icicle that shivers in December,
Is not more chill than this unruly member.
At fever point sometimes my pulses beat,
Again 'tis low as zero, Fahrenheit,
And so erratic is my respiration
I fear 'twill prove its own annihilation.
In strength and appetite I could compete
Once, with the great Crotonian athlete,
But now my muscles, all, are lax, undone,
And all my gastric provinder is gone;
I 've dosed myself with potion after potion,
I 've plunged myself in lotion after lotion,
But there 's no pill, no powder, lotion, plaster,
Can mitigate this coming dire disaster.
Yet sometimes I do look for convalesence,
And hope beams nigh, 'till once more in your presence,
Then ruin rampant threatens dissolution,
And heart and brain is a crazy convolution,—
What shall I do my love, what shall I do?
You see I am splenetic—awful blue,

And there 's a remedy, or I 'm undone;
SIMILIA SIMILIBUS, so on;
What think you of it? you 're the cause, you know,
So let your healing virtues to me flow;
Unless you do, I care not now to say
What may become of me some gloomy day;
Perhaps you 'll find at an unlucky hour,
My poor DISJECTA MEMBRA at your door.

—REBECCA MORROW REAVES.

The Good Physician

"Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch."—Milton.

STORMS are remembered when the voyage is o'er,
But not the breeze that wafted us ashore.
If this once busy being were of those
Whom Fame forgets, it mars not his repose:
He never sought, in life's industrious ways,
A large return, or loud or lasting praise;
But to the sacred task which Heaven assigned,
In pain's hushed chamber, gave his strength and mind,
Believing so he served his Maker best,
Trusting the Great Physician for the rest.

We write his name on this pretenceless stone,
To point his pillow to his friends alone;
Nor would we vex his spirit to record
How much he did, how little his reward:
Yet all he asked he had; and had he more,
He would have given the whole to bless the poor.

—THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

In a Museum

THIS is a skeleton
Of some unhappy one,
Who, ere his race was run,
Drank joy in plenty.
Now for each gaper's view
Stand his bones, good as new,
Ticketed "Number two
Hundred and twenty.

Reason reigned in this skull;
Now all its power is null,
Flashed once these sockets dull
With passionate tremor.
He was a man like us,
His bony incubus,
This was his humerus;
This was his femur.

See! 'neath these ribs there dwelt
A heart that love once felt.
These bony knees have knelt,
Scorning abrasions;
These maxillary bones
Oft uttered dulcet tones,
Or asked for little loans
Upon occasions.

Maybe in times remote
This hand our heart-strings smote
With tender things it wrote,
Idyl or sonnet.
His head when tenanted
Wore a silk hat well bred—

P'raps, though, it was HER head
And wore a bonnet.

Maybe the vanished guest
Was poor, despised, distressed;
Or perchance he possessed
Mansions and villas.
Speak, oh, attendant wight,
Is this description right?
"Can't say it is, sir, quite,
That 's a gorilla's."

STUART CAMERON.

My Uniformed Nurse

A SWEETLY winsome face,
Ripe lips and merry eyes
Where tender pity lies;
Brown hair beneath a cap of lace
To keep the wayward locks in place.

A fichu neat and plain
Crossed on her bosom white;
Her heart beneath is light,
But throbs in sympathy with pain
And other 's sorrows feels again.

Her very presence heals,
Her quiet footfalls soothe,
Her hand is soft and smooth,
And as my fevered pulse she feels
A glad thrill through my being steals.

And when, grown bold, I say,
"I love you, gentle nurse!"
She says, "I 'm sure you 're worse!
You must not talk, you 're worse today."
And so she flings my heart away.

MYLES TYLER FRISBIE.

To a Young Physician

THE paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With healing and with hope;
The suffering of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Smite down the dragons fell and strong,
Whose breath is fever fire;
No knight of table or of song
Encountered foes more dire.

The holiest task by heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our mortal need
To render less is thine.

No crusade thine for cross or grave,
But for the living man.
Go forth to succor and to save
All that thy skilled hands can.

Before the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death, go stand
With guarded lips and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
For Him who went about
The Syrian hill-paths, doing good
And casting devils out.

That holy Helper liveth yet,
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Doctor Dan's Secret

A HEARTY old man is Doctor Dan
As any in Romford Town,
With his cheery grin, and his threefold chin,
And his jolly old shining crown.
And friends who have proved what his quarters are
Right willingly stay to dine;
They have faith in his cook and his fat cigar
And his bottle of vintage wine.
"It 's a queer little crib," says Doctor Dan,
"But cosy enough for a single man."

As they lounge at ease, and toast their knees,
The host, with a laugh, will say,
"My kingdom's small, but over it all
I reign with a despot's sway.
No serious dame may freeze my joke
With a glance of her awful eye,
Nor cough rebuke from a cloud of smoke,
Nor put the decanter by.
I feel in my heart," says Doctor Dan,
"For that poor white slave, the married man."

But as soon as the last good-bye is said,
And he fears not ring or knock,
He walks to his desk, with a solemn tread,
And quietly turns the lock.
The tear-mists rise in his brave blue eyes,
As he stands and gazes there;
It is gold—bright gold—in his hand that lies—
But the gold of a lost love's hair.
"It was only a dream," says Doctor Dan,
"But the waking has left me a lonely man."

—FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

The Blush

A BRIEF, RHYMING THESIS ATTRIBUTED TO CLARA SOPHIA SERENO, M. D.

THE ruddy incalescency
Of radiant peach-bloom,
Or glow on May-time apple-boughs,
Effulgent, like the rose,
Or dainty folds of fervency
Rhodora may unfurl,
To match Aurora's tenderness,
I will not dare presume
To reach with terms expositive,
But earnestly propose,
In language ætiological
To scan the blushing girl.

A transient erubescency,
A calorific glow,
O'erspreads the physiognomy,
Suffusing Flora's cheek,
And from the apt perceptiveness
Of cause, as of a blow
Upon the quick sensorium
And capillaries weak,
Eventuates in paresis
Of vaso-motor nerves,
Whereby their loss of springiness
Encourages a flush
Of soft, effusive radiance,
Which evidently serves
To prompt a weak præcordia
To consummate a blush.

—HENRY CHANDLER.

The Dispensary

EXTRACTS

SPEAK, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell,
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own!
How by a journey to the Elysian plain
Peace triumphed, and old Time returned again.
Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry Justice shows her awful face;
Where little villians must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd Society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes Nature's face they viewed,
And as she disappeared, their search pursued
Wrapped in the shade of night the goddess lies
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes:
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;

While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence, their mechanic powers, the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain.
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To extend its recent form, and stretch to man:
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, fire;
Why Southwell rages to survive desire.
Whence Milo's vigor at th' Olympic's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind:
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire:
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features are:
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure and a form unseen:
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will,
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are descried,
Mean faction reigns, where knowledge should preside.

Fueds are increased, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And Pæn's beams with fading luster shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching drowned:
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
  This place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o 'er his head.
  As at full length the pampered monarch lay
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away,
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.
  First some to cleave the stubborn flint engage,
Till urged by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move:
These furnaces erect, and those approve.
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are ranged in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandished in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

"Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprises of the great,
I 'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my loved snakes have teeth or stings."

She said; and straight shrill Colon's person took,
In morals loose, but most precise in look
Blackfriars annals lately pleased to call
Him, Warden of Apothecaries-hall.
And, when so dignified, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling show his tinsel talent lies,
And form the want of intellects supplies.
In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Revered as patriarchs in primeval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.

The Fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So slung her arms, so shuffled in her pace.
Onward she hastens to the famed abodes,
Where Horoscope invokes the infernal gods;
And, reached the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This visionary various projects tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wise.
By useful observations he can tell
The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell.
How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace:
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this loved idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys:
Here mummies lay, most reverendly stale,
And there, the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying-fish their finny pinions spread.
Aloft in rows large poppy heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung:
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decayed;
In that, dried bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees.
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of foretells.

—Samuel Garth.

A Doctor's Motto

A DOCTOR, who, for want of skill,
Did sometimes cure—and sometimes kill;
Contrived at length, by many a puff,
And many a bottle filled with stuff,
To raise his fortune, and his pride;
And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
His family coat long since worn out,
What arms to take, was all the doubt.
A friend, consulted on the case,
Thus answered with a sly grimace:
"Take some device in your own way,
Neither too solemn nor too gay;
Three Ducks, suppose; white, gray, or black;
And let your motto be, Quack! quack!"

—Richard Graves.

Milk

CANTO I.

In the early days of history
Which are so enshrined in mystery,
And the stories told about them are such hard ones to believe;
In the days of ancient Adam
When the only living madam
Was the young girl of that period, whose maiden name was Eve;

It is said this man and woman,
I suppose because 'twas human
Then as now, and ever will be, while the worlds the same remain,
Without service, without clergy,
Without silver or liturgy,
Walked together, talked together, dined together, and raised Cain.

If you 'll pardon the digression,
And permit a plain expression
From a man who 's looking backward after some six thousand years,
I will say, this act of sinning
Was, to my mind, the beginning
Of the trouble we poor mortals suffer in this "vale of tears."

But I do not mind confessing
I consider it a blessing,
Notwithstanding it has brought us so much sorrow, so much pain,
For this singular relation
Made for us an occupation,
And the Doctor chases sickness as the sunshine does the rain.

So I look on the transaction
With complacent satisfaction
From the standpoint of a Doctor, or perhaps, an accoucheur,
And I criticise them, never,
And I bless them both, forever;
In which radical expression I expect you to concur.

To return to Cain, the baby:
Eve was ill, and Adam, maybe
Badly frightened by the crying and contortions of the boy;
Took him in his arms, carassed him,
Patted, cooed, and fondly pressed him
To his bosom, full of kindness, empty of the "infant's joy."

Vain were all attempts to quiet
This new youth in search of diet,
And his crying, and his sobbing, roused the mother from her rest:
Lovingly she reached and took him,
Instantly his cries forsook him,
And he nestled in her bosom, with his mouth upon her breast.

Adam, wondering at the stillness,—
Fearful of some sudden illness—
Mindful of his own transgression, and the curse his sin had brought,
Eagerly the babe inspected,
Listened, pondered, and reflected,
Opened wide his eyes with wonder, at the sight his vision caught.

Joy of joys! two flowing fountains
Issued from two snowy mountains,
"Succor! succor! and nepenthe," Adam shouted. "Let me sing
Hallelujah! and Eureka!
I have found it, no more seek a-
Midst the garden for a diet fit for infant, fit for king."

CANTO II.

Of one thing I am certain, and that is, if Cain
Had been kept on this pabulum, simple and plain,
Had taken it fresh and without sterilizing,
With perfect digestion, no acid uprising,
His brain had been clear and his mind strong and stable,
With never a thought in 't of killing poor Abel.
But as he grew older and cut his front teeth,
And his gums became sore from the pressure beneath,
And he fretted a little, and what was far worse,
Awakened at midnight and wanted to nurse,
His mother (of course her intentions were good)
Raised the devil in Cain, for she altered his food.
I believe from that moment his troubles began,
And he grew up a hard and disatisfied man;
His appetite changed, and 'tis said he would choke
At the cocoanut's milk or the cream of a joke,
And the sweet milk of kindness in him became sour,
And he never was happy again from that hour.
Eructations of passion, as well as of gas,
Were as common as " chumps " in a medical class,
And—well you know how the curse upon Cain
Followed that on poor Eve, and must ever remain.

MORAL.

This original lactation,
Was the sign for all creation
That a food was there provided for the infant, well or ill:
Milk, the healthiest of diet;
Milk, the most nutritious; try it,
Use it, prove it, recommend it; drink it—and I 'm sure you will.

—Dr. Joseph B. Griswold.

The Quack Doctor's Proclamation

AN astonishing Doctor has just come to town,
Who will do all the faculty perfectly brown:
He knows all diseases, their causes and ends;
And he "begs to appeal to his medical friends."
Tol de rol
Diddle doll:
Tol de rol, de dol,
Diddle doll
Tol de rol dol.

He 's a magnetic Doctor, and knows how to keep
The whole of a Government snoring asleep
To popular clamors; till popular pins
Are stuck in their midriffs—and then he begins,
Tol de rol, etc.

He 's a CLAIRVOYANT subject, and readily reads
His countrymen's wishes, conditions, and needs,
With many more fine things I can't tell in rhyme—
And he keeps both his eyes shut the whole of the time.
Tol de rol, etc.

You mustn 't expect him to talk; but you 'll take
Most particular notice the Doctor 's awake,
Though for aught from his words or his looks that you reap, he
Might just as well be most confoundedly sleepy.
Tol de rol, etc.

Homeopathy, too, he has practised for ages
(You 'll find his prescriptions in Luke Hansard's pages);
Just giving his patient, when madden'd by pain,
Of Reform the ten thousandeth part of a grain
Tol de rol, etc.

He 's a medicine for Ireland, in portable papers;
The infallable cure for political vapors;
A neat label round it his prentices tie—
"Put your trust in the Lord, and keep this powder dry!"
Tol de rol, etc.

He's a corn-doctor, also of wonderful skill,—
No cutting no rooting-up, purging, or pill,—
You're merely to take, 'stead of walking or riding,
The sweet schoolboy exercise—innocent sliding.
Tol de rol, etc.

There 's no advice gratis. If high ladies send
His legitimate fee, he's their soft-spoken friend.
At the great public counter with one hand behind him
And one in his waistcoat, they 're certain to find him.
Tol de rol, etc.

He has only to add he 's the real Doctor Flam,
All others being purely fictitious and sham;
The house is a large one, tall, slated, and white,
With a lobby, and lights in the passage at night.
Tol de rol, etc.

—Charles Dickens.

The Physician

ANOTHER, all whose face
Bore marks of patience, train'd by years of care,
His glasses, shifted oft with easy grace,
Great coat, large pockets, and abundant hair
Marked him—"physician," one whose calm, wise air
Can bid the raging fever sink to rest;
And turn to smiles his patients' weary stare,
While children wonder at his bottle-chest,
And how a still pulse tells him just what pill is best.

—George Lansing Raymond.

A Fourteenth Century Doctor

WITH us ther was a Doctor of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To spek of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In hourès by his magike naturel.
Wel could he fortunen the ascendent
Of his imàges for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humoùr,
He was a veray prafite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sikè man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send his draggès, and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne;
Hir friendship na 's not newè to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufùs;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesùrable was he,
For he was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but little on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Linned with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For golde in phisike is a cordial;
Therfore he loved gold in special.

—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

The Woman Healer

STEADFAST she comes to cast her rose of youth
Beneath the feet of pain,—a rose whose breath,
Eternal-sweet with woman's tender ruth,
Softens the shadows leading down to death.

New figure in the centuries, she stands,
Guiding the cruel mercy of the knife;
With thought-engraven brows and skillful hands,
And yearning heart to save the house of life.

Bless her, O women, for it was your call,
It was the myraid cry of your distress,
That urged her outward from the cloistered hall
To make the burden of your anguish less.

Shine on her, stars, while forth she goes alone
Beneath the night, on gracious errand sped;
And lend such lustre as your rays have thrown
Round bridal steps that chime with lover's tread.

Her pathway scent, O flowers that fleck the field,
As from her hurrying feet the dews are driven,
With no less fragrance than your clusters yield
By dimpled hands to happy mothers given.

And brothers, you who watch her toilsome days,
With doubtful lip in half derision curled,
Scant not her meed of courtesies and praise,
The bloom and starlight of the spirit world.

For with a sense of loss too fine to own,
The nestward longing of the carrier dove,
She turneth from her first, entitled throne,
And all the household walks that women love;

The gracious ministries of little deeds
And service for the few, by love made sweet—
From these she turneth unto wider needs,
And pours her ointment on the stranger's feet.

Perchance, amid the clash of striving days,
She may lay by a trick or two of charms,
May miss of those caressing, dainty ways
That women learn from babies in their arms;

But even while the battle leaves its trace,
The vanward battle ill to be withstood,
She but refines her best, peculiar grace,
And proves her self-forgetful womanhood.

—KATHARINE LEE BATES.

The Doctor and I

THE Doctor stands in his doorway,
And marks how the rain descends,
And the thunder that follows the lightning,
And the wind that the maple bends.

The Doctor 's a man of science,
And knows why the rain comes down,
And why the lightning flashes
From the clouds that above us frown.

He knows, I suppose, why the thunder
From lightning will not divorce;
And why the tall maples are bending,
And where the wind comes from,—of course.

I 'm only a simple farmer,
My brain is not learned like his;
I but know that the storm a glory,
And the rain a blessing is.

Perhaps, as he watches the tempest,
He enjoys far more than I ;
He deems it a "triumph of science,"
But to me "God passeth by."

But I must not envy the Doctor,
Though more than this he knows,
And I 'm but a prairie farmer,
In tattered, homespun clothes.

He knows, by his patent rain-guage,
Just how much rain was given,
And I by the smile on my corn-fields,—
But I hope that we both thank Heaven.

—William Osborn Stoddard.

The City Dead-House

BY the city dead-house by the gate,
As idly sauntering, wending my way from the clangor,
I curious pause, for lo, an outcast form, a poor dead prostitute brought,
Her corpse they deposit unclaimed, it lies on the damp brick pavement,
The divine woman, her body, I see the body, I look on it alone,
That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I notice not,
Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from the faucet, nor odors morbific impress me,
But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate fair house—that ruin!
That immortal house more than all the rows of dwellings ever built!
Or white-domed capitol with majestic figure surmounted, or all the old high-spired cathedrals,
That little house alone more than them all—poor, desperate house!

Fair, fearful wreck—tenament of a soul—itself a soul.
Unclaimed, avoided house—take one breath from my tremulous lips,
Take one tear dropt aside as I go for thought of you,
Dead house of love—house of madness and sin, crumbled, crushed,
House of life, erewhile talking and laughing—but ah, poor house, dead even then,
Months, years, an echoing, garnished house—but dead, dead, dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

The Doctor's Message

MY little patient, gone so soon before,
To that mysterious, much desired shore;
When you come there, where yet I hope to be,
What will you tell the blessed Lord for me?
Will you remember I was kind to you?
And tell him all the good I sought to do?

Or will you tell Him I am bruised and sore?
And that my heart is tender to the core?
Or will you ask him to remove my pain,
And give my darlings back to me again?
Nay, tell Him this—that I was kind to you,
And how I wrought my best to bring you through.

And then, amid the grief I cannot tell
To any man, but which he knows so well,
He may, perhaps, bestow a peaceful heart,
Until, like you, He calls me to depart.
Remember me to Him, whate 'er you do,
And tell Him, dear, that I was kind to you.

—ABRAHAM PERRY MILLER.

Doctor O'Finnigan

SURE there ne 'er was a doctor
Was an abler concocter
Of pills and of potions,
Of yarbs and of lotions
To cure all the ills of poor sufferin' humanity,
Than Doctor O'Finnigan,
Who 'd make the sick grin again
By the mirth in his fayture,
By his indless good nature,
And his blarney that drove away ilis and insanity.

Every colleen who knew him
With her ailments wint to him,
And the merry old mixer
Never failed an elixir
To give that would cure every ill from love-tiff to fever,
And his patients all pretty,
As they 'd blush at his witty
And fine jovial speeches,
Would offer him, the witches!
For his service their kisses, which he 'd take, the deceiver!

Every gossoon that sought him,
'Twas no matter what brought him,
His own ills or the distress
Of his master or mistress,
Found comfort and cure in good old Doctor O'Finnigan,
For the tales that he told thim,
With the nostrums he sold thim,
Made each mother's son of thim
So glad that aich wan of thim
Had no sooner gone out than he 'd wish to go in again.

And the poor and the sorra
All wint to him, begorra,
For his mirth and his potions
He 'd pour on thim by oceans,
Traiting the poor just the same as he traited the wealthy,
And I say without jokin'
The soul-sad and heart-broken
Found the doctor a treasure
Of delight beyond measure,
For he 'd make thim all laugh, sure, till they 'd grow strong and healthy.

He 'd give food to the needy,
He 'd give clothes to the seedy:
Not wan wint impty-handed
Who his graces demanded,
For his heart was as warm as his laughter was cheerful,
And he 'd no dearer pleasure
Than to sow the rich treasure
Of the sweet seeds of laughter
That might bring harvest after
Of contintmint and health to the ailing and tearful.

All the praists and the praichers,
All the lawyers and taichers,
The Catholics, the Shakers,
Prizbytarians, Quakers,
And thim that was bothered with sorra a bit of religion,
Good and bad in condition,
High and low in position,
Gintility, quality,
All bowed to his jollity,
And the doctor's sweet humor was the life of the region.

At aich birth he was prisent,
At aich christenin' plizant,
Aich weddin' he attinded,
And the guests he befrinded
With the wine of his humor, the brand of O'Finnigan,

PHOTO GRAVURE & COLOR CO. N.Y.

And thin he on the morra
At the wake would kill sorra,
Make the keeners fall laughin'
As they crooned round the coffin,
And 'twas not till he 'd left could the wailin' begin again.

He grew older and grizzled,
But his beard sure was frizzled
With strong manhood's full vigor;
He grew stouter in figure,
But niver a wan of us thought him walker or older.
For his swate laughter mellow
Made him seem a young fellow
When sivinty years' labor
With his crony and neighbor
He was wearin' with honor on the head on his shoulder.

I am thinkin' his lotions
And his yarbs, pills, and potions
Counted less in successes
In his cures of distresses
Than the force of the great, manly, warm bubblin' heart of him,
For his mirth drove aich ailment
From its place of consalement,
Enablin' him to mate it
In the daylight to trate it,
And 'twas sorra the sickness that e 'er got the start of him.

He was found in his carriage,
Goin' home from a marriage,
Ninety years from the mornin'
That had witnessed his bornin',
And the smile was still playin' on his faytures unwrinkled.
And ochone! there was sorra
In that region the morra,
Whin his old neighbors crowded
Round his loved form white-shrouded.
But he only smiled swater as the water was sprinkled.

Father Briardy mintioned
That pure grief well-intintioned
Sure might follow a mortal
Who had passed through the portal,
But that weepin' and wailin' had no charm for the sleeper.
So our tears they were inded,
Or with tinder smiles blinded,
And all smiling we followed
Where his grave they had hollowed,
And we flowered his coffin and left him with the Keeper.

To this day in Killarney,
'Tis the highest of blarney
Just to hint that a human,
Be it man, be it woman,
Do be like in the least to good Doctor O'Finnigan;
For his name brings thoughts tinder,
While the smiles the tears hinder,
And the hearts that be sorrowin',
From his glad mim'ry borrowin'
Courage, arise from despair life's battle to win again.

—Henry A. Van Fredenberg.

A Discovery in Biology

I THINK I know what Cupid is:
Bacteria Amoris;
And when he's fairly at his work,
He causes dolor cordis.
So, if you'd like, for this disease,
A remedy specific,
Prepare an antitoxine, please,
By methods scientific.
Inoculate another heart
With germs of this affection,
Apply this culture to your own,
'Twill heal you to perfection.

—Mary E. Leverett.

The Doctor's Story

I.

GOOD folks ever will have their way—
Good folks ever for it must pay.

But we, who are here and everywhere,
The burden of their faults must bear.

We must shoulder others' shame—
Fight their follies and take their blame;

Purge the body, and humor the mind;
Doctor the eyes when the soul is blind;

Build the column of health erect
On the quicksands of neglect:

Always shouldering others' shame—
Bearing their faults and taking the blame!

II.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me—
"Wife is agoin' to die," said he.

"Doctors great, an' doctors small,
Haven 't improved her any at all.

"Physic and blister, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but the doctors' bills!

"Twenty women, with remedies new,
Bother my wife the whole day through;

"Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman, she takes 'em all.

"Sour or sweet, whatever they choose;
Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.

" So she pleases whoe 'er may call,
An' Death is suited the best of all.

" Physic and blister, powder an' pill—
Bound to conquer, and sure to kill ! "

III.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.

Blistered and bandaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.

Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up ;

Physics of high and low degree ;
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea ;

Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light, and water, and air.

I opened the blinds ; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.

IV.

I opened the window ; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.

Bottles and blister, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, sirups, and squills ;

Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.

" What are you doing ? " my patient cried ;
" Frightening Death," I coolly replied.

" You are crazy ! " a visitor said ;
I flung a bottle at his head.

V.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me;
"Wife is comin' round," said he.

"I really think she will worry through:
She scolds me just as she used to do.

"All the people have poohed an' slurred—
All the neighbors have had their word;

"'Twere better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."

VI.

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
And His remedies—light and water and air.

"All the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

VII.

The Deacon smiled, and bowed his head,
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.

"God's be the glory as you say.
God bless you, doctor! good-day! good-day!"

VIII.

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicine made by men.

—Will Carleton.

To Doctor Empiric

WHEN men a dangerous disease did 'scape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape;
Let me give two, that doubly am got free;
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

—Ben Jonson.

Viri Humani, Salsi Et Faceti, Gulielmi Sutherlandi,

Multarum Artium Et Scientiarum Doctoris Doctissimi.

DIPLOMA.

ET IBIQUE gentium et terrarum,
From Sutherland to Padanarum,
From those who have six months of day,
Ad Caput usque Bonæ Spei,
And father yet, si forte tendat
Ne ignorantiam quis praetendat,—
We doctors of the Merry Meeting
To all and sundry do send greeting,
Ut omnes habeant compertum,
Per hanc præsentem nostram chartam,
Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum
At home per nomen Bogsie notum,
Who studied stoutly at our College,
And gave good specimens of knowledge
In multis artibus versatum,
Nunc factum esse doctoratum.
Quoth Preses, Strictum post examen,
"Nunc esto Doctor"; we said, "Amen."
So to you all hunc commendamus,
Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,
Qui multas habet qualitates
To please all humors and ætates.
He vies, if sober, with Duns Scotus,
Sed multo magis si sit potus.
In disputando just as keen as
Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas.
In every question of theology,
Versatus multum in trickology;

Et in catalogis librorum
Fraser could never stand before him;
For he, by page and leaf, can quote
More books than Solomon e 're wrote.
A lover of the mathematics
He is, but hates the hydrostatics,
Because he thinks it a cold study
To deal in water, clear or muddy.
Doctissimus est medicinæ,
Almost as Boerhaave or Bellini.
He thinks the diet of Cornaro
In meat and drink too scrimped and narrow,
And that the rules of Leonard Lessius
Are good for nothing but to stress us.
By solid arguments and keen
He has confuted Doctor Cheyne,
And clearly proven by demonstration
That claret is a good collation,
Saniset ægris, always better
Than coffee, tea, or milk and water;
That cheerful company, cum risu,
Cum vino forti, suavi visu,
Gustatu dulci, still has been
A cure for hypo and the spleen;
That hen and capon, vervecina,
Beef, duck and pasties, cum ferinâ,
Are good stomachics, and the best
Of cordials, probatum est.

* * * * * *

A good French nightcap still has been,
He says, a proper anodyne,
Better than laudanum or poppy,
Ut dormiamus like a toppy.
Affirmat lusum alearum,
Medicamentum esse clarum,
Or else a touch at three-hand ombre
When toil or care our spirits cumber,
Which graft wings on our hours of leisure,
And make them fly with ease and pleasure.

Aucupium et venationem,
Post longam nimis potationem,
He has discovered to be good
Both for the stomach and the blood.

* * * * * *

He clearly proves the cause of death
Is nothing but the want of breath;
And that indeed is a disaster
When 'tis occasioned by a plaster
Of hemp and pitch laid closely on
Somewhat above the collar-bone.

* * * * * *

To this, and ten times more his skill
Extends, when he could cure or kill.
Immensam cognitionem legum
Ne prorsus hic silentio tegam,
Cum sociis artis, grease his fist,
Torquebat illas as you list.
If laws for bribes are made, 'tis plain
They may be bought and sold again;
Spectando aurum, now we find
That Madam Justice is stone-blind,
So deaf and dull in both her ears,
The clink of gold she only hears;
Naught else but a loud party shout
Will make her start or look about.
His other talents to rehearse,
Brevissimè in prose or verse,
To tell how gracefully he dances,
And artfully contrives romances;
How well he arches and shoots flying
(Let no man think that we mean lying);
How well he fences, rides and sings,
And does ten-thousand other things;
Allow a line, nay, but a comma,
To each, turgeret hoc diploma;
Quare, ut tandem concludamus,
Qui brevitatem approbamus

(For brevity is always good,
Providing we be understood).
In rerum omnium naturis,
Non minus quam scientia juris
Et medicinæ, Doctoratum
Bogsæum novimus versatum;
Nor shall we here say more about him,
But you may dacker if you doubt him.
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,
Duntaxat nostrum hoc sigillum,
Huic testimonio appensum,
Ad confirmandum ejus sensum,
Junctis chirographis cunctorum,
Blithe, honest, hearty sociorum.
Dabamus at a large punch-bowl
Within our proper common school,
The twenty-sixth day of November,
Ten years, the date we may remember,
After the race of Sheriffmuir
(Scotsmen will count from a black hour),
Ab omni probo nunc signetur,
Qui denegabit extrudetur.

FORMULA GRADUS DANDI.

Eadem nos auctoritate,
Reges memoriæ beatæ,
Pontifices et papæ læti,
Nam alii sunt á nobis spreti,
Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,
Quæ privilegia semper erunt,
Collegio nostro safe and sound,
As long's the earth and cups go round.
Te Bogsæum hic creamus,
Statuimus et proclamamus,
Artium Magistrum et Doctorem,
Si libet etiam Professorem;
Tibique damus potestatem
Potandi ad hilaritatem,
Ludendi porro et jocandi,
Et mœstos vino medicandi,

Ad risum etiam fabulandi;
In promissionis tuæ signum
Caput, honore tanto dignum
Hoc cyatho condecoramus,*
Ut tibi felix sit oramus;
Præterea in manum damus
Hunc calicem, ex quo potamus,
Spumantem generoso vino,
Ut bibas more Palatino.
Sir, pull it off and on your thumb,
Cernamus supernaculum,
Ut specimen ingenii
Post studia decennii.
(WHILE HE IS DRINKING, THE CHORUS SINGS)
" En calicem spumantem.
Falerni epotantem;
En calicem spumantem,
Io, io, io."

(AFTER HE HAS DRUNK, AND TURNED THE GLASS ON HIS THUMB, THEY EMBRACE HIM, AND SING AGAIN.)
" Laudamus hunc Doctorem
Et fidum compotorem;
Laudamus hunc Doctorem,
Io, io, io."

—WILLIAM MESTON, M. A.

Surgeons Must Be Very Careful

SURGEONS must be very careful
When they take the knife!
Underneath their fine incisions
Stirs the Culprit,—Life!

—EMILY DICKINSON.

*Here he was crowned with the punch-bowl.

His Pneumogastric Nerve

UPON an average, twice a week,
When anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek
To know "what ails me now."
He taps me on the back and chest
And scans my tongue for bile,
And lays an ear against my breast
And listens there awhile.
Then is he ready to admit
That all he can observe
Is something wrong inside, to wit:
My pneumogastric nerve!

Now, when these Latin names within
Dyspeptic hulks like mine
Go wrong, a fellow should begin
To draw what 's called the line.
It seems, however, that this same,
Which in my hulk abounds,
Is not, despite its awful name,
So fatal as it sounds.
Yet, of all torments known to me,
I 'll say without reserve
There is no torment like to thee,
Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears
To be a patient foe—
It waited nearly forty years
Its chance to lay me low;
Then like some blithering blast of hell,
It struck this guileless bard,
And in that evil hour I fell
Prodigious far and hard.

Alas! what things I dearly love—
  Pies, puddings and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
  All pneumogastric nerves!

Oh, that I could remodel man!
  I 'd end these cruel pains
By hitting on a different plan
  From that which now obtains.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
  Anon should occupy
The all of that domain inside
  Where heart and lung now lie.
But, first of all, I should dispose
  That diabolic curve
And author of my thousand woes,
  The pneumogastric nerve!

—Eugene Field.

The Army Surgeon

OVER that breathing waste of friends and foes,
The wounded and the dying, hour by hour,—
In will a thousand, yet but one in power,—
He labors through the red and groaning day.
The fearful moorland where the myriads lay
Moved as a moving field of mangled worms.
And as a raw brood, orphaned in the storms,
Thrust up their heads if the wind bend a spray
Above them, but when the bare branch performs
No sweet parental office, sink away
With hopeless chirp of woe, so as he goes
Around his feet in clamorous agony
They rise and fall; and all the seething plain
Bubbles a cauldron vast of many-colored pain.

—Sydney Dobell.

A Cure for the Gout

ONCE flourished a famed Dr. Bluff,
A diamond 'twas said in the rough,
He spake nothing save what he meant
And cared little whither it went.
He groped not around in the dark
But directly he shot at the mark,
Prescriptions to cure did he give
In hopes that a patient might live,
And winced not at scruple or gall
Did his treatment the timid appal;
He brandished his surgical knife
As though he demanded your life
Or were fresh from a clinical strife.
But, if so apparently rude,
All knew him both skilful and good,
Possessed of a sound heart and mind
With sense and with science combined.
Those ill oft applied for his care
As if he were more debonair,
Unallured by deportment or speech
Well assured the disease he could reach—
A practice they sought that could preach.
Mrs. Calamus long had employed
This healer and ne 'er felt annoyed
When his phrase had less sugar than salt—
Always ready his worth to exalt.
More sensitive far was her lord
Whom gout had tight bound with its cord,
Though kind he was troubled with spleen
That often towards Mars would careen,
Yet afterwards all was serene.
He adored his most tractable wife,
The motive and prop of his life,

While no one who caused her a pain
Had courage to cause it again.
One day when confined to his bed
Of the slightest disturbance in dread,
He sent for his friend, Dr. Bluff,
To soothe him with sanative stuff.
The Doctor made haste to obey
Such a call without any delay—
And rode even out of his way.
Some drops did the healer prescribe,
Leaving word that the patient imbibe
The same at the mid hour of night
And when morn should awaken the light:
His wife was to give him each dose,
She only allowed to come close;
All others a terror would seize
Who approached when he writhed with disease.
Sleep, alas! did the watcher o'erpower,
While slipped unregarded the hour
When the patient his physic should take,
That torture his limbs might forsake.
The sufferer next day became worse
Through the nap unforeseen of his nurse.
The Doctor, returned to his post,
Found Calamus pale as a ghost
And shrewdly began to suspect
Why his potion was void of effect—
That 'twas caused by a woman's neglect.
When convinced his suspicions were true,
At random wild epithets flew,
His anger was uttered aloud
As though it were launched at a crowd,
And she on whose head it was heaped
In heart-rending anguish was steeped:
It came like the rattle of hail
Or like a cyclonical gale;
Professional dignity mocked,
Reputation most sensitive shocked,
Took form in profaneness of speech
From the skilled though irascible leech.

While thus to his rage he gave vent
On the partner most innocent spent,
The husband uneasily lay
On his couch like a hound held at bay.
He groaned that he had not a chance
The insulter to strike with a lance;
The physician with wrath so inflamed
That his own ebullition was shamed.
Like a lion aroused by his foe
He assayed for the Doctor to go,
A unicorn's strength he received
As he sought to avenge the aggrieved.
He leaped from his bed to the floor
While the latter in fright sought the door,
But Calamus seized his coat-tail
And his biceps came down like a flail
Till at last cried "enough, hold, enough!"
The defeated and crest-fallen Bluff.

Of Galen-traditions galore
None truer than this were of yore;
It was said that the Doctor brought low,
To anger in time became slow,
While far spread the tidings about—
Though somewhat heroic no doubt—
He had found a new cure for the Gout.

—Edward Octavus Flagg.

On a Quack

THIS quack to Charon would his penny pay:
The grateful ferryman was heard to say—
"Return, my friend! and live for ages more,
Or I must haul my useless boat ashore."

—William Wadd.

Surgery vs. Medicine

PRIORITY IN AGE AND DEVELOPMENT CLAIMED FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

Delivered at the banquet given at Delmonico's to the students and alumni of the New York Homœopathic Medical College, March 8, 1887, and also at the dinner given by the English physicians to the International Congress, June, 1881, at the Criterion, London.

I AM a surgeon, and in making this assertion
'Tis my apology for doing what I can
To set aside that undeserved aspersion
That says, while MEDICINE is quite as old as man,
Holding within its vast consideration
All wisdom, learning, ethics, and decorum,
That surgery is claimed, as is a poor relation,
Being at best "the OPPROBRIUM MEDICORUM."

'Tis certainly a subject for humility,
And one 'tis hard FOR DOCTORS to endure,
That they must own their utter inability
In many cases to effect a cure;
And then, with shrugs and sighs, their patients urge on
To give themselves their only chance for life
By calling on the poor, forgotten surgeon,
Who cuts and CURES them with the dreaded knife.

But as for age, I 'll prove 'tis all a libel,
(The statement 's bold, but I could make it bolder)
For on no less authority than the Bible
I 'll prove that surgery is surely older
Than any form of med'cine whatsoever;
And having finished, will appeal to the majority,
And have the point adjusted here forever,
That "SURGERY IN AGE can claim priority."

'Tis true the snake aroused the curiosity,
And gave to Eve the apple fair and bright;
She ate, and with a fatal generosity
Inveigled Adam to a luscious bite.
That from that time disease and suffering came,
DOCTORS were called upon to cure the evil;
The art of HEALING, then, with all its fame,
Was AT THE FIRST developed by the devil.

Med'cine thus stands coeval with the sinning
Of mother Eve, fair creature, though quite human,
While noble surgery had ITS beginning
IN PARADISE BEFORE there was a woman.
The facts are patent, and we all agree
'Twas Satan laid on man the direful rod;
That DOCTORS are the DEVIL'S PROGENY,
While surgeons come DIRECTLY DOWN FROM GOD!

For thus we read (although the analgesia
Of Richardson was then entirely unknown)
Adam profoundly slept with anæsthesia,
And from HIS THORAX WAS REMOVED A BONE,
THIS was the first recorded operation,
(No doctor here dare tell me that I fib!)
And surgery, thus early in creation,
CAN CLAIM COMPLETE EXCISION OF A RIB!

But this is nothing to the obligation
The world to surgery must ever own,
When woman, loveliest of the creation,
Grew and developed from THAT VERY BONE.
Then lovesick swains began indicting sonnets,
And Fashion talked with Folly by the way,
Then came bulimia for becoming bonnets—
Hereditary epidemic of today.

Then, too, began those endless loves and frolics
That poets sing in soft and sweet refrains,
Doctors grew frantic o'er infantile colics,
Announced at midnight with angelic strains,

* * * * * * *

From this the world was peopled. So Doctors own,
While you lay claim to such superiority,
That surgery in the development of bone
As well as age, can clearly claim priority.

My task is done, and with my best endeavor
I have essayed to vindicate my art;
So list my friends, ere friendly ties we sever,
While waning moments bring the hour to part,
Whatever land, whatever clime may hold you,
Some time give honor to the bright scalpel,
And when you recollect what I have told you,
Remember me—'tis all I ask. Farewell.

—Dr. William Tod Helmuth.

Kindness First Known in a Hospital

THE place seemed new and strange as death.
The white strait bed, with others strait and white,
Like graves dug side by side at measured lengths,
And quiet people walking in and out
With wonderful low voices and soft steps,
And apparitional equal care for each,
Astonished her with order, silence, law:
And when a gentle hand held out a cup,
She took it as you do at sacrament,
Half awed, half melted,—not being used, indeed,
To so much love as makes the form of love
And courtesy of manners. Delicate drinks
And rare white bread, to which some dying eyes
Were turned in observation. O my God,
How sick we must be ere we make men just!
I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
And social comfort, in a hospital.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

In the Hospital

I.

GRIMED with misery, want, and sin,
From a drunken brawl they brought him in,
While tearless-eyed around his bed,
They whispered coldly: He is dead,

And looked askance as they went past,
And said: Best so. He has sinned his last.

But the Doctor came and declared: Not so.
A fragment of life yet lies aglow.

And day and night beside the bed,
He bent his skilful, earnest head;

By night, by day, with toil, with pain,
Coaxed back the worthless life again;

Coaxed back the life so nearly told,
And the man returned to his ways of old,—

Returned unchanged to his old, sad ways,
And sinned and sinned to the end of his days.

And the Doctor wrote in his private book:
Sin, Sorrow, Wrong, where'er I look.

I have saved a hideous life. And why?
That a man curse God again, and die.

II.

The mother smiled through her wretchedness,
For the new-born babe lay motionless.

And the nurses looked at her ringless hand.
Best dead, they said. We understand.

But the Doctor came and declared: Not so.
A fragment of life yet lies aglow.

And wrestling close and long with Death,
He brought again the faltering breath,

And gave the poor unwelcome life
Back to the mother who was not wife.

And she took it with loathing and bore off in shame
The babe for whom Earth had no place when it came.

And the Doctor wrote in his private book:
Sin, Sorrow, Wrong, where'er I look.

I have saved a needless life. And why?
That a babe risk Heaven ere it die.

III.

With pitying hands and gentle feet,
They bore in a child struck down on the street,

Mangled and bruised in every limb,
With brow snow-cold and blue eyes dim.

And they kissed the silk hair on his golden head,
And sobbed: Thank God, the sweet child is dead.

But the Doctor came and declared: Not so.
A fragment of life yet lies aglow.

And day and night, beside the bed,
He bent his skilful, earnest head,

With patience, care, and tireless pain,
Won back the broken life again;

Won it back from the brink of Death's calm river,
To struggle, and sicken, and suffer forever;

Won it back from the merciful shores of the dead,
To lie through slow years on a terrible bed.

And the Doctor wrote in his private book:
Sin, Sorrow, Wrong, where'er I look.

I have saved a sorrowful life. And why?
That a child taste of Hell ere men let him die.

And the Doctor closed his book, and said:
Three live by me who best were dead.

BEYOND THE HOSPITAL

The Doctor's work was done. He lay
Upon his death-bed, old and gray,

With the look on his face as of one who has wept,
And has labored and watched while his fellows have slept.

And he folded his hands on his weary breast,
And murmured: Come, Death. I am ready for rest.

God judge of me lightly. I did what I could,
And yet have wrought evil in striving for good.

And swiftly, lo, all space was riven
To where the Angels stood in Heaven.

And he heard one say: A wise man dies.
Is it time I went down and closed his eyes?

Not yet, they said. 'Tis in his book:
Sin, Sorrow, Wrong, where 'er I look.

Is he ready for Heaven who needs to learn first,
God's hand brings a blessing e 'en out of life's worst?

Not yet, said they. This wise man said:
Three live by me who best were dead.

Is he ready for death, knowing not what life meant,
That no being lives but to some good intent?

And the Angels stood beside his bed.
Unlearn Earth's falsehoods, friend, they said.

And the Doctor uplifted his questioning gaze,
And saw through the world and its innermost ways,

Where groveled a mortal, close wrapped in his sin,
Degraded without and degraded within.

God forgive! groaned the Doctor. I am the cause
Yon creature yet liveth to transgress Thy laws.

Speak soft, said the Angels. How mayest THOU tell
What moment of sinning condemns him to Hell?

Or how knowest thou but some late day of grace
May find, e'en for him, in high Heaven a place?

Leave God to adjudge him. Thou seest in part;
Thou look'st at the life; God looks at the heart.

Oh pity him, help him! but dare not to say
It were better to shorten his life by a day;

For as red flags of danger warn off from the road,
So yon erring soul hath led many to God.

The Doctor smiled softly: I understand.
God holds, e'en for sinners, some work in His hand.

And he turned his wondering eyes away
To where a craddled infant lay,

While the mother hung o'er it with love and with shame,
For she gave it a life, but could give it no name.

God forgive! cried the Doctor. The babe but for me,
Had been spared all knowledge of Earth's infamy.

Speak soft, said the Angels. That babe is the link
To draw her soul back from destruction's brink.

There is nobler work given those puny hands,
Than falls to the lot of the Angel bands.

Oh pity it, shield it! but dare not to say
It were better to shorten its life by a day:

For sweeter is Rest, won through danger and toil:
And purer is Purity treasured through soil.

The Doctor smiled softly: The longer our strife,
The nobler is winning the heavenly life.

And he turned his tear-dim eyes away
To where a child complaining lay,

Struggling and spent with incurable pain,
While Death stood aloof, and science was vain.

God forgive! moaned the Doctor. The child, but for me,
Had never awakened to life's cruelty.

Speak soft, said the Angels. How mayest thou know
What beautiful growth comes to Earth of his woe?

Oh pity him, love him! but dare not to say
It were better to shorten his life by a day!

For like flowers that spring but on sunless knolls,
Some graces bloom only in tortured souls.

And a hundred hearts, all for the sake of that one,
Are learning the beauty of duties done;

Are learning unselfishness, thoughtfulness, care,
By the side of that pain which they may not share.

And the sufferer—Heaven deserteth such not;
God's arm is around him; envy his lot.

Amen! said the Doctor. God stoops to the weak.
'Tis they who are strongest have farthest to seek.

Oh, blessed all lives, since for each God hath use,
Despite of sin, sorrow, and wrong, and abuse!

I thank Thee, I thank Thee, O God, that those three
Whose lives I deplored are yet living by me.

Then low spoke the Angels: Now tell it in Heaven
A glad soul the more to our fair Realm is given.

And the sunlight fell soft as God's kiss on his head,
And men stooped o'er him weeping, and said: He is dead.

But his lips wore a smile of supremest content
And of infinite calm. For he knew what Life meant.

—Grace Denio Litchfield.

A Young Doctor's Apology for the Smoothness of His Face

WHAT! praise my rosy cheeks and youthful face?
Alas! such features would my rank disgrace.
Such beauties suit fair ladies of eighteen,
And not a doctor's philosophic mien.
The beetle brow, the wrinkle deep and wide,
A pompous look by studious thoughts supplied,
Are a sage doctor's charms. No more upbraid
My miss-like visage. Lately I surveyed
In yonder stream my phiz, and found it rough
With wrinkles, and for a doctor's grave enough
Besides, revolving years will soon destroy
Whate 'er remains that marks me for a boy:
Yet still I hope they will not snatch one part
Of the fair image of an honest heart.

—Johannes Santolius.

The Skeleton

GOOD-EVENING, Sexton! Don't lose your breath!
You are not shaking the hand of Death!
For I 'm a skeleton, you must know;
I just came out of the grave below.
For years I 've noticed your careless tread,
And harmless whistling above the dead.
Though I 'm a stranger, I know you well,
And grieve that longer I cannot dwell
Whithin old Trinity's churchyard block,
While those Italians are blasting rock!
Oh, I 'm a skeleton, you must know!
I 've left my tenement down below!
I'm forced to move to an uptown flat;
The rooms are smaller, but what of that?

Yes, I 'm a relic of long ago!
I 've slept a century down below!
My name is gone from the crumbling stone;
There 's nothing left of myself but bone.
A Knickerbocker I am of old!
The grave's "Four Hundred," when all is told,
Within old Trinity's churchyard lie—
And so exclusive! But here 's good-by!
For things are coming to such a pass
The dead can't sleep for the smell of gas.
Oh, I 'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

I left this land to my next of kin,
All save the spot I was buried in.
They wet my bones with their useless tears,
But bones and memories fade with years;

Then came the lawyer to break the will;
The land went after to pay the bill.
Now strangers come with their ceaseless tread
And grudge the space of my folding-bed;
They crowd me so in the narrow tomb,
I 'll have to look for another room.
Oh, I 'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

Farewell, old Sexton, for we must part!
I 'd heave a sigh, but I have no heart;
'Twas at POST-MORTEM when some old quack
Took heart and lungs which he brought not back.
He took whatever he found inside,
As proof conclusive the corpse had died.
He robbed the dead with a grewsome theft;
The microbes dining on what was left.
The dead breathe not as the living do:
The ribs are open, the air blows through.
Oh, I 'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

From lack of food I have grown so thin
I 've hardly features enough to grin.
Your tenant longer I may not be
Since death and progress cannot agree;
For who can tell what the sound forebodes
To one entombed, when the gas explodes?
I might have slept till the final fire,
But touched my foot on a subway wire,
Which gave my rickety nerves a shock,
So up I jumps and I dons my frock.
Oh, I 'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

Life is uncertain, but death is sure;
And one dies rich but to wake up poor!
However big the estate one owns,
Some stranger scatters his worthless bones!
'Tis just as well, for the moldy grave
Gives little rest near the rattling pave;
And very few are the nights we pass
Without a whiff of the sewer gas:

For though I 'm dead, you must not suppose
I lost my smell when I lost my nose.
Oh, I 'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

We lonely skeletons used to laugh
To hear the click of the telegraph;
But now we tremble in every bone
When folks "Hello!" on the telephone!
Though steam heat lessen the graveyard chill,
The Knickerbocker cannot lie still.
Though modern faith would the thought dispel,
He still believes in the old-time hell,
And has good reason to fear the worst
Has come to him when the steam pipes burst!
Oh, I 'm a skeleton, etc., etc.

—Fred Emerson Brooks.

Synonymes

WHEN Caroline Ingalls
Was ill of the SHINGLES,
Her neighbor came over the way:
"I 'm not for a visit,
But, Biddy, what is it
That ails Mrs. Ingalls, I pray?"

As Biddy looked at her,
The NAME of the matter
Went off on a hide-and-seek play,
But the SUBSTANCE took shaping,
While at the roof gaping:
"Faith, Ma 'am, 'tis the CLAPBOARDS, they say!"

—Charlotte Fiske Bates.

The Drug Clerk

I WEARY of a life like this,
Repose I 'm sadly needing,
But chances of ulterior bliss
Are rapidly receding.

How can I 'mid poetic sweets
Divinely bask and frolic,
When some one while I 'm reading Keats,
Comes in and yells with colic?

And how when dreaming of soft rills
And moonbeams sympathetic,
Can I prepare a pint of squills,
Or some fierce, brown emetic?

To scan the laureate's noble book,
I have no time nor leisure,
And should I try to read "The Brook,"
I 'm called on for magnesia!

And when grand Milton most exalts
My mind and mood and manner,
Ten orders come for Epsom salts
And ipecacuana!

I cannot find, I grieve to say,
A single moment handy,
And I believe the town today
Drinks far more drugs than brandy!

The mass of quinine people buy,
Is something most terrific,
For castor oil the children cry,
The whole town is morbific!

And then, besides, a dire mistake
Was mine today, while dreaming,
The cough-stuff that I had to make,
I fear with strychnine 's teeming!

And so I have resolved tonight,
No more to be a moaner,
But read my Byron out of sight,
Somewhere in Arizona.

—Francis Saltus Saltus.

Granny's "Yarbs"

SHE dosed the boy with calomel,
Then gave him catnip tea;
And yet he didn 't feel quite well—
He had the grip, you see.

She gave him tansy, boneset, squills
Rubbed tallow on his chest,
And fed him lots of blue-mass pills,
Which quickly did the rest.

By this time John could not get up,
And, as he lay in bed,
She drenched him from a quassia cup
Till he was nearly dead.

And when at last the doctor came
And fetched poor Johnny 'round,
Folks said: "'Twas Granny, all the same,
Kept him above the ground."

—John Langdon Heaton.

The Doctor in Love

BEWITCHING, beauteous, cruel Jane McSparrow!
My bosom's lord no longer its own lord is;
Inspired by thee, Dan Cupid's fatal arrow
Has pierced my apex cordis.

No knock I heed, nor answer any call;
No action have in ilium or duodenum;
Spleen, pancreas, colon, stomach, liver, all
Have something very odd in 'em.

My outward size is fitted to deceive;
By stays and padding I 'm a hollow sham;
My inward sighs with painful labor heave
My wasted diaphragm.

My brachials are gone, my deltoid dwindles;
This pectoralis major 's all unreal;
These shanks, so shapely once, are now but spindles,
From lack of popliteal.

Masseters and molars have no further use;
For weeks a score I 've fed on thinest gruel;
Gone are the functions of the gastric juice,
For want of gastric fuel.

Of best prescriptions I have taken twenty;
Spts. vin. gal.—(I hardly dare exhibit 'em);
Decoct. Hord. Oct. I, ter in die; Spiritus frumentie,
Cape ab libitum.

But all in vain: a subject, a cadaver,
I hasten toward that tenement so narrow;
Foredoomed I am, since fated not to have her—
Sweet, cruel, Jane McSparrow.

—Dr. Andrew McFarland.

The Art of Preserving Health

DIET

ENOUGH of air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; not even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endles labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, etherial fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the table and the homely gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumbered tubes
Poured by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; scourged forever round and round;
Enraged with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows: and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherished and repaired before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force those plastic particles
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was given,

Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expense of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood: the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which through finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.
Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind
Can labor into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too easily subdued,
Too soon expelled. His daily labor thaws
To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the lucious bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lessoned by the dropping teeth.
Half subtilized to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys the assimilating powers
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigor let him die;
Nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails
Absolve him ill requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage and luxuriant ease
Indulge the veteran ox; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refined and scanty fare: for, old or young,

The stalled are never healthy ; nor the crammed.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholesome food, the abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste
Rejects, like bane, such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coyly they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
The wooed embrace. The irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o 'erflows : what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :
Choose sober meals ; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on the enfeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast
Improve his habit if he can ; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.
I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion ; what the various powers
Of various foods, but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin displayed,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temperature effects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supplied with slaughter, and the vernal powers,
For cooler, kinder sustenance, implore.
Some e 'en the generous nutriment detest

Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales; soft, delicious, and benign:
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the spring;
The fostering dew of tender sprouting life;
The best refection of declining age;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with every stomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boiled and baked, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppressed, or whether not by all)
Taught by experience soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sickened appetite too long;
Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the roughening tongue;
Or much diminish or too much increase
The expense which Nature's wise economy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates adjured, let prowling hunger loose,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.
    Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
The tiger, formed alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish; though fabling Greece resound
The Thracian steeds, with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, the inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded by this power within,

Their cravings are well aimed: voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled;
Misled from pleasure e'en in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortured from their native taste;
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim;
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Formed of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates;
E'en modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Though hushed in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, graced with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfostered sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrained to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
But other ills the ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, though harmless each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we see
What strife is brewed, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
The unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not meanwhile

How much tomorrow differ from today;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inured.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tamed the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.
So Heaven has formed us to the general taste
Of all its gifts; so custom has improved
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth or air or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, the expansive soul
Oppressed, and smothered the celestial fire.
The stomach, urged beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food: unfinished and depraved,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be cleared, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
The unripened grape? Or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
E'en how to ripen the half-labored blood;
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collapsed and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
Or the tall ash, long ravished from the soil,
Through withered veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait

Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne 'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily the exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to the extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long tossed and famished on the wintry main:
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attained, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
Nor crown with festive rites the auspicious day;
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal e 'en of that: a little give
At first; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame,
Revived, with all its wonted vigor glows.
But though the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: so nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides a meager day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours:
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labor. But the day returned
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:

Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint through the still gulf of air,
The moist cold viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will save your head from harm, though round the world
The dreaded Causos roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
The empire of heat and cold; by neither claimed,
Influenced by both; a middle regimen
Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when the invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius, flushed with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to the indulgent sky:
Now bounteous Nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation: yields what once sufficed
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;
Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seized
The human breast.—Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most; so does each clime.
Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
The established ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless Earth, their cruel stepmother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields
Untamed, intractable, no harvests wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world

Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earned with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave, the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meager hills.
Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains;
Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
The affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords:
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course;
Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape;
Here, finished by invigorating suns,
Through the green shade the golden orange glows;
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp; the cocoa swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets,
Earth's vaunted progeny: in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, e 'en too proud to live;
Or hardly raised by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: the autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o 'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edged with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze, eternal breathing round their limbs,
Supports in else intolerable air:
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove

That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view the enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thundering o 'er the ruined cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile, here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there, in gothic solitude reclined,
The cheerless Tanaïs pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
Inwrap these infant floods! Through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o 'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still, the impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange legions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæan, so the powers of health
Command), to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable streams! with eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigor fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;

None warmer sought the sires of humankind.
Happy in temperate peace! their equal days
Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne 'er forget.
Blessed with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they lived; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies, from the world of gods,
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil, improved to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.
Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain
The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage
Opined, and thus the learned of every school,
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best: the lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O 'er the chafed pebbles hurled, yields wholesome, pure,
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirst were e 'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters); till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengaged
The violated lymph. The virgin stream,

In boiling, wastes its finer soul in air.
Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow:
But where the stomach, indolent and cold,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
The insipid stream: though golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmixed, and all
The gluey floods that from the vexed abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furous with intoxicating fire,
Retard concoction, and preserve unthawed
The embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalmed in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravelings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchanged remain.
We curse not wine: the vile excess we blame;
More fruitful than the accumulated board
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! sly deceiver! branded o 'er and o 'er,
Yet still believed! exulting o 'er the wreck
Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian maids
Another time, perhaps, shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.
Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Roused by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
The obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which, by habit's power,
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meager love of gold,

Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages ;
Say how, unseasoned to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inured ?
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-informed experience found
The least your bane : and only with your friends,
There are sweet follies ; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.
Oh ! seldom may the fated hour return
Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, e 'en sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys :
And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?
What dexterous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But, ah ! what woes remain ! life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :
Except kind Nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate 'er
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
High seasoned fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tired life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,

The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their elemental veins,
Condensed to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain the impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows meantime, amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery; and in solid health
The man confirmed long triumphs o 'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs: there is a point,
By nature fixed, whence life must downward tend.
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of the ill supported heart.
This languishing, these strengthening by degrees
To hard, unyielding, unelastic bone,
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters still: and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus (so Heaven ordained it) life
Destroys itself; and could these laws have changed,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o 'er its base.
The flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself, shall die; and ancient Night

Again involve the desolate abyss:
Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorred decay:
It ever did; perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

—Dr. John Armstrong.

Peace Born of Pain

IN probing Life, wise Doctors look
On it, as men must look on Life
Who, in its very breath
Read Death;
Life is but gashed to find that strife
Provokes too savage throes;
Pain's woes
May vien
To stain
The flesh,
As fresh
As winter's moon-white, hurried snows.

In probing Life, wise Doctors gaze
On it, as men must gaze on Life
Who, in its very breath
Read Death;
They probe to heal, but in amaze
See how it is God alters strife

To peace which, roseate, glows;
This flows
But sweet
And, fleet,
Must kiss
New bliss
Into Life, the bliss of soul-repose.
—Caroline Edwards Prentiss.

Ode to Dyspepsia

I.

ACCURSED Hag! Hell-conceived, fury-born,
Twin sister of the fiend Despair, avaunt!
Hence with thy harpy talons, which have torn
Too long my vitals! Down to thy damnéd haunt
Of caverned horror and heart-eating woe!
Leave me, and plunge below
To that black pit, with all thy ghoulish crew
Of loathsome-visaged shapes;
Nightmares that come with pallid features blue
To rack me with soul-shattering escapes
From grisly phantoms. Vampires, flapping wings
Obscene about my bed;
Dread, formless, and abominable Things
That rise from gory pools, till o 'er my head
The shuddering night is full of firey eyes
And threatening fingers pointing scorn! Ye dead,
Haunt me not thus! Come not in fearful guise
Gibbering from bloody shrouds, or, long-engraved,
Rising to fear me with the abhorréd sight—
What coffin-planks have saved
From the worm's banquet. 'Twill not bear the light,
That mass of swollen corruption—green decay
Makes hideous every member! Get thee hence,
Foul incubus! Take thy loathed weight away

From off my breast! O sickening horror—! Whence
Comes any help? I wake, and it is day!
Thank heaven that night is done! But with the morn
Come fiendish voices whispering suicide—
Madness—damnation; with malignant scorn
My anguish they deride.

II.

Joy, for my chains are breaking! Get thee gone,
Fell sorceress! Hellward roll thy scorpion train,
Too long its hateful coils have round me lain;
But now thy reign is done.
Day breaks in gladness, and night comes to steep
Mine eyelids in her drowsiest honey-dew,
And folded by the downy wings of sleep,
Pillowed secure on her maternal breast,
In happy dreams and healing slumber deep
I sink to balmy rest.

—JOHN TODHUNTER.

The Consultation

THREE doctors, met in consultation,
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate, all agreed,
But what of that? they must be fee 'd.

They write then (as 'twas fit they should)
But for their own, not patients' good.
Consulting wisely (don't mistake, sir,)
Not what to give, but what to take, sir.

—RICHARD GRAVES.

Too Progressive for Him

I AM somethin' of a vet 'ran, just a turnin' eighty year—
A man that 's hale an' hearty an' a stranger tew all fear;
But I 've heard some news this mornin' that has made my old head spin,
An' I 'm goin' to easy my conshuns if I never speak ag 'in.

I 've lived my four-score years of life, an' never till tew-day
Wuz I taken fer a jackass or an ign 'rant kind o' jay,
Tew be stuffed with such durned nonsense 'bout them crawlin' bugs an' worms
That 's a killin' human bein 's with their "mikroskopic germs."

They say there 's "mikrobes" all about a-lookin' fer their prey;
There 's nothin' pure tew eat nor drink, an' no safe place tew stay;
There 's "misamy" in the dewfall an' "malary" in the sun;
'Tain't safe to be outdoors at noon or when the day is done.

There 's "bactery" in the water an' "trikeeny" in the meat,
A "meeby" in the atmosphere, an' "cälory" in the heat;
There 's "corpussels" an' "pigments" in a human bein 's blood,
An' every other kind o' thing existin' sence the flood.

Terbacker 's full o' "nickerteen," whatever that may be;
An' your mouth 'll all get puckered with the "tannin'" in the tea;
The butter 's "olymargareen"—it never saw a cow;
An' things is gettin' wus an' wus from what they be just now.

Them bugs is all about us, just a-waitin' fer a chance
Tew navigate our vitals an' tew 'naw us off like plants.

There 's men that spends a lifetime huntin' worms, just like a goose,
An' takin' Latin names to 'em an' lettin' ov 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense, an' I 'm not a-goin' tew try.
If things has come tew such a pass, I 'm satisfied tew die;
I 'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I won't be such a fool
As to wait until I 'm pizened by a "annymallycool."

—Lurana W. Sheldon.

The Doctor

A PICTURE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE old-time Doctor rises into view.
A "well-read" man he was; and much he knew
For he was "college bred;" and in the eyes
Of simple folks, no man could be more wise.
He had a sheep-skin in his office hung,
Which, like a banner to the breezes flung,
Proclaimed to all the world his wondrous lore,
Endorsed by learnéd men full half a score.
His modest sign that hung above the gate,
Failed not his many virtues to relate:
"Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur," in one;
And yet with these the list was but begun.
He knew and numbered all the human bones;
And well he knew all geologic stones;
He knew how blood coursed swiftly through the veins,
He knew the cause of summer drought and rains;
He cured his patients of each threatening ill,
And matched the parson in polemic skill;
In politics, philosophy and art,
He never failed to take a ready part.
The master of the village school, his power
In argument acknowledged; and so, hour

By hour, they sat in hot dispute; the crowd,
Meanwhile, each disputant applauded loud.
But these were byplays in the doctor's life,—
With other conflicts he was daily rife;
For fell disease and death rode on the air,
And found their ready victims everywhere.
Against these foes, there was no known defence
Except the Doctor's wise omnipotence.
And so, whate 'er his patients might befall,
He ready stood to answer every call.
On ambling horse he rode the country o'er,
And carried hope and help from door to door
Where 'er he went, to gentle babe or sire,—
Pain fled away, and fever cooled its fire.
Of modern healing art he little knew,
His work was plain, and what he had to do
His trusting patients quietly endured,
Though oft uncertain if he killed or cured.
His lancet was his faithful right-hand man;
For, at its touch, the crimson current ran,
Till blood, like water, flowed on every side,
And every cabin was in crimson dyed.
His massive saddle-bags with drugs o 'er ran;
But calomel and jalap led the van.
His dose the palate did not always please;
His pills were large, and bitter were his teas;
His drastic mixtures were no idle play,
And his emetics brooked no long delay.
In short, his victims, like some luckless craft,
Were driven amain and swept afore and aft.
And if at last they died, there was no one
Dared say, "They died from having nothing done."
He promptly, bravely, took his part and place;
And every station did his genius grace.
Heroic man! He did his duty well;
He fought for others till at last he fell.
Above his grave we need no column raise,
He lives immortal in our love and praise!

—Dr. T. P. Wilson.

"Doc"

TO MY OLD PARD, DOCTOR H. K.

DOC wuz the biggest liar 'at ever hit the town,
An' when it cum to citin' facks you couldn't pin him down;
But when we larned 'at he hed strayed frum sumwhars in the east,
I tol' the boys it wuzzen't rite to blame him in the least;
Fur people thar is mighty apt, ez I hev often stated,
To stretch the blanket to us fokes becaws they 're eddicated;
An' I diskivered signs in Doc I never knowed to fail,
An' Doc kurroberated me an' sed 'at he hed went to Yale.
He sed he studded medycine an' I will also state
Ef lyin' wuz a study thar, Doc wuz a gradooate.
Doc hung his shingle up one day nex' to McGrew's saloon,
An' sed he hoped to hell thar 'd be sum sickness purty soon.
So when the gang diskivered 'at he wuz lately cum,
We all konkluded to drap down an' make him feel to hum;
An' size the feller up a bit, an' ef he wuz no good,
To leave a hint fur him to skin to sum fur naberhood.
We foun' him straddle uv a cheer awrasslin' 'ith a book,
An' 'parently so lost in thought he would n't turn an' look.
Then Brazos Butch went up to him an' slapped him on the back,
To show thet fur ez welcum went thar wuzzen't eny lack.
An' all the boys 'at cum 'ith us wuz friendly sort uv stock,
Fur they jes' waltzed rite up to him an' gurgled, "Howdy, Doc!"
Then Butch went on to make a talk how we hed saw his sign,
The fust 'un like it thar 'd ben hung sence August '69,
When sum young sawbones made a speech 'at wuzzen't zackly rite,
An' to condense the tale, Butch sed, wuz planted thet same night.

An' sence thet time thar 'd ben no one to rekommend a pill,
Er rite a order on a slip fur Quinine Sam to fill;
An' consequently it wuz odd to see thet shingle out,
So they hed cum to make a call an' heer the stranger spout;
An' ef he spouted like a man, the gang 'ud buy the jooce;
But ef he did n't belch out rite, they 'd hev to cook his goose.
Then Doc, he made a litenin' move 'at tuk us by surprise,
An' 'fore we knowed it, hed two guns shuved plum into our eyes.
"Hans up!" sez Doc, and up they went—he hed the drap on us,
An' every feller seed he wuz no ordernery cuss.
The way he held them guns, I knowed he would n't make no botch,
An' fur ez statoo wuz consarned he beat the six foot notch.
He tol' the gang 'at he wuz made uv purty decent stuff,
An' 'at no onry skunk 'at lived could make him take a bluff;
An' furthermore 'at he hed cum to settle in our town,
So ef we did n't like his style jes' yank his shingle down,
But he 'ud warm the varmint then 'at undertuk the deed,
To make his will in favor uv sum cuss 'at wuz in need,
An' to insert a clause in it 'at likely 'ud be granted,
To name the spot whar he 'ud like to hev his carkus planted.
So Doc enumerated then how meny men he 'd killed,
An' testified the joy he felt when blud wuz bein' spilled.
He sed he wuzzen't very ol'—in fack wuz twenty-five,
But ever' time he quit a scrap, thar wuz less men alive.
An' countin' them 'at he hed winged an' them whose lites wuz out
He rekoned thar 'd be eighty-five, er sum'ers thar about.
But ef the gang desired to live an' sung out good an' strate,
He 'd jes' pos'pone the funerel ontil sum futur' date.
Fur he wuz wore out pluggin' men an' ort to hev a rest,
But ef the fellers disapproved, he 'lowed they knowed the best.
So then he looked at Butch an' sed 'at he desired sum gent
To orate fur the crowd an' say what wuz the sentiment.
Then Brazos eyed the gang a-spell an' giv' a little cough
An' sed the boys wuz all agreed to call the durn thing off.
Then Doc put up them guns uv his an' flashed a jug uv jooce
'At he hed settin' on the flore fur his immejit use.

"This ile", sez Doc, a lookin' 'roun', "is frum a eastern jint,
An' only cost me, jug an' all, sum twenty bones a pint."
He sed the proper age uv it could not be ritely tol',
But he 'ud estermate it wuz sum ninety odd year ol'.
He did n't know 'at this same ile was thet ident'kle sort
'At Mike McGrew keeps in a barr'l fur sixty cents a quart.
But ez it wuz his treat, the boys wuz too high-toned to say
It wuz the onriest 'at they hed downed fur meny a day;
And Doc lied on so nateral like, the gang wuz too perlite
To call him down about the same fur thet wuz skeercely rite;
An' ef it wuz a joy to him it wuz no hurt to us,
So we kep' on a swallerin' an' Doc kep' lyin' wuss.
Doc tol' us 'at his folks at hum wuz loaded down 'ith wealth,
An' he wuz jes' sojournin' roun' fur buildin' up his health.
An' also 'at ef he was broke a tellygram 'ud bring
A hunderd-thousan' dollar check too quick fur enything.
Ef thet thar feller tol' the truth while he wuz livin' here,
It mus' a ben a acksident when no one else wuz near.
But then the boys wuz not inklined to argyfy 'ith Doc,
Fur he could skin us all to death 'ith them big words in stock,
Which wuz ez long ez Butch onct sed when we wuz in Piute,
Ez ridin' hoss-back all the way frum thar to Scalper's Chute.
But then the gang hed soon ketched on how Doc's talk all wuz gas,
So when he tol' them yarns uv his, we simply let 'em pass,
Ez ef they wuz the gospul truth an' never sed a word
Except they wuz the durndest things 'at we hed ever herd.
But Doc wuz game an' would n't take a bluff frum no galoot
An' ef a feller crowded him, he 'd yank his tool an' shoot.
Doc's heart wuz big ez eny man's 'at I hev ever seed,
An' no cuss ever got turned down 'at claimed he wuz in need.
An' I kin rekollect uv Doc a hunderd things he did—
One night he rid to Bowie Bend to see a greaser kid
'At he hed heerd wuz down in bed 'ith sum tarnashun 'plaint,
When it wuz rainin' chunks uv wet 'at 'ud hev drowned a saint.
But Doc he staid out thar thet night an' haf uv the nex' day,
An' when he cum a ridin' back, the only thing he 'd say
Wuz, "Boys, the kid wuz too fur gone fur me to beat the game—
But I hev cured a thousan' kids efflickted 'bout the same."

But we could see his heart wuz teched by th' dampness in his eye,
So to conceal the same, he tuk and tol' another lie.
Thar warn't a cuss aroun' thet way uv eny kind uv stock
'At could n't make a hard luck play an' borry coin uv Doc;
An' tho' he never got it back in no one case I know,
He never made no kick a tall but let the borry go.
When 'lections cum aroun' thet Fall we sed 'at Doc mus' run
Fur sheriff, jedge er sumthin' else an' we 'ud start sum fun
'Ith eny cuss 'at cum aroun' the town on 'lection day
An' throwed a bluff uv his intent to vote the tother way.
But Doc he sed it wuzzen't rite, fur he wuz goin' hum
An' would n't see the town agen fur meny a year to cum;
An' 'at thar wuz a gal up east 'at wuz to be his wife,
So he jes' hed to make a sneek an' change his mode uv life.
An' Doc, he lef' within a week accordin' to his word,
The only statement uv a fack frum him we ever herd.
He set 'em up jes' fore he lef' an' his remarks wuz fine
About the letters he 'ud rite—tho' no cuss got a line;
An' Butch remarked one afternoon about a year from then,
While we wuz roundin' up sum steers on range called "Number Ten,"
Thet ef Doc railly hed got hitched 'at when the preecher sed
"Will you run double 'ith this gal?" why Doc he shuk his hed,
Fur ef he hed a nodded it, the truth 'ud hev cropped out,
An' truth wuz a gol-durned affair Doc would n't hev about.
An' all the fellers in the gang indorsed the speech ez rite,
An' complimented Butch an' swore 'at he hed secon' sight.

—Henry Coolidge Semple.

On a Petit-Maitre Physician

WHEN Pennington for female ills indites,
Studying alone not what, but how, he writes,
The ladies, as his graceful form they scan,
Cry, with ill-omened rapture—"Killing man!"

—Anonymous.

Epitaph

ON A PATIENT KILLED BY A CANCER QUACK.

HERE lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a cancer quack;
Who lost his money and his life,
By plaster, caustic, and by knife.
The case was this—a pimple rose
Southeast a little of his nose;
Which daily reddened and grew bigger,
As too much drinking gave it vigor:
A score of gossips soon ensure
Full three score diff'rent modes of cure:
But yet the full-fed pimple still
Defied all petticoated skill;
When fortune led him to peruse
A handbill in the weekly news,
Signed by six fools of different sorts,
All cured of cancers made of warts;
Who recommend, with due submission,
The cancer-monger as magician.
Fear winged his flight to find the quack,
And prove his cancer-curing knack;
But on his way he found another,—
A second advertising brother;
But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handsome fowl;
Whose fame had raised as broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog;
Who used a still more magic plaster,
That sweat, forsooth, and cured the faster.
This doctor viewed, with moony eyes
And scowled-up face, the pimple's size;
Then christened it in solem answer,
And cried, "This pimpiel's name is CANCER."

"But courage, friend, I see you 're pale,
My sweating plasters never fail;
I 've sweated hundreds out with ease,
With roots as long as maple trees,
And never failed in all my trials—
Behold these samples here in vials!
Preserved to show my wond 'rous merits,
Just as my liver is in spirits.
For twenty joes the cure is done—"
The bargain struck, the plaster on,
Which gnawed the cancer at its leisure,
And pained his face above all measure.
But still the pimple spread the faster,
And swelled like toad that meets disaster.
Thus foiled, the doctor gravely swore
It was a right rose-cancer sore;
Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,
And showed them where the leaves appeared;
And raised the patient's drooping spirits,
By praising up the plaster's merits.
Then purged him pale with jalap drastic,
And next applies th' infernal caustic;
Which, gnawing on with fiery pace,
Devoured one broadside of his face;
"Courage—'t is done!" the doctor cried,
And quick the incision knife applied,
That with three cuts made such a hole,
Out flew the patient's tortured soul!

Go, readers, gentle, eke and simple,
If you have wart, or corn, or pimple,
To quack infallible apply;
Here 's room enough for you to lie.
His skill triumphant still prevails,
For DEATH'S a cure that never fails.

—Dr. Lemuel Hopkins.

Greeting to Dr. Holmes

Read at the dinner given by the Medical Profession of New York to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, April 12th, 1883.

YOU 'VE heard of the deacon's one-hoss shay
Which, finished in Boston the self-same day
That the city of Lisbon went to pot,
Did a century's service, and then was not.
But the record 's at fault which says that it BUST
Into simply a heap of amorphous dust;
For after the wreck of that wonderful tub,
Out of the ruins they saved a hub;
And the hub has since stood for Boston town,
Hub of the Universe—note that down.
But an orderly hub, as all will own,
Must have something central to turn upon,
And, tempered and smooth, and true, and bright,
We have the AXLE here tonight.
Thrice welcome, then, to our festal board
The doctor-poet, so doubly stored
With science as well as with native wit;
(POETA NASCITUR, you know, NON FIT;)
Skilled to dissect with knife or pen,
His subjects dead or living men;
With thoughts sublime on every page
To swell the veins with virtuous rage,
Or with a syringe to inject them
With sublimate to disinfect them;
To show with demonstrator's art
The complex chambers of the heart,
Or, armed with a diviner skill,
To make it pulsate at his will;
To brighten up by harmless guile
The frowning visage with a smile
Or lead the class in desperate tussels,
With Latin names of facial muscles.

By facile pen to soothe the brain
With many a smooth melodious strain,
Or to describe with pains laborious
The even CALAMUS SCRIPTORIUS.
To fire the eye by WIT consummate,
Or draw the aqueous HUMOR from it;
In generous verse to celebrate
The loaves and fishes of some giver,
And then proceed to demonstrate
The lobes and fissures of the liver;
To nerve with fervor of appeal
The sluggish muscles into steel,
Or, pulling their attachments, show
Whence they arise and where they go;
In times of peril give the tone
To public feeling called backbone;
Or grapple with that subject solemn,
"Supporters of the spinal column."
And now I close my artless ditty
As per agreement with committee;
And making place for those more able,
I leave the subject on the table.
Yet one word more. I 've had my pride
As MEDICUS most sorely tried,
When Englishmen who sometimes show
Of things American, you know,
An ignorance that is melancholy;
As Dr. Holmes is very jolly,
Assume that he must therefore be
A Doctor of Divinity.
So to avoid all chance of wrong
To medicine, or church, or song,
Let DOCTOR HOLMES discarded be
For OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D.
And now, for I really must come to an end,
May the fate of the chaise be the fate of our friend:
May he never break down, and never wear out,
But a century old, or thereabout,
Not feeling the weight of the years as they fly;
Simply stop living when ready to die.

—DR. ANDREW H. SMITH.

The Old Oaken Bucket

(REVISED AND EDITED BY "A SANITARIAN")

WITH what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malarious farm, the wet fungus grown wildwood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pigsty close by it,
The ditch where the sour smelling house drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard nigh it—
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold crusted bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the waters of wells by analysis find;
The rotting wood fiber, the oxide of iron,
The algæ, the frog of unusual size,
The water, impure as the verses of Byron,
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it,
I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud covered bottom it fell!
Then reeking with nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh, had I but realized in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I 'd have tested for organic germs, and destroyed them
With potassic permanganate ere I had quaffed.
Or, perchance, I 'd have boiled it and afterward strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined;
Or after distilling, condensed and regained it
In portable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink;
But since I 've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think.
And now, far removed from the scenes I 'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus grown bucket—
In fact, the slop bucket—that hung in the well.

—J. C. Bayles.

Verses to Dr. George Rogers

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHYSIC AT PADUA, IN THE YEAR 1646.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children strove,
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove,
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employed;
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,
Descending from their so distempered seat,
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.

There first Apollo tried the various use
Of herbs, and learned the virtues of their juice,
And framed that art, to which who can pretend
A juster title than our noble friend?
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad.
This crowns him here, and in the bays so earned,
His country's honor is no less concerned,
Since it appears not all the English rave,
To ruin bent; some study how to save;
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, great friend! suppose that thy great skill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
Their spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

—Edmund Waller.

Fin-de-Siecle Love Song

BY A DOCTOR

GIVE me your hand and let me feel your pulse
And learn how fares your cardiac apparatus.
Whether it starts and beats uncertainly,
While Cupid aims his keen swift arrow at us!

Grant me one fever, it is all I ask—
Take me to be your knight as well as doctor!
For you, of what fine potions, powders, pills,
Could I forever be the proud concocter!

O, sweet compendium of anatomy,
How beautiful your eyelids' modest ptosis—
For lo! you love, I feel it in your pulse;
I 'd stake my life upon my diagnosis!

—Dr. Frederick Peterson.

Ode to Dr. Hahnemann, the Homœopathist

WELL, Doctor,
Great concoctor
Of medicines to help in man's distress;
Diluting down the strong to meek,
And making e'en the weak more weak,
"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—
Founder of a new system economic,
To druggists any thing but comic;
Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret
At profits, like thy doses, very small;
To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place—
And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
"To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
Or well as can expected be, with such
A style of practice, liberally giving
"A sum of more to that which had too much?"
Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
Do fevers yield to any thing that 's hot?
Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit?
Is 't good advice for gastronomic ills,
When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
And tell me honestly, without a diddle,
Does an attenuated dose of rosin
Act as a TONIC on the old SCOTCH FIDDLE?
Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
Like eels just caught by sniggle,

Martyrs to some acidity internal,
That gives them pangs infernal,
Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;
Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
The half of half of half a drop of "VARGES"?

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,
A soldier pillowed on a heap of slain,
In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;
When lo! there comes a man in green and red,
A featherless cocked hat adorns his head,
In short, a Saxon military doctor—
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
To cure a horrid gaping wound,
Made by a ball that weighed a pound,
If he well peppered it with number six?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing
Within a ROPE,
Might friends not hope
To cure him with a STRING?
Suppose his breath arrived at a full stop,
The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop
Restore him?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
Snapping to left and right,
And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
Terrific sounds,
The pallid neighborhood with horror cowing,
To hit the proper homœopathic mark;
Now, might not "the last taste in life" of BARK
Stop his BOW-WOW-ING?
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,
He took "A HAIR
OF THE DOG THAT BIT HIM?"

Picture a man—we 'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
In evident emotion,
Bent o 'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
Owning those symptoms queer
Some feel in a SICK TRANSIT o 'er the ocean,
Can any thing in life be more pathetic
Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—
But would it mend his case
To be decillionth-dosed
With something like the ghost
Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darkened room!
Look through the dreary gloom,
And see that coverlet of wildest form,
Tost like the billows in a storm,
Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
A ghastly head!—
While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges:
There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
What shall support the body in its trial,
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
And tame the raging Malady within—
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

O! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh
And cry together, half and half,
Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
To think, whilst I have crowed like chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism:
Perchance, upon thy system, I have given
A pang, superfluous, to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
"She will not come again,

Tomorrow, nor tomorrow, nor tomorrow!"
Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe
A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
Inserting a few serious words by stealth;
ABOVE ALL PRICE OF WEALTH
THE BODY'S JEWEL—NOT FOR MINDS PROFANE,
OR HANDS, TO TAMPER WITH IN PRACTICE VAIN—
LIKE TO A WOMAN'S VIRTUE IS MAN'S HEALTH.
A HEAVENLY GIFT WITHIN A HOLY SHRINE!
TO BE APPROACHED AND TOUCHED WITH SERIOUS FEAR,
BY HANDS MADE PURE, AND HEARTS OF FAITH SEVERE,
EV'N AS THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE ONE DIVINE!

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,
And, strange to fame,
With a diplomaed name,
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
With cane, and snuffbox, powdered wig, and block,
Invents HIS dose, as if it were a chrism,
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
O how, my unrelated German cousin,
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,
And finding it too fast, enforced the dial,
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan
Of fourteen to the dozen?

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep,
Like Prospero's, beneath the briny sea,
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works
To help the interest of quacking Burkes;
Aid not in murdering even widows' mites—
And now forgive me for my candid zeal,
I had not said so much, but that I feel
Should you TAKE ILL what here my Muse indites,
And Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

—THOMAS HOOD.

Our Faith

Read at the annual dinner of the Homœopathic Medical Society of Western Massachusetts, Springfield, March 20, 1895.

AS comrades of a scattered band
At war against disease and death,
We meet to grasp the friendly hand
And reaffirm our common faith.

We reaffirm, but not abuse,
The sacred rights for which we stand—
The right to take, the right to use,
The best our wisdom can command.

We bow unto no man the knee,
We brook no ancient, iron creed;
Our attitude is—Loyalty
To Truth wherever she may lead.

Whate 'er of worth the fathers wrought
We humbly, gratefully confess;
Nor prize we less the latest thought
That comes humanity to bless.

We honor age, we honor youth,
We honor every class, or clan,
That bravely battles for the truth
And for the betterment of man.

Nor care we what the means, or whence,
In which restoring power we find—
From matter, or the more intense
And subtle potencies of mind,—

From earth, or air, or sun, or seas,
  Or from the lightning 's lurid breath,—
We care not, so they heal disease
  And stay the awful hand of death.

If this be "dogmatism blind,"
  With dear old Whittier we say:
"Pray for us, that our feet may find
  Some broader, safer, surer way."

Albeit this our faith holds fast—
  The kindlier method, known as ours,
Above the crudeness of the past,
  Like Calvary over Sinai towers!

The long-used lancet lies at rest;
  The leech bides in its native flood;
And ne 'er again, at man 's behest,
  Shall they regale on human blood.

The cruel thirst of time ago
  Is lost in crystal waters quaffed;
For Hahnemann has lived—and lo!
  The fevered lip hath cooling draught!

All honor to that gracious name!
  Nail it aloft before our sight,
Among the noblest sons of fame,
  In characters of living light!

But Heaven forbid that we should boast
  Over our bit of knowledge gained,
It seems so swallowed up and lost
  Beside the boundless unattained.

The unattained! Stupendous word!
  What visions in its face we see!
And in its syllables are heard
  What whisperings from futurity!

It points us to a golden day,
  Wherein man shall so comprehend
Great Nature 's laws—and so obey,
  That all disease shall have an end;

A day when gladness grief shall drown,
  And dirge to delectation rise,
And Prophylaxis win the crown
  From Therapeutics' envious eyes;

A day when time, exempt from fears,
  Shall sit so lightly on the brow
That man shall round an hundred years
  As gracefully as sixty now.

Perchance he may on earth remain
  So long as he shall choose to stay,
Then take some through, aerial train,
  And, like Elijah, whirl away!

Indeed we cannot apprehend
  The wonders we may yet behold,
When blood of horse and man shall blend
  As in the centaurs, famed of old;

When wicked germs no more shall dare
  To stifle babies at the breast,
And all the microbes of the air
  Have been forever laid at rest;

When people, of whatever "school,"
  Shall cease to "dose"—if cease they can,—
And learn that Nature, as a rule,
  If not abused is true to man.

'Tis coming! Yes, we dare to hope,
  Though doubt doth every point beset,
The culture tube and microscope
  Will solve the mighty problem yet.

'Tis coming—the protecting light
Of higher knowledge yet to be—
As sure as stars come out at night,
Or rivers reach the roaring sea.

'Tis coming! Expectation thrills
At thought of triumphs pressing on!
See! Even now the eastern hills
Are bannered with the flags of dawn!

—Dr. N. W. Rand.

Æsthetics in Medicine

By your leave, I desire just to call your attention,
And will barely suggest that I simply would mention
The fact that the science of beauty is rarely
Brought into physic,—at least not quite fairly!
For men love their lager, and dinners, and wine,
And women, and horses, and everything fine;
But physic goes begging, at least, if not so,
The patient goes begging to let him "go slow."
Now æsthetics most surely and certainly should,
By all that is great and everything good,
Be brought into physic; for what shall we do
With mankind in a fever, "too utterly too?"
And nothing that 's lovely, and nothing that 's bright,
With a storm coming on and the land out of sight!
In place of the old-fashioned course of emetics,
Why not give a dose of exquisite æsthetics?
Bring your patient to health on a bed of soft roses,
Surrounded by lilies, and sunflowers, and posies!
Now, the knife of surgeon—as an entering wedge—
Should be shining and bright, with no "feather edge,"
And should penetrate kindly and gently and sure,
With a loving respect for all human gore.
The patient should lie in an easy repose,
With a flower on his breast (a carnation rose),

And be perfectly calm and collected, unruffled,
While gently his sighs by a sunflower are muffled.
Again, when we reach the domain of the eye—
That beautiful organ so like to the sky—
The delicate, sensitive, beautiful slash
Iridectomy calls for, should be done with a gash
So fine in its features, so graceful in curve,
That nature will halt to admire its sweet swerve.
And then—now, you members who do much of this
Will want to get out your old student 's hiss—
In the line of obstetrics, where is the face
That never saw loveliness in such a place?
Your patient, of course, is having some pain!
But they 're sweet, if they 're frequent enough, and again,
They certainly will, and its lovely to know,
Produce a production! a blossom, a blow!
In cases like this there should be no annoy;
The nurse and attendants all pregnant with joy,
Should buoy up the patient (no pun—understand!)
And bring the whole cargo to light and to land.
Again, in prognosing any kind of disease,
It is well to avoid getting up any breeze
By telling the patients they 're likely to die,
When the trouble in fact may be all in your eye,
And the patient as safe as old Aristotle,
When he stranded on Greece like a castor oil bottle!
Just tell 'em you 'll fetch 'em out all high and dry,
That all things are lovely and the goose hangeth high!
That the bright shining sun will be struck by a comet,
Before the hearse starts, and they ever get on it!
That the lilies which float in the sunlight 's broad gleam
Will pull out their roots and start up the stream
Before they e 'er launch in Charon 's old shell
Which crosses the river and paddles for—well,
Encourage your patients, and teach them to know
That there 's something to live for, to blossom and grow;
Don 't give up the case 'till flowers cease to bloom,
Because sadness comes o 'er you, despondence, and gloom!
Don 't take a back seat while blossoms still flutter,
For there 's flowers in physic "too utterly utter!"

—Dr. E. B. Ward.

The Birth and Death of Pain

Read October 16, 1896, at the commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Public Demonstration of Surgical Anesthesia.

FORGIVE a moment, if a friend's regret,
Delay the task your honoring kindness set.
I miss one face to all men ever dear;
I miss one voice that all men loved to hear.
How glad were I to sit with you apart
Could the dead master use his higher art
To lift on wings of ever lightsome mirth
The burdened muse above the dust of earth,
To stamp with jests the heavy ore of thought,
To give a day, with proud remembrance fraught,
The vital pathos of that Holmes-spun art
Which knew so well to reach the common heart.
Alas! for me, for you, that fatal hour!
Gone is the master! Ah! not mine the power
To gild with jests, that almost win a tear,
The thronging memories that are with us here.

The Birth of Pain! Let centuries roll away;
Come back with me to nature's primal day.
What mighty forces pledged the dust to life!
What awful will decreed its silent strife!
Till through vast ages rose on hill and plain
Life's saddest voice, the birth-right wail of pain.
The keener sense, and ever growing mind,
Served but to add a torment twice refined,
As life, more tender, as it grew more sweet,
The cruel links of sorrow found complete
When yearning love to conscious pity grown
Felt the mad pain thrills, that were not its own.

What will implacable, beyond our ken,
Set this stern fiat for the tribes of men!

This, none shall 'scape, who share our human fates:
One stern democracy of anguish waits
By poor men's cots—within the rich man's gates.
What purpose hath it? Nay, thy quest is vain:
Earth hath no answer: If the baffled brain
Cries, 'tis to warn, to punish—Ah, refrain!
When writhes the child, beneath the surgeon's hand,
What soul shall hope that pain to understand?
Lo! Science falters o 'er the hopeless task,
And Love and Faith in vain an answer ask,
When thrilling nerves demand what good is wrought
Where torture clogs the very source of thought.
Lo! Mercy ever broadening down the years
Seeks but to count a lessening sum of tears.

The rack is—the torture chamber lies
A sorry show for shuddering tourists' eyes.
How useless pain, both Church and State have learned
Since the last witch, or patient martyr burned.
Yet still, forever, he who strove to gain
By swift despatch a shorter lease for pain
Saw the grim theater, and 'neath his knife,
Felt the keen torture, in the quivering life.
A word for him who, silent, grave, serene,
The thought-stirred master of that tragic scene,
Recorded pity through the hand of skill,
Heard not a cry, but, ever conscious, still.
In mercy merciless, swift, bold intent,
Felt the slow moments that in torture went
While 'neath his touch, as none today has seen,
In anguish shook life's agonized machine.
The task is o 'er; the precious blood is stayed;
But double price the hour of tension paid.
A pitying hand is on the sufferer's brow—
"Thank God 'tis over." Few who face me now
Recall this memory, let the curtain fall,
Far gladder days shall know this storied hall!

Though Science patient as the fruitful years,
Still taught our art to close some fount of tears,

Yet who that served this sacred home of pain
Could e 'er have dreamed one scarce-imagined gain,
Or hoped a day would bring his fearful art
No need to steel the ever kindly heart.

So fled the years! While haply here or there,
Some trust delusive left the old despair;
Some comet thought—flashed fitful through the night,
No lasting record, and no constant light.
Then radiant morning broke, and ampler hope
To art and science gave illumined scope,
What Angel bore the Christ-like gift inspired
What love divine with noblest courage fired
One eager soul that paid in bitter tears
For the glad helping of unnumbered fears,
From the strange record of creation tore
The sentence sad, each sorrowing mother bore
Struck from the roll of pangs one awful sum,
Made pain a dream, and suffering gently dumb!

Whatever triumphs still shall hold the mind,
Whatever gifts shall yet enrich mankind,
Ah! here, no hours shall strike through all the years,
No hour as sweet, as when hope, doubt and fears,
'Mid deepening stillness, watched one eager brain,
With God-like will, decree the Death of Pain.

How did we thank him? Ah! no joy-bells rang,
No pæans greeted, and no poet sang,
No cannon thundered, from the guarded strand
This mighty victory to a grateful land!
We took the gift, so humbly, simply given,
And coldly selfish—left our debt to Heaven.
How shall we thank him? Hush! a gladder hour
Has struck for him; a wiser power
Shall know full well how fitly to reward
The generous soul, that found the world so hard.

Oh! fruitful Mother—you, whose thronging states,
Shall deal not vainly with man's changing fates,

Of freeborn thought, or war's heroic deeds,
Much have your proud hands given, but nought exceeds
This Heaven-sent answer to the cry of prayer,
This priceless gift which all mankind may share.

A solemn hour for such as gravely pause
To note the process of creation's laws!
Ah, surely, he, whose dark, unfathomed mind
With prescient thought, the scheme of life designed,
Who bade His highest creature slowly rise,
Spurred by sad needs, and lured by many a prize,
Saw, with a God's pure joy, His ripening plan,
His highest mercy brought by man to man.

—Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Feminine Pharmacy

THERE in the corner Pharmacy,
This lithesome lady lingers,
And potent pills and philters true
Are fashioned by her fingers.

Her face behind the soda fount,
May oft be seen in summer,
How sweetly foams the soda fizz,
When you receive it from her!

While mixing belladonna drops
With tincture of lobelia
And putting up prescriptions she
Is fairer than Ophelia.

Each poison has its proper place,
Each potion in its chalice;
Her daedal fingers are so deft,
They call her digit Alice.

—Dr. Harvey Washington Wiley.

Rip Van Winkle, M. D.

An after-dinner prescription taken by the Massachusetts Medical Society, at their meeting held May 25, 1870.

CANTO FIRST.

OLD Rip Van Winkle had a grandson Rip,
Of the paternal block a genuine chip,—
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap;
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,
Whereof the story I propose to tell
In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to manhood grew;
They always will be when there 's work to do.
He tried at farming,—found it rather slow,—
And then at teaching—what he didn 't know;
Then took to hanging round the tavern bars,
To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,
Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience, vexed
With preaching homilies, having for their text
A mop, a broomstick, aught that might avail
To point a moral or adorn a tale,
Exclaimed, "I have it! Now, then, Mr. V.!
He 's good for SOMETHING,—make him an M. D.!"

The die was cast; the youngster was content;
They packed his shirts and stockings, and he went.
How hard he studied it were vain to tell;
He drowsed through Wistar, nodded over Bell,
Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on Good;
Heard heaps of lectures,—doubtless understood,—
A constant listener, for he did not fail
To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grew to years; at last he counted three,
And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.
Illustrious title! in a gilded frame
He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,
Ripum Van Winklum, quem we—scimus—know
Idoneum esse—to do so and so.
He hired an office; soon its walls displayed
His new diploma and his stock in trade,
A mighty arsenal to subdue disease,
Of various names, whereof I mention these:
Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thoroughwort,
Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiæ, and Black Drop,
Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane, Hop,
Pulv. Ipecacuanhæ, which for lack
Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,
Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,
Cubebs, "Copeevy," Vitriol,—white and blue,—
Fennel, and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and Squill,
And roots of Sassafras, and "Sassaf'rill,"
Brandy,—for colics,—Pinkroot, death on worms,—
Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,
Musk, Assafœtida, the resinous gum
Named from its odor,—well, it does smell some,—
Jalap, that works not wisely, but too well,
Ten pounds of Bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample store,
Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more:
Ceratum simplex—housewives oft compile
The same at home, and call it "wax and ile;"
Unguentum resinosum—change its name,
The "drawing salve" of many an ancient dame;
Argenti Nitras, also Spanish flies,
Whose virtue makes the water-bladders rise—
(Some say that spread upon a toper's skin
They draw no water, only rum or gin);
Leeches, sweet vermin! don't they charm the sick?
And Sticking-plaster—how it hates to stick!

Emplastrum Ferri—ditto Picis, Pitch;
Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the—which,
Scabies or Psora, is thy chosen name
Since Hahnemann 's goose-quill scratched thee into fame,
Proved thee the source of every nameless ill,
Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,
Till saucy Science, with a quiet grin,
Held up the Acarus, crawling on a pin?
—Mountains have labored and have brought forth mice:
The Dutchman 's theory hatched a brood of—twice
I 've well nigh said them—words unfitting quite
For these fair precincts and for ears polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to slip,
And so at length it proved with Doctor Rip.
One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf,
Which held the medicine that he took himself;
Whate 'er the reason, it must be confessed
He filled that bottle oftener than the rest;
What drug it held I don 't presume to know—
The gilded label said "Elixir Pro."

One day the Doctor found the bottle full,
And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,
Put back the "Elixir" where 'twas always found,
And had old Dobbin saddled and brought round,
—You know those old-time rhubarb-colored nags
That carried Doctors and their saddle-bags;
Sagacious beasts! they stopped at every place
Where blinds were shut—knew every patient 's case—
Looked up and thought—The baby 's in a fit—
That won 't last long—he 'll soon be through with it;
But shook their heads before the knockered door
Where some old lady told the story o 'er
Whose endless stream of tribulation flows
For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What jack-o' lantern led him from his way
And where it led him, it were hard to say;

Enough that wandering many a weary mile
Through paths the mountain sheep trod single file,
O 'ercome by feelings such as patients know
Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro,"
He tumbl—dismounted, slightly in a heap,
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded day,
But snoring still the slumbering Doctor lay.
Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his stall,
And straggled homeward, saddle-bags and all.
The village people hunted all around,
But Rip was missing,—never could be found.
"Drowned," they guessed;—for more than half a year
The pouts and eels DID taste uncommon queer;
Some said of apple-brandy—other some
Found a strong flavor of New England rum.

Why can 't a fellow hear the fine things said
About a fellow when a fellow 's dead?
The best of doctors—so the press declared—
A public blessing while his life was spared,
True to his country, bounteous to the poor,
In all things temperate, sober, just, and pure;
The best of husbands! echoed Mrs. Van,
And set her cap to catch another man.

So ends this Canto—if it 's QUANTUM SUFF.,
We 'll just stop here and say we 've had enough,
And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years;
I grind the organ—if you lend your ears
To hear my second Canto, after that
We 'll send around the monkey with the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had passed—but not a word
In all that time of Rip was ever heard;
The world wagged on—it never does go back—
The widow Van was now the widow Mac—

France was an Empire—Andrew J. was dead,
And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead.
Four murderous years had passed in savage strife,
Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife
At last one morning—who forgets the day—
When the black cloud of war dissolved away?
The joyous tidings spread o 'er land and sea,
Rebellion done for! Grant has captured Lee!
Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and Stripes—
Out rushed the Extras wild with mammoth types—
Down went the laborer's hod, the school-boy's book—
"Hooraw!" he cries, "the rebel army 's took!"
Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with joy:
Each fond, pale mother thinking of her boy;
Old gray-haired fathers meeting—"Have—you—
heard?"
And then a choke—and not another word;
Sisters all smiling—maidens, not less dear,
In trembling poise between a smile and tear;
Poor Bridget thinking how she 'll stuff the plums
In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;
Cripples afoot; rheumatics on the jump;
Old girls so loving they could hug the pump;
Guns going bang! from every fort and ship;
They banged so loud at last they wakened Rip

I spare the picture, how a man appears
Who 's been asleep a score or two of years;
You all have seen it to perfection done
By Joe Van Wink—I mean Rip Jefferson.
Well, so it was; old Rip at last came back,
Claimed his old wife—the present widow Mac—
Had his old sign regilded, and began
To practice physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by—it was not long to wait—
And "please to call" grew frequent on the slate
He had, in fact, an ancient, mildewed air,
A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of hair,—
The musty look that always recommends

Your good old Doctor to his ailing friends.
—Talk of your science! after all is said
There 's nothing like a bare and shiny head;
Age lends the graces that are sure to please;
Folks want their Doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people 's tongues
And thump their briskets (called it "sound their lungs"),
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he could,
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good.
The town was healthy; for a month or two
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dog-day heats begin,
The summer's usual maladies set in;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering flame;
The blacksmith ailed, the carpenter was down,
And half the children sickened in the town.
The sexton's face grew shorter than before—
The sexton's wife a bran-new bonnet wore—
Things looked quite serious—Death had got a grip
On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a chill—
Wife gave "hot-drops"—at night an Indian pill;
Next morning, feverish—bedtime, getting worse—
Out of his head—began to rave and curse;
The Doctor sent for—double quick he came:
ANT. TART. GRAN. DUO, and repeat the same
If no ET CETERA. Third day—nothing new;
Percussed his thorax till 't was black and blue—
Lung-fever threatening—something of the sort—
Out with the lancet—let him bleed—a quart—
Ten leeches next—then blisters to his side;
Ten grains of calomel; just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor's care—
Took cold by sitting in a draught of air—

Pains in the back, but what the matter is
Not quite so clear,—wife calls it "rheumatiz."
Rubs back with flannel—gives him something hot—
"Ah!" says the Deacon, "that goes NIGH the spot."
Next day a RIGOR—"Run, my little man,
And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van."
The Doctor came—percussion as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore—
"Right side the flattest"—then more vigorous raps—
"Fever—that 's certain—pleurisy, perhaps.
A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt,
Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,
Then clap a blister on the painful part—
But first two grains of ANTIMONIUM TART.
Last with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system—(that sounds well!)"

But when the selfsame remedies were tried,
As all the village knew, the Squire had died;
The neighbors hinted: "This will never do;
He's killed the Squire—he 'll kill the Deacon too."

Now when a doctor s patients are perplexed
A CONSULTATION comes in order next—
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
And other matters, such as weather, crops,
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager-beer and hops.
For what's the use!—there's little to be said,
Nine times in ten your man's as good as dead;
At best a talk (the secret to disclose—
Where three men guess and SOMETIMES one man knows.)

The counsel summoned came without delay—
Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor Gray
They heard the story—"Bleed!" says Doctor Green,
"That's downright murder! cut his throat, you mean!
Leeches! the reptiles! Why for pity's sake,
Not try an adder or a rattlesnake?

Blisters! Why bless you, they're against the law—
It's rank assault and battery if they draw!
Tartrate of Antimony! shade of Luke,
Stomachs turn pale at thought of such rebuke!
The portal system! What's the man about?
Unload your nonsense! Calomel 's played out!
You've been asleep—you'd better sleep away
Till some one calls you."

"Stop!" says Doctor Gray—
"The story is you slept for thirty years;
With brother Green, I own that it appears
You must have slumbered most amazing sound;
But sleep once more till thirty years come round,
You'll find the lancet in its honored place,
Leeches and blisters rescued from disgrace,
Your drugs redeemed from fashion's passing scorn,
And counted safe to give to babes unborn."

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,
A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he;
Home from the Deacon's house he plodded slow
And filled one bumper of "Elixir Pro."
"Good-by," he faltered, "Mrs. Van, my dear!
I 'm going to sleep, but wake me once a year;
I don't like bleaching in the frost and dew,
I 'll take the barn, if all the same to you,
Just once a year—remember! no mistake!
Cry, 'Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!'
Watch for the week in May when laylocks blow,
For then the Doctors meet, and I must go."

Just once a year the Doctor's worthy dame
Goes to the barn and shouts her husband 's name;
"Come, Rip Van Winkle!" (giving him a shake)
"Rip! Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!
Laylocks in blossom! 't is the month of May—
The Doctors' meeting is this blessed day,
And come what will, you know I heard you swear
You 'd never miss it, but be always there!"

And so it is, as every year comes round
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.
You 'll quickly know him by his mildewed air,
The hayseed sprinkled through his scanty hair,
The lichens growing on his rusty suit—
I 've seen a toadstool sprouting on his boot—
Who says I lie? Does any man presume?—
Toadstool! No matter—call it a mushroom.
Where is his seat? He moves it every year;
But look, you 'll find him,—he is always here,—
Perhaps you 'll track him by a whiff you know—
A certain flavor of "Elixir Pro."

Now, then, I give you—as you seem to think
We can give toasts without a drop to drink—
Health to the mighty sleepers,—long live he!
Our brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Hygeia Grant Thy Blessing

HAIL to all Æsculapians the nation 's bond enfolds,
And to all good companions, whom friendship 's union holds;
Hygeia! Grant thy blessing to all whom we adore,
And with thy healing wisdom guide thou us evermore.

From silent forest flowing the healing waters pour,
Refreshing all that 's growing and aiding life endure.
And as the meadows languish for blessed rain, so we
When suff 'ring, in our anguish Hygeia sigh for thee.

When we are weak and ailing, let thou us not despair,
With succor never failing bring hope and comfort fair.
O thou benignant mother of health, and strength and might,
Bring brother near to brother in knowledge, truth and might.

—Dr. John C. Hemmeter.

A Hospital Story

WHITE faces, pained and thin,
Gathered new pain—as at some sight of slaughter—
And waiting nurses, with their cups of water,
Shrank, when they saw the bargeman 's little daughter,
From Hester Street, brought in.

Caught by tne cruel fire,
In act of filial duty, she had tasted
Death even then. The form that flame had wasted,
In vain, to save, the swiftest helpers hasted,
With love that would not tire.

And all that skill could do
Was done. Her fevered nerves, with anguish leaping
The surgeon soothed at last; and, left in keeping
Of tender eyes that night, the child lay sleeping
Until the clock struck two.

The streets' loud roar had died.
No angry shout was heard, nor drunken ditty;
From Harlem to the bay, peace held the city
And the great hospital, where holy Pity
With Grief knelt, side by side.

The watchful nurse leaned low,
And saw in the scarred face the life-light waver.
Poor Annie woke. A cooling draught she gave her,
And called the doctor; but he could not save her,
And soon he turned to go.

Calm, as from torture free,
She lay; then strangely, through her lips, sore wounded,

Broke warbled words, and the tones swelled, and rounded
To a clear hymn, that like an angel 's sounded—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

One stanza, strong and sweet,
Of that melodious prayer, to heaven went winging
From the child 's soul; and all who heard that singing
Gazed through quick tears, or bowed, like suppliants clinging
Around the Mercy Seat.

Then to a slender hum
Sank the soft song, too feeble to recover;
But the sick heard, and felt it o 'er them hover
Like a saint 's blessing—till the scene was over,
And the young voice was dumb.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"
God heard. He loosed from earth, in his good pleasure,
That little life, and took it for his treasure;
And all his love—a love no mind can measure—
Answered poor Annie 's plea.

—THERON BROWN.

A Lover of Learning

COLLEGE fellers! well, says I,
'F I 'd of hed a chance to feed
On the stujous oats an'—rye
Which they 'pear to thrive on—why,
I 'd of beat 'm all fer speed.

Reckon never was a man
Liked a book ez well ez me;
Why, I 'd ruther set an' scan
Throo a page of spellin' than
Smoke er chew in company.

Suits me when the candle 's lit
  An' the logs er flamin' high
Jest to dror the blind an' sit
Sprawlin', half-asleep, an' yit
  With the almanick clost by.

Lor', the pack o' thruths thet lay
  Twixt them yeller kivers!—jokes
Thet ef I was laid away
In a grave ud make my clay
  Hoot an' howl like livin' folks.

Stories too, an' hand-signed bills
  Wrote by folks give up to die
'Fore they heard o' Plunkett 's pills.
Tell ye! them 's the things thet fills
  Up your throat an' damps your eye.

Makes me mighty shaky-kneed,
  Spellin' out the symptom list;
Nigh near every one I read
Seems a-growin' like a weed
  In me, till I fahly jist

Git so pious thet my ha 'r
  Heaves on end an' cold chills lurch
Down my spine; an' then I sw 'ar
In a stumlin' sort o' pray 'r
  Thet I 'low to go to church

Oftener an' what I 've went
  Late years—ef I 'm spared from dyin'
Spite of all the ailments pent
Up in my old hide. They 're sent
  Mebby jest for sancterfyin'.

—Eva Wilder McGlasson.

Sir Medicus Challenged

WHAT skilled physician owns the art
To heal the hurt done to my heart
By Daphne, mischief of Diana's train,
Who wickedly doth joy her in my pain?
She twits my tears, she scouts my sighs—
O! would some healer improvise
A herbal charm from Daphne's laurel leaf,
A philter that might drive away my grief!
In this rare philter there should be
My Daphne's maddening mockery,
The glint of all her swirling burnished hair,
The perfume thralling of her presence rare,
The glory of red mocking lips
That wound the swain their dew who sips,
The bloom of blushes on her marble flesh
When love-thoughts force her blood beyond its mesh,
The spice of all her merry taunts
When she my rival's favors flaunts,
All, all that bitter is or fatal-sweet
In Daphne—all should in this philter meet!

Sir Medicus, have you the skill
This prescript difficult to fill?
Have you e 'er learned the all of healing arts,
The trick of curing Cupid's wounds in hearts?
Because of Daphne's ways I ail
And wander earth forlorn and pale,
And I would have your aid to make me well,
To make me proof against her wounding spell!
What alkaloid have you to pit
Against the germ in Daphne's wit,
Which poisons me with sad, yet sweet, unrest
And grows to flaming fever in my breast?

Have you a lymph to immunize
My heart against my Daphne's eyes?
Alas! Sir Medicus, I greatly fear
Your vaunted skill is wholly helpless here,
And that your drugs nor kill nor cure!
Ah well! One other aid is sure:
Adieu, Sir Medicus! Here have your pay—
King Hymen's torch shall fire my ills away!

—H. A. Van Fredenberg.

The Water of Gold

"BUY—who 'll buy?" In the market-place,
Out of the market din and clatter,
The quack, with his puckered, persuasive face,
Patters away in the ancient patter.

"Buy—who 'll buy? In this flask I hold—
In this little flask that I tap with my stick, sir—
Is the famed, infallible Water of Gold—
The one, original, true elixir!

"Buy—who 'll buy? There 's a maiden there—
She with the ell-long flaxen tresses—
Here is a draught that will make you fair,
Fit for an emperor's own caresses!

"Buy—who 'll buy? Are you old and gray?
Drink but of this, and in less than a minute,
Lo! you will dance like the flowers in May,
Chirp and chirp like a new-fledged linnet!

"Buy—who 'll buy? Is a baby ill?
Drop but a drop of this in his throttle,
Straight he will gossip and gorge his fill,
Brisk as a burgher over a bottle!

"Here is wealth for your life—if you will but ask;
Here is health for your limb, without lint or lotion;
Here is all that you lack, in this tiny flask;
And the price is a couple of silver groschen!

"Buy—who 'll buy?" So the tale runs on,
And still in the great world 's market-places
The Quack, with his quack catholicon,
Finds ever his crowd of upturned faces;

For he plays on our hearts with his pipe and drum,
On our vague regret, on our weary yearning;
For he sells the thing that never can come,
Or the thing that has vanished, past returning.

—Austin Dobson.

Audi Alteram Partem

WHEN quacks, as quacks may by good luck, to be sure,
Blunder out at haphazard a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient, and doctor are amply displayed.

All this is quite just—and no mortal can blame it;
If they can save a man's life, they 've a right to proclain it;
But there 's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill!

—Samuel Bishop.

On Dr. Cheyne, the Vegetarian

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrates thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor! our new prescription try
(A friend's advice forgive);
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;—
Thy patients then may live.

—Dr. Andrew Wynter.

To Dr. Wynter

MY system, Doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;—
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confined,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can 't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis nat 'ral you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

—Dr. John Cheyne.

De Arte Medendi

THRO' long millenial years our world has swung,
And gloomy Death, with iron hand and tongue
Man's grave has digged, and doleful requiem sung—
"Earth unto earth," "dust back again to dust."
The evil man, the good, the wise, the just,
The tottering child of age, the babe at birth,
Must find alike their rest in Mother Earth.
Death reigns, not only in her caves of gloom and night,
But thro' her open valleys, fair and bright,
For fount of endless youth not yet is found
Amid her rocks, or dells with flowers crowned.

Wise Æschylus, two thousand years agone,
Spoke the one truth this world has ever known:
"Death only of the Gods cares not for gifts;
For him no altar sacrifice uplifts,
Nor hymn of praise from mortal lips ascends,
Since sweet Persuasion ne 'er before him bends."
And Seneca, while speaking of the dead
In Christ's own century, sublimely said:
"There 's no one but can snatch man's life away,
But none from man grim death can turn or stay;
A thousand gates stand open wide that way."

And so, the wail of pestilential woes
That in the early ages first arose,
Sweeps on in chorus pitiful and low,
Humanity's sad wail, as on its echoes go,
That man is not immortal here below!
Afar in Egypt, men's strong love essayed
Death's crumbling power to check, if not evade,
And by embalming arts, whose secret lay
Hid with the generations of their day,

They sought to hold the body from decay
Till back the spirit came in some far distant day;
While o 'er their mummied forms with wondrous skill
They piled the caverened pyramids, which still
Hold fast the blackened visages of kings
Behind the symbol of expanded wings,
And other strange and hieroglyphic things
That hint of far off flights for those hence flown
Within the limitless and deep unknown.
Yet they, who with the surgeon's skillful knife
Opened the veins thro' which this fancied life
(Steeped in sweet spices, frankincense and wine)
Was well embalmed, fled from the temple's shrine
With curses hot pursued and showers of stone
For thus profaning Egypt's flesh and bone;
While down amid the lowest depths of caste,
These early surgeons of the world were past
The priestly superstitions of the time,
As often since in many another clime,
Held struggling Science then in iron fetters fast.

And so in later Greece the same stern rule
Still held its sway in every new-born school;
Though Homer, in his ancient battle-song,
Sings of the healer's deeds in war's wild throng,
And says in words we here may quote again,
"A HEALER 'S WORTH A HUNDRED OTHER MEN;"
Yet brave Hippocrates, whose heart was fired
And with Humanity's own love inspired,
Though by the laws dissection of his kind
Was contraband, with penalties assigned,
Discounted Darwin and the Law's red tape
By keen dissection of th' ancestral ape,
And so began the myst 'ry to unfold,
Of bones and nerves and muscles manifold,
And soon he hazarded the amputation,
Set close the fracture and dislocation,
Ventured beneath the ribs with bloody blade,
And faltered not, though friends stood back dismayed·

Cauteries, and cruel moxa with its brand,
And bandaging of wounds with gentle hand,
Were so by him in his dark age displayed,
That he the coming centuries shaped and swayed;
And so tonight, back on the stream of time,
We send a cheer for this Old Man Sublime.

And Rome for full six hundred years or more,
When her grand soldiers daily dripped with gore,
Found no one standing in her martial van
A healing helper of poor stricken man
Till Celsus rose, who, when the soldier bled,
Stripped off the battered helmet, bound up the bruiséd head,
Tied up the ruptured arteries with skill,
And left a name the Ages cherish still.

But lo! the Christian Star ascends the sky,
The world's Great Healer to the world draws nigh,
Walks forth among the smitten ones of Earth,
And by His deeds discloses Heavenly birth.
He healed the lame, the halt, the blind,
And "cast out devils" from the shattered mind;
Bade trembling palsy from the limbs be gone,
Made straight the withered arm and shrunken bone,
And from foul Leprosy's infected cave
Forth drew the men accursed, and cleansing gave;
Then, reaching down the grave, all dark and cold,
He snatched his mouldering friend from Death's stronghold,
And Ages still stand awed at deed so bold.
His skill we see, but whence His mighty power
We know not yet, e'en in Earth's latest hour;
Save that He seemed all Nature's laws to know,
And how to turn their currents' mystic flow
Along the burdened body's crippled form,
And lift the sick to health,
With all its joyous wealth,
The sleeping dead to life, all fresh and warm.
Himself, He humbly styled, "The Son of Man;"
Yet, King of Life was He, ere yet the world began.

Oh, for the day! Say, shall it ever be
This side the fathomless eternity,
That Nature's kingdom with her hidden laws
And all their power with every secret cause
And every undeveloped latent force,
In knowledge ample, from their buried source
Shall be revealed to scientific scan,
As once they were to His, this "Son of Man?"
But with His Star's approach, as by a spell,
From off the feet of Truth the fetters fell;
And onward, onward she was bade to go,
Walking divinely, all the wide world thro'.
And soon fair Science, creeping from her hold,
Grew daily more inquisitive and bold;
And though the early church still frowned the while,
And vain Astrology came with her smile,
Still did "the healers" slowly press their way,
And gather wisdom with each new-born day,
Till Alchemy and all her magic arts
And martyr-relics from the Church's marts
And senseless nostrums vanished to the night,
As to the front came Science in her might.
And as the schools arise on Europe's plains,
Fair Science, calmly entering there, explains
To those who turn on her their wondering eyes
The secrets of her new-born mysteries.
Arabia trims her golden lamps to shine;
Then Spain, and France, and Italy conjoin
To throw their light far out upon the world,
And over land and over sea 'tis whirled,
Till grand old England's towers reflect its beams
And a new glory on her banner gleams.

Rudely at first the surgeon there appeared,
As we behold him sketched and high upreared
By poet—first in England's royal line—
Good Master Chaucer, full of wit and wine,
Who more than full five hundred years ago,
When poetry was in its vernal glow,

Paints in his "Pilgrims," the doctor of his time;—
Hark how he gives it in his rought old rhyme*

And now, a half millenium of years,
I light me down this world of dust and tears,
And halt in humble village of my birth,
Where gaily sped my early years of mirth;
Full fifty years (or thereabouts) ago,
We had a doctor there—right well I know,
For unto him my DEBUT into life I owe.
How shall I sketch this lofty, stern old man,
Who handled these first years when life began?
Severe of manner, tall, and dressed in black,
Methodical as Greeley's almanack,
A watch chain pendant, with red cornelian key,
That shone (as oft it dangled down his knee),
Like Mars on lonely Midnight's dusky dress,
Or phosphorescent light in wilderness—
And Phebus! what a hideous, druggy smell
Within his garments there was wont to dwell!
A small apothecary shop I 'm sure
Was hidden there; enough "to kill or cure."
I smell it yet through all this lapse of years,
Though then I smelt it GENERALLY WITH TEARS.
For whatsoe 'er our ailments chanced to be,
"Calomel and jalap" was the remedy—
Though why this union I could never see,
For if the cal 'mel was to stay all down,
And work that fearful purpose, all its own,
Why put the nauseous jalap in the cup,
When that was bound straightway to bring it up?
And were there time, I believe, I 'd almost dare
To put this same conundrum to the Chair;
And also this: Why was this doctor always prone
To bleed us ever on the ankle bone,
And in the arm, when we were older grown?
And ample proof have I for all I say·
His scars I carry still.

* See Page 130.

And doubtless will,
Down to my dying day.
I feel a faintness now, as I recall
The bowl, the lance, the spurt upon the wall,
The ribbon-bandage and that sickening sense of woe
That slowly crept my wounded system through,
And seemed to spread through every plaintive toe.
Since naught like this, today OUR boys befall,
I wonder why 'twas ever done at all:
As boys we thought it (and 'twas no mean guess)
The very "mystery of ungodliness!"
And yet this same old man was kind and good.
I see him now, as more than once he stood
Within the heavy-curtained, silent room,
Laden with pure Farina's choice perfume,
And drew aside the damask hangings round the bed,
To show a little black-haired sleepy head
That lay beneath our wearied mother's eye,
Who smiled upon us with a tender sigh,
As kissing each upon his forehead bowed,
She whispered through her lace's snowy cloud,
"The Doctor, boys, last night a present brought,
Which he somewhere among the roses caught,
A little brother for you—now each one come
And kiss him welcome to our own dear home."
Oh, sainted mother, dear mothers of us all,
As we in manly years your pangs recall,
Your patient feebleness, your loving smile,
While near to Death's dark door ye lay the while,
We thank the healer who stood sentinel,
And checked the tolling of the passing knell,
And spared thee till thy work with us was done;—
But now that ye afar to Heaven have flown,
And into holy angel forms have grown,
Look down this night on each surviving son;
Look down in love—and bless us every one!

But here we turn the Past's dull, dingy page
And stand illumined in the present age.

What glories now does happy Science pour
Around the doctor's path and crowded door!
Behold the learned doctor of today!
Versed in all knowledge of those schools that sway
The modern mind in Learning's crowded way.
The telephone hangs in his open hall,
Through which he promptly speaks to those who call
From towns a hundred miles and more away,
Prescribing pills and potions for the day,
And diagnosing distant babes with croup,
By wheezings heard on telephonic loop,
"Use iodide potasse, or glycerine,
Wet cloths, with streaks of goose grease laid between;"
These are the doctor's words in full direction,
Then bangs the button to cut off "connection;"
And turning to his drowsy wife in bed, he says,
"That babe 's all right; they 'll grease his throat and head,
Tomorrow morning round the floor he 'll creep;
God bless the inventors of telephones and sleep."

And what a boon the modern doctor finds
In these new capsules of gum Arabic rinds,
The sugar pills—the little and the big—
(Though first esteemed a little "INFRA DIG.")
On ancient styles of dose had got the rig;
And tramps who cure incurable disease,
In order all their customers to please,
Put up bread wads, and many such like simples
In this shrewd form of sugar-coated pimples.
And so cod liver oil, and oil of castor
(So often followed with a swift disaster)
And ipecac, and jalap in a spoon,
Mixed up with currant jelly, jam or prune,
Were straight adjudged unfit for gentle throats,
As assafœtida, or hickr 'y pickr 'y roots;
When, just in time these ancient drugs to save,
The capsule man appeared and kindly gave
This armor gelatine today we see,
And Dr. Bolus now stands CAP-A-PIE!

Why now a dozen doses sly are hid
Within this little shell with gummy lid,
And one of good fat size might carry down
Med 'cine enough to cure a country town.
Farewell the stormy strife with boy and spoon,
The mother's peace has come, and not a day too soon;
For if a boy was ere inclined to swear,
And pull his loving mother by the hair,
'Twas when she poured down his reluctant throat
Those drug-shop horrors, on which the doctor wrote,
With cabalistic marks some scrawl like this:
"Signa; misce aquis pluvialis,
Et rec 'pe cochl. mag. alternis horis;
Sed dum precatus, bene quassatus."
But all the same, what ere the learned note,
The mix was sure to prove both bane and antidote.
And then what wonders now our eyes behold!
Strange mechanisms, of curious shape and mould,
That fill the fancy druggists' showcase bright,
And set our brains all swimming at the sight,
The various sorts and kinds of microscope,
Ophthalmo, otoscope, and stethoscope,
And scopes for every organ known to man,
And twisted tubes, and globes on every plan,
With strange injecting and expelling pumps,
And artificial limbs with cushioned stumps,
And ivory pipes and gutta percha rings,
And, as Hans Breitman says, "all various kinds of dings."
Such things as no one but a surgeon knows,
With names as long as cross-barred Highland hose.—
I wonder if these doctors, "just for fun,"
Don't sometimes, when their working day is done,
Take hold and with the very best intent
Full "diagnose" each curious instrument.
I 'm sure the laymen would like well to see
The learned ones of this fraternity
Take earnest hold of each and every one,
And in succession bravely "try them on,"
That so, as back they laid them on the shelf
Each man would know "just how it was himself."

But time forbids that we should longer stay
In pointing out these wonders of today;
And yet there gleams, the wonder of them all,
Bright as the sunny sea round Ocean's wall,
Mercy descending as an angel fair,
With smiles as soft as Summer's gentle air,
To check and soothe Humanity's wild pain
And lull the tortured nerves to sleep again.
Oh, Anæsthesia! stern Surgery's fair saint,
Still hear our smitten Earth's distressful plaint,
And come, come ever to the patient's bed,
And sway thy magic wand, and downward shed
Thy gentle, drowsy dew with Lethe's stream,
And list and bear away the sufferer in a dream—
While Surgery's sharp blade goes flashing down
To regions where abnormal roots have grown,
And lapped and wrapt with cords both flesh and bone.

See yon sad woman, trembling, pale and weak,
Though now a blush comes creeping o 'er her cheek,
As modestly she draws her dress aside
And yields the surgeon what she fain would hide,
Her bosom fair, the source in years far flown
Of loving life to children now upgrown;
Their bright young mother's flowing breast,
Where oft she pillowed their frail heads to rest!
(Alas, that such dread things should ever be),
But there the keen-eyed surgeons quickly see
The devil-plant has lodged, and vainly tried
Its curséd sprouts and tentacles to hide
In what was once that gentle woman's pride!
She nerves her trembling spirit for the strife
And bloody struggle of the cruel knife,
Lifts up a prayer to those she loves in Heaven,
That strength to her may in this hour be given;
When lo! sweet Anæsthesia appears,
Checks the wild tumult of her fears,
And with a loving hand restrains her tears,
"For pity runneth soon in gentle heart,"
And with a sister's sorrow bears a part.

She speaks, reminding her of earlier days,
When she was struggling in that dizzy maze
Wherein brave woman, though by torture torn,
Rejoices that her strong man-child is born;
And how she once had safely led her through
That demon-like, convulsive fever throe,
And anchored her when all the storm was past
Within love's arms, by Home's own cable fast;—
Then bids her rise and with her fly afar
In winged journey to some distant star,
While the good surgeon, does "what he thinks best;"
Then back again to sweet release and rest!
She yields; and Anæsthesia's kerchief white
Drops o'er her face, and now she 's on her flight,
While the bright knife, with busy whirl and flash,
Runs its wild round, with bloody thrust and gash,
And lo! 'tis done!
The demon-plant is gone!
And not a scream, or agonizing groan,
Escaped the sleeping form, all strapped and prone.
No, not one troubled sigh or moan!
And as the wandering women earthward come,
Softly descending from the starry dome,
They meet the smiling surgeon's "welcome home!"

God bless the doctor, who can smile away
The patient's tears; and kindly to her say,
"'Tis over now! I pray you do not weep,
But lay you down, and drop way to sleep."
"Good deeds thro' heaven," 'tis said, "ring clear, like bells,"
And word is deed, when it dark fear dispels,
And soothing words like these fall soft and sweet,
When they poor, wounded, trembling woman greet;
Sweet as the dew from Heaven's own crystal urns,
And happy he, who their full benedictions earns!
For life is sweet to those who love and are beloved,
Death welcomed only when Life's loves are all removed.
Nor does this saint yield only to the call
Of those who dwell in lordly grounds and hall;

She follows marching armies to the field,
And bears the wounded soldiers on her shield
From out the battles' roaring storm and flood
To some rude hut or overshadowing wood,
Where the Green Sash essays to stay the tide
That flows from wounds, the Red Sash opened wide.
Brave are the heroes, girt with sash of red,
Who in the battle oft find bloody bed,
But brave as any such that e 'er were seen
Are they who serve beneath the sash of green;
Who take war's holocaust within their tent,
And there, with tourniquet and instrument,
And lotion, lint, and liniment,
Staunch the life-flow from shattered trunk or limb
And put on lips of dying men a hymn—
A hymn of praise for life; when all was dark,
And scarcely visible the vital spark
Within the sinking soldier's drooping eye,
Whose prayer was only that he "quickly die."
But there the surgeon and assistants stand,
A pile of severed limbs on either hand:
And Anæsthesia, ever at their side
To check the pain, and staunch the purple tide
Of those who lay beneath the surgeon's knife,
And look to him and her alone for life.
Oh, well for them that she is on the field,
Or they of shattering wounds would ne 'er be healed;
Well for the hospitals of war and peace,
For war and pestilence will never cease;
Well for the world at large that she appears,
And every suffering mortal soothes and cheers,
Reviving hope and dissipating fear;
A thousand thanks to those who brought her here!
Such names as Warren, Jackson, Morton, Wells,
Will live as long as suffering manhood dwells
Within this weary world of death and funeral knells.

And now, young scientists, to you I turn,
Well knowing how your youthful spirits burn

To pluck the laurel wreath that somewhere blooms
Adown the track of time, but not yet looms
Within your far-off telescopic range
Of things unborn, the curious and strange
Which future years hold fast and unrevealed,
Till you yourselves the casket have unsealed.
Your oath this night, as solemnly it fell
Before this cloud of witnesses, keep well;
Keep bravely well, with all your mind and strength,
In all its parts, through all its breadth and length;
And shield not only sacred motherhood,
But helpless, unborn life, from deeds of blood,
As you would shield a gentle sister's life,
Or guard a brother from the assassin's knife;
And ever let the voiceless babe still find
In you, the God-appointed savior of its kind.

At Learning's shrine still bend the reverent knee,
Disciples now ye are, and long must be,
Children forever in Wisdom's nursery;
For so it is with all who fain would find
The mighty mysteries of her mighty mind.
Yet this you know, as we have seen tonight,
The Past's great tidal wave in power and might
Is here and bears you off in its embrace
To those fair hills crowned with her temples' grace;
A new horizon breaking on your view,
Wide as the one which on Columbus grew,
As near our shores his storm-tost shallop drew.

What, let me ask you, can you yet make plain
Of that dark mystery, the silent brain,
Whose corrugated, complicated folds
In some strange way our active life upholds,
Yet answers not to surgeon's knife or probe,
Though deep he thrust them through each pulseless lobe?
Were I a painter or a sculptor true,
I know a subject I should lift to view;
The student, in the dark dissecting room
Alone within the candle-lighted gloom,

Pondering above some fellow mortal's brain,
In earnest search to find that subtle chain
Which, catching Life's bright spark from out the sky
And thrilling it through pulse and artery,
Kindles to smiles young beauty's lovely face,
Braces the athlete for his panting race,
Wakes in its strength the statemen's mighty power,
Or poet's harp, in his inspired hour;
Gives man not only life, but thoughtful soul,
Till the last hour, when breaks the golden bowl,
And God's eternal silence settles o 'er the whole!
There stands the student, pondering, pondering still;
How long think you before my statue will
Give place to him, who glad "Eureka" cries,
And solves this riddle of the earth and skies?
But you, who through your coming life must stand
And labor in this shadowy borderland,
Have this and other themes to tax your thought,
As on you toil, and labor in your lot.

The chemist's world behold! how wide its range,
With combinations endless in their change,
That drop their new results with every day,
To help poor sufferers on their weary way,
And show the miner how to draw the gold
Hid in the mountains from the days of old,
And drag the murderer to scaffold stand
By tracking poison to his cruel hand.
'Twas by her flashing arrows, deftly sped,
That grim Astrology fell with the dead,
With all her quips and quirks, and skulls and bones;—
And of her famous "philosophic stones,"
The only one that Modern Science knows,
Or over which a single thought bestows,
Is that gray granite stone at her grave's head;
Of her, "HIC JACET," is the best word ever said.

And yonder floral world in dewy bloom,
That flings on every breeze its rich perfume,
Invites you to her many buds and flowers;

And by the aid of Chemistry's rare powers
Bids you distill
Whate 'er you will
Of balm or poison from her rosy bowers;
The gates of this new world just now expand,
Go enter in, possess the golden land;
Your Medica Materia enrich,
With no Shakespearean stew of hell-born witch,
But medications rare, and well refined,
To soothe the body and compose the mind;
Perchance some plant may bring to you a cure
For all the woes
And all those torturing throes
That Alcohol's and Opium's slaves endure!
These we expect through Chemistry's high art,
And in it you should bear a noble part,
For wealth untold in Nature's bosom lies,
If only sought with cunning hand and eyes.

And though in grand old Job's poetic book
(On which no eye irreverent can look)
We read those startling questions put to man,
"Declare! where wast THOU when this fair world began?
Have Death's grim gates been opened unto thee?
Hast thou e 'er entered the deep springs of the sea?
Or in thy hands the glorious day-spring held?
Or all the gloomy doors of death beheld?
Hast thou perceived the dwelling of the light?
Or found the home of darkness and the night?
Can 'st thou the influence sweet of Pleiades ere bind?
Or cast Orion's bands upon the wind?
Know 'st thou where Heaven's high ordinance had birth?
Can 'st set dominion to it from the earth?
Or lift thy voice up to the clouds of rain,
And call down waters to the thirsty plain?
When all the morning stars together sang,
And Sons of God their lofty chorus rang,
Gird up thy loins, and answer if thou can,
Where wast thou then, O trembling son of man?'

Yet still, frail man, in searching out Earth's mystery
In which lies hid his own high destiny,
Has boldy pushed keen Reason's eye afar;
Far as Alcyone, yon mystic star
That hangs a central pivot strong and high,
Round which revolving worlds go circling by,
Like blazing chariots through the starry plain,
And pathless depths of Deity's domain;
But finds not yet in all the heavenly zone
Just where the mighty God has built His throne,
Or where the habitation called "His own!"

But other wonders man has yet to find,
Within that darker world, the world of mind,
Beyond whose cloudy portals you must go
With careful glance, and cautious steps, and slow,
If you its mysteries would solve, and know;—
And so, into that weird and spectral sphere,
Where we are told, our dead ones reappear,
And some stand wondering, while others jeer,
We bid you in your time, to enter here,
And with fair Science and her plummet line,
Sound fearlessly these depths, and bid light shine
Through all this shadowy land, that we may see
If truth be there, or only jugglery.
This we should know; for if there be a law
Which from the facts unflinching Truth may draw,
Then publish it to all the earth abroad,
Though creeds be shaken and old idols nod;
Truth cannot suffer, for she's born of God.

Thus clad with armor from beyond the skies,
Go forth, as Adam went from Paradise,
Forbid the tree of knowledge—yet still intent
To make the best of his sad banishment,
And through all Nature's wide expanse,
To send a keen and penetrating glance,
That he might know all he had power to find
In voiceless nature, that could bless mankind.

Be this your purpose as you say farewell,
And pass beyond your Alma Mater's bell;
Pursue the laws of Truth, where 'er they lead,
Though roads be rough, and feet may sometimes bleed,
Though friends deride, and angry zealots plead;
Who knows but Truth herself, in some near day,
May drop, with folded wing, along your way,
And in your hand the golden key of knowledge lay.

Then struggle on, and on, with all the zeal you can,
Your motto, "Love to God—Love to your fellow-man."

—Dr. D. Bethune Duffield.

The Young Medic and the Old

DEACON JONES was always ailing,
And his many aches bewailing,
And old Doctor Crampus failing
To alleviate his ills,
With his mind in perturbation,
He called in, for consultation,
A young Hahnemann creation,
Who was known as "Little Pills."

Little Pills was heavy loaded,
And, by thirst for glory goaded,
How his rhetoric exploded,
When he met the Doctor old!
But his skill as rhetorician,
Held a second rate position,
With this young diagnostician,
And his words were free and bold:

"The patient has pleuritis,
And a grave appendicitis,
And an awful stomatitis,
That may push him to the wall;

While a marked endocarditis,
And a raging enteritis,
With a touch of meningitis,
Should be very plain to all!

"And I judge that he is ailing—
By the way that he is railing,
And his miseries bewailing—
In a way that is a shame;
For his symptoms show metritis,
And an endo-cervicitis,
With hysteric ovaritis—
Once my grandma had the same!

"You can see he has colitis,
And a rheumatoid arthritis,
And, to cure his urethritis,
Will be worth a pile of wealth!
And, with all his ills and aching,
And his head with palsy shaking,
And his nervous system breaking,
He don't feel quite well, himself!

"There are symptoms of iritis,
And a virulent phlebitis,
And his throat shows diptheritis,
As I very plainly see;
In extremis I believe him,
And I 'd scorn me to deceive him,
When I say I can relieve him
With a '20' French bougee!

"Then the ninety-ninth dilution
Of a pellet in solution—
It will hasten resolution,
In a very wondrous way;
While the millionth trituration
Of a certain preparation,
Will complete his restoration,
At a very early day."

Doctor Crampus sat and listened,
In his eye a tear-drop glistened—
First he 'd shed since he was christened—
  Then he fainted quite away;
But a sight so very shocking,
Didn 't stop the Medic's talking,
But his tongue kept up tall walking
  'Til he 'd said his little say.

But, poor Deacon Jones, enlightened,
At his case was badly frightened,
For his burden was not lightened
  By this learnéd diatribe;
He rolled up his eyes in sorrow,
Chilling to the very marrow,
Whispered, "Good-bye, sweet, tomorrow!
  I must die—i——" and he died.

—Dr. S. F. Bennett.

The New Doctor

(or the music cure.)

AH, Doctor, your hand! So! And now, as I hold
This palm that I value so truly,
Here 's a bill for your bill, though I warrant the gold
Cannot pay all my debt to you duly.

Yes, I need you no longer; the pain I endured
Has vanished, I hope, now, forever.
You will laugh when I tell you the way I was cured
By contracting a more ardent fever!

You have heard how the women are thronging the ways
That lead up to fame and position;
And I know you will frown when I join in the praise
Of fair woman in guise of physician.

As I stopped by a door one fine morning in May,
A song through the doorway came trilling,
And down to the core of my heart made its way,
Like a tonic, both healing and thrilling.

It seemed to say! "Live not for self but for me,
And your heart will beat easy hereafter."
So she cured me with song, and with smiles set me free,
And such dear counter-irritant laughter!

Now, given that one has a palpitant heart,
Is not a soft pressure pacific?
And, if taken between meals, with delicate art,
Are not kisses a fine soporific?

You said, once, my heart had expanded too wide;
So I thought, as it was over-roomy,
I might as well take a dear lady inside—
And 'tis glad now, where once it was gloomy.

I wish that I could but portray you my prize—
All the grace of my dear little singer—
But I stop in despair at her beautiful eyes!
No, I cannot describe her! I 'll bring her!

Now, Doctor, don 't envy this rival of yours,
With her pharmacopœia of beauty;
Since her voice and her eyes work such marvelous cures,
To love my new doctor is duty.

—Charles H. Crandall.

The Doctor's Wife

THE night was dark and bitter cold,
The wind across the prairie swept,
While I in comforts warm enrolled
Snored softly on and soundly slept.

When suddenly my door bell rang—
Infernal sound! It pierced my ears.
As on the creaking floor I sprang,
My heart athrob with direst fears,

Lest one had come to call me out
Into the cruel biting blast.—
I for my garments cast about
Wishing this night-call were my last.

But oh, the best thought of my life!
It calms me now as oft before.
I 'll send my thoughtful, faithful wife
To meet the stranger at the door.

She goes and oh, the sweetest lies
That ever mortal tongue has told,
As in her artless way she tries
To say,—that I 'm out in the cold.

" He won 't be home till break of day
And then he 'll come, poor tired man,
I 'm awful sorry he 's away,
He 'll come as promptly as he can."

I go to bed, but not to sleep,
I ponder long on doctor's wives,
The only ones who ever think
Of our rest-broken, weary lives.

I somehow think God don 't record
Those little white-lies often told
To give a way-worn doctor sleep,
Or save him from the winter's cold.

And if He does, I 'm sure His pen
Writes very near, in letters bright,
A tender thought of her who thinks
Of doctors, toiling in the night.

—Dr. W. J. Bell.

The Physician's Hymn

PHYSICIAN, Friend of human kind,
Whose pitying Love is pleased to find
A cure for every ill;
By Thee raised up, by Thee bestowed
To do my fellow-creatures good,
I come to serve Thy will.

I come not like the sordid herd,
Who, mad for honor or reward,
Abuse the healing art:
Nor thirst of praise, nor lust of gain,
But kind concern at human pain,
And love constrains my heart.

On Thee I fix my single eye.
Thee only seek to glorify,
And make Thy goodness known;
Resolved, if Thou my labors bless,
To give Thee back my whole success,
To praise my God alone.

The friendly properties that flow
Through Nature's various works, I know
The Fountain whence they came;

And every plant, and every flower
Medicinal derives its power
From Jesus' balmy Name.

Confiding in that Name alone,
Jesus, I in Thy work go on,
To tend Thy sick and poor,
Dispenser of Thy medicines I;
But Thou the blessing must supply,
But Thou must give the cure.

For this I humbly wait on Thee:
The servant of Thy servants see
Devoted to Thy will,
Determined in Thy steps to go,
And bless the sickly sons of woe,
Who groan Thy help to feel.

Afflicted by Thy gracious hand,
They now may justly all demand
My instrumental care:
Thy patients, Lord, shall still be mine;
And to my weak attempts I join
My strong effectual prayer.

O while Thou givest their bodies ease,
Convince them of their worst disease,
The sickness of the mind;
And let them groan by sin opprest,
Till coming unto Thee for rest,
Rest to their souls they find.

With these and every sin-sick soul,
I come myself to be made whole,
And wait the sovereign word.
Thou canst, I know, Thou dost forgive
But let me without sinning live,
To perfect love restored.

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Myself, alas, I cannot heal;
But Thou shalt every seed expel
Of sin out of my heart,
Thine utmost saving health display,
And purge my inbred sin away,
And make me as Thou art.

Till then in Thy blest hands I am,
And still in faith the grace I claim
To all believers given.
Perfect the cure in me begun,
And when my work on earth is done,
Receive me up to heaven.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

The Hospital at Night

ROOSEVELT, MIDNIGHT, APRIL 8TH, 1889

I SIT within the long dim ward at night;
Around me silent beds or snores or groans,—
Ah! List that prayer with anguish in its tones:
"O God, God, God! How soon will it be light!"
"Kape sthill! An' let us shlape. Oi think yees moight!"—
A boy asleep, who smiles, (with broken bones)
Dreaming of mother or some playground sight.
Without, thick darkness and a wind that moans.

A rattling breath, a gasp, a still, white stare,
A nurse's jest: "Discharged—tie up the jaw,
A label on the wrist to save mistakes,"
The tramp of dead-house men of heedless air,
Two lines of lifted faces full of awe—
A sickened sot, that cot tomorrow shakes.

—J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

Ballade of the Doctor's Horse

OUT in the mist of the morning light,
Threading the dusty thoroughfares lone,
Tirelessly, plaintlessly, day and night,
Seeking the homes where the ailing moan,
Thou drawest the Æsculapian throne
That bears the king with the healing seed
To sooth to a sigh the pain-forced groan:
Ho for the Doctor's sturdy old steed!

Rough is thy coat, but keen is thy sight,
Coming and going when fields are sown,
Jogging along when bloom is at height,
Sniffing the scent of the meadows mown,
Patient when nipped by the air snow-flown,
Each thought of thy master thou dost read,
To thee each "case" through the rein is shown:
Ho for the Doctor's sturdy old steed!

Pegasus bearing the Muse in flight
Boasteth no glory over thine own,
Worthy old steed, whose chiefest delight
Lies in the love in thy driver's tone!
To rurals and urbans art thou known,
To humans of every race and creed;
Far, far o'er the earth thy fame is blown:
Ho for the Doctor's sturdy old steed!

ENVOI:

Model of merit for seer and drone,
When thou art gone, shall a graven stone
Tell from thy mound of thy life and deed:
Ho for the Doctor's sturdy old steed!

—Absalom B. Salom.

IN HOSPITAL

I

ENTER PATIENT

THE morning mists still haunt the stony street;
The northern summer air is shrill and cold;
And lo, the Hospital, gray, quiet, old,
Where life and death like friendly chafferers meet,
Through the loud spaciousness and draughty gloom
A small, strange child—so agèd, yet so young!—
Her little arm besplinted and beslung,
Precedes me gravely to the waiting room.
I limp behind, my confidence all gone.
The gray-haired soldier-porter waves me on,
And on I crawl, and still my spirits fail:
A tragic meanness seems so to environ
These corridors and stairs of stone and iron,
Cold, naked, clean—half-workhouse and half-jail.

II

WAITING

A SQUARE, squat room (a cellar on promotion),
Drab to the soul, drab to the very daylight;
Plasters astray in unnatural-looking tinware;
Scissors and lint and apothecary's jars.

Here, on a bench a skeleton would writhe from,
Angry and sore, I wait to be admitted:
Wait till my heart is lead upon my stomach,
While at their ease two dressers do their chores.

One has a probe—it feels to me a crowbar.
A small boy sniffs and shudders after bluestone.
A poor old tramp explains his poor old ulcers.
Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame.

III

INTERIOR

THE gaunt brown walls
Look infinite in their decent meanness.
There is nothing of home in the noisy kettle,
The fulsome fire.

The atmosphere
Suggests the haunt of a ghostly druggist.
Dressings and lint on the long, lean table—
Whom are they for?

The patients yawn,
Or lie as in training for shroud and coffin.
A nurse in the corridor scolds and wrangles.
It 's grim and strange.

Far footfalls clank.
The bad burn waits with his head unbandaged.
My neighbor chokes in the clutch of chloral. . .
O a gruesome world!

IV

BEFORE

BEHOLD me waiting—waiting for the knife.
A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform
The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.
The gods are good to me: I have no wife,
No innocent child, to think of as I near
The fateful minute; nothing all-too dear
Unmans me for my bout of passive strife.

Yet am I tremulous and a trifle sick,
And, face to face with chance, I shrink a little:
My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.
Here comes the basket? Thank you. I am ready.
But, gentlemen my porters, life is brittle:
You carry Cæsar and his fortunes—steady!

V

OPERATION

YOU are carried in a basket,
Like a carcase from the shambles,
To the theater, a cockpit,
Where they stretch you on a table.

Then they bid you close your eyelids,
And they mask you with a napkin,
And the anæsthetic reaches
Hot and subtle through your being.

And you gasp, and reel, and shudder
In a rushing, swaying rapture,
While the voices at your elbow
Fade—receding—fainter—farther.

Lights about you shower and tumble,
And your blood seems crystallising—
Edged and vibrant, yet within you
Racked and hurried back and forward.

Then the lights grow fast and furious,
And your hear the noise of waters,
And you wrestle, blind and dizzy,
In an agony of effort,

Till a sudden lull accepts you,
And you sound an utter darkness . . .
And awaken . . . with a struggle . .
On a hushed, attentive audience.

VI

AFTER

LIKEAS a flamelet blanketed in smoke,
So through the anæsthetic shows my life;
So flashes and so fades my thought, at strife
With the strong stupor that I heave and choke
And sicken at, it is so foully sweet.
Faces look strange from space—and disappear.
Far voices, sudden loud, offend my ear—
And hush as sudden. Then my senses fleet:
All were a blank, save from this dull, new pain
That grinds my leg and foot; and brokenly
Time and the place glimpse on to me again;
And, unsurprised, out of uncertainty,
I wake—relapsing—somewhat faint and fain,
To an immense, complacent dreamery.

VII

VIGIL

LIVED on one's back,
In the long hours of repose
Life is a practical nightmare—
Hideous, asleep or awake.

Shoulders and loins
Ache — — — !
Ache, and the mattress,
Run into boulders and hummocks,
Glows like a kiln, while the bedclothes—
Tumbling, importunate, daft—
Ramble and roll, and the gas,
Screwed to its lowermost,
An inevitable atom of light,
Haunts, and a stertorous sleeper
Snores me to hate and despair.

All the old time
Surges malignant before me;
Old voices, old kisses, old songs
Blossom derisive about me;
While the new days
Pass me in endless procession:
A pageant of shadows
Silently, leeringly wending
On . . . and still on . . . still on.

Far in the stillness a cat
Languishes loudly. A cinder
Falls, and the shadows
Lurch to the leap of the flame. The next man to me
Turns with a moan; and the snorer,
The drug like a rope at his throat,
Gasps, gurgles, snorts himself free, as the night-nurse,
Noiseless and strange,
Her bull's-eye half-lanterned in apron,
(Whispering me, "Are ye no sleepin' yet?"
Passes, list-slippered and peering,
Round . . . and is gone.

Sleep comes at last—
Sleep full of dreams and misgivings—
Broken with brutal and sordid
Voices and sounds
That impose on me, ere I can wake to it,
The unnatural, intolerable day.

VIII

STAFF-NURSE: OLD STYLE

THE greater masters of the commonplace,
Rembrandt and good Sir Walter—only these
Could paint her all to you: experienced ease,
And antique liveliness, and ponderous grace;

The sweet old roses of her sunken face;
The depth and malice of her sly gray eyes;
The broad Scots tongue that flatters, scolds, defies;
The thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace.
These thirty years has she been nursing here,
Some of them under SYME, her hero still.
Much is she worth, and even more is made of her.
Patients and students hold her very dear.
The doctors love her, tease her, use her skill.
They say "The Chief" himself is half-afraid of her.

IX

LADY PROBATIONER

SOME three, or five, or seven and thirty years;
A Roman nose; a dimpling double-chin;
Dark eyes and shy that, ignorant of sin,
Are yet acquainted, it would seem, with tears;
A comely shape; a slim, high-colored hand,
Graced, rather oddly, with a signet ring;
A bashful air, becoming everything;
A well-bred silence always at command.
Her plain print gown, prim cap, and bright steel chain
Look out of place on her, and I remain
Absorbed in her, as in a pleasant mystery.
Quick, skilful, quiet, soft in speech and touch . . .
"Do you like nursing?" "Yes, Sir, very much."
Somehow, I rather think she has a history.

X

STAFF-NURSE: NEW STYLE

BLUE-EYED and bright of face, but waining fast
Into the sere of virginal decay,
I view her as she enters, day by day,
As a sweet sunset almost overpast

Kindly and calm, patrician to the last,
Superbly falls her gown of sober gray,
And on her chignon's elegant array
The plainest cap is somehow touched with caste.
She talks Beethoven; frowns disapprobation
At Balzac's name, sighs it at "poor George Sand's";
Knows that she has exceeding pretty hands;
Speaks Latin with a right accentuation;
And gives at need (as one who understands)
Draught, counsel, diagnosis, exhortation.

XI

CLINICAL

HIST? . . .
Through the corridor's echoes
Louder and nearer
Comes a great shuffling of feet.
Quick, every one of you,
Straighten your quits, and be decent!
Here's the Professor.

In he comes first
With the bright look we know,
From the broad, white brows the kind eyes
Soothing yet nerving you. Here, at his elbow,
White-capped, white-aproned, the Nurse,
Towel on arm and her inkstand
Fretful with quills.

Here, in the ruck, anyhow,
Surging along,
Louts, duffers, exquisites, students, and prigs—
Whiskers and foreheads, scarf-pins and spectacles!—
Hustle the Class! And they ring themselves
Round the first bed, where the Chief
(His dressers and clerks at attention!)
Bends in inspection already.

So shows the ring
Seen, from behind, round a conjuror
Doing his pitch in the street.
High shoulders, low shoulders, broad shoulders, narrow ones,
Round, square, and angular, serry and shove;
While from within a voice,
Gravely and weightily fluent,
Sounds; and then ceases; and suddenly
(Look at the stress of the shoulders!)
Out of a quiver of silence,
Over the hiss of the spray,
Comes a low cry, and the sound
Of breath quick intaken through teeth
Clenched in resolve. And the Master
Breaks from the crowd, and goes,
Wiping his hands,
To the next bed, with his pupils
Flocking and whispering behind him.

Now one can see.
Case Number One
Sits (rather pale) with his bed-clothes
Stripped up, and showing his foot
(Alas for God's image!)
Swaddled in wet, white lint
Brilliantly hideous with red.

XII

ETCHING

TWO and thirty is the ploughman.
He's a man of gallant inches,
And his hair is close and curly,
And his beard;
But his face is wan and sunken,
And his eyes are large and brilliant,
And his shoulder-blades are sharp,
And his knees.

He is weak of wits, religious,
Full of sentiment and yearning,
Gentle, faded—with a cough
And a snore.
When his wife (who was a widow,
And is many years his elder)
Fails to write, and that is always,
He desponds.

Let his melancholy wander,
And he'll tell you pretty stories
Of the women that have wooed him
Long ago;
Or he'll sing of bonnie lasses
Keeping sheep among the heather,
With a crackling, hackling click
In his voice.

XIII

CASUALTY

AS with varnish red and glistening
Dripped his hair; his feet were rigid;
Raised, he settled stiffly sideways:
You could see the hurts were spinal.

He had fallen from an engine,
And been dragged along the metals.
It was hopeless, and they knew it;
So they covered him, and left him.

As he lay, by fits half sentiment,
Inarticulately moaning,
With his stockinged feet protruded
Sharp and awkward from the blankets,

To his bed there came a woman,
Stood and looked and sighed a little,
And departed without speaking,
As himself a few hours after.

I was told it was his sweetheart.
They were on the eve of marriage.
She was quiet as a statue,
But her lip was gray and writhen.

XIV

AVE, CAESAR!

FROM the Winter's gray despair,
From the summer's golden langor,
Death, the lover of Life,
Frees us for ever.

Inevitable, silent, unseen,
Everywhere always,
Shadow by night and as light in the day,
Signs she at last to her chosen;
And, as she waves them forth,
Sorrow and Joy
Lay by their looks and their voices,
Set down their hopes, and are made
One in the dim Forever.

Into the winter's gray delight,
Into the summer's golden dream,
Holy and high and impartial,
Death, the mother of Life,
Mingles all men for ever.

XV

"THE CHIEF"

HIS brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfill—
His face at once benign and proud and shy.
If envy scout, if ignorance deny,
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratitudes reply.

His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
It seems in all his patients to compel
Such love and faith as failure cannot quell.
We hold him for another Herakles,
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell.

XVI

HOUSE-SURGEON

EXCEEDING tall, but built so well his height
Half-disappears in flow of chest and limb;
Moustache and whisker trooper-like in trim;
Frank-faced, frank-eyed, frank-hearted; always bright
And always punctual—morning, noon, and night;
Bland as a Jesuit, sober as a hymn;
Humourous, and yet without a touch of whim;
Gentle and amiable, yet full of fight;
His piety, though fresh and true in strain,
Has not yet whitewashed up his common mood
To the dead blank of his particular Schism:
Sweet, unaggressive, tolerant, most humane,
Wild artists like his kindly elderhood,
And cultivate his mild Philistinism.

XVII

INTERLUDE

O THE fun, the fun and frolic
That THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY
Scatter through a penny whistle
Tickled with artistic fingers!

Kate the scrubber (forty summers,
Stout but sportive) treads a measure,
Grinning, in herself a ballet,
Fixed as fate upon her audience.

Stumps are shaking, crutch-supported;
Splinted fingers tap the rhythm;
And a head all helmed with plasters
Wags a measured approbation.

Of their mattress-life oblivious,
All the patients, brisk and cheerful,
Are encouraging the dancer,
And applauding the musician.

Dim the gasses in the output
Of so many ardent smokers,
Full of shadow lurch the corners,
And the doctor peeps and passes.

There are, maybe, some suspicions
Of an alcoholic presence . . .
"Tak' a sup of this, my wumman!" . . .
New Year comes but once a twelve month.

XVIII

CHILDREN: PRIVATE WARD

HERE in this dim, dull, double-bedded room,
I am a father to a brace of boys,
Ailing, but apt for every sort of noise,
Bedfast, but brilliant yet with health and bloom.
Roden, the Irishman, is "sieven past,"
Blue-eyed, snub-nosed, chubby, and fair of face.
Willie 's but six, and seems to like the place,
A cheerful little collier to the last.
They eat, and laugh, and sing, and fight, all day;
All night they sleep like dormice. See them play
At Operations:—Roden, the Professor,
Saws, lectures, takes the artery up, and ties;
Willie, self-chloroformed, with half-shut eyes,
Holding the limb and moaning—Case and Dresser.

XIX

SCRUBBER

SHE'S tall and gaunt, and in her hard, sad face,
With flashes of the old fun's animation,
There lowers the fixed and peevish resignation
Bred of a past where troubles came apace.
She tells me that her husband, ere he died,
Saw seven of their children pass away,
And never knew the little lass at play
Out on the green, in whom he 's deified.
Her kin dispersed, her friends forgot and gone,
All simple faith her honest Irish mind,
Scolding her spoiled young saint, she labors on:
Telling her dreams, taking her patients' part,
Trailing her coat sometimes: and you shall find
No rougher, quainter speech, nor kinder heart.

XX

VISITOR

HER little face is like a walnut shell
With wrinkling lines; her soft, white hair adorns
Her either brow in quaint, straight curls, like horns;
And all about her clings an old, sweet smell.
Prim is her grown and quakerlike her shawl.
Well might her bonnets have been born on her.
Can you conceive a Fairy Godmother
The subject of a real religious call?
In snow or shine, from bed to bed she runs,
Her mittened hands, that ever give or pray,
Bearing a sheaf of tracts, a bag of buns,
All twinkling smiles and texts and pious tales:
A wee old maid that sweeps the Bridegroom's way,
Strong in a cheerful trust that never fails,

XXI

ROMANCE

"TALK of pluck!" pursued the Sailor,
Set at euchre on his elbow,
"I was on the wharf at Charleston,
Just ashore from off the runner.

"It was gray and dirty weather,
And I heard a drum go rolling,
Rub-a-dubbing in the distance,
Awful dour-like and defiant.

"In and out among the cotton,
Mud, and chains, and stores, and anchors,
Tramped a squad of battered scarecrows—
Poor old Dixie's bottom dollar!

"Some had shoes, but all had rifles,
Them that was n't bald, was beardless,
And the drum was rolling DIXIE,
And they stepped to it like men, sir!

"Rags and tatters, belts and bayonets,
On they swung, the drum a-rolling,
Mum and sour. It looked like fighting,
And they meant it too, by thunder!

XXII

PASTORAL

TIS the Spring
Earth has conceived, and her bosom,
Teeming with summer, is glad.

Thro' the green land,
Vistas of change and adverture,
The gray roads go beckoning and winding,
Peopled with wains, and melodious

With harness-bells jangling,
Jangling and twangling rough rhythms
To the slow march of the stately, great horses
Whistled and shouted along.

White fleets of cloud,
Argosies heavy with fruitfulness,
Sail the blue peacefully. Green flame the hedge-rows.

Blackbirds are bugling, and white in wet winds,
Sway the tall poplars,
Pageants of color and fragrance,
Pass the sweet meadows, and viewless
Walks the mild spirit of May,
Visibly blessing the world.

O the brilliance of blossoming orchards!
O the savor and thrill of the woods,
When their leafage is stirred
By the flight of the angel of rain!
Loud lows the steer; in the fallows
Rooks are alert; and the brooks
Gurgle and tinkle and trill. Thro' the gloaming,
Under the rare, shy stars,
Boy and girl wander,
Dreaming in darkness and dew.

It 's the Spring.
A sprightliness feeble and squalid
Wakes in the ward, and I sicken,
Impotent, winter at heart.

XXIII

MUSIC

DOWN the quiet eve,
Thro' my window, with the sunset,
Pipes to me a distant organ
Foolish ditties:

And, as when you change
Pictures in a magic lantern,
Books, beds, bottles, floor, and ceiling
Fade and vanish,

And I 'm well once more. . . .
August flares adust and torrid,
But my heart is full of April
Sap and sweetness.

In the quiet eve
I am loitering, longing, dreaming . . .
Dreaming, and a distant organ
Pipes me ditties.

I can see the shop,
I can smell the sprinkled pavement,
Where she serves—her chestnut chignon
Thrills my senses.

O the sight and scent,
Wistful eve and perfumed pavement!
In the distance pipes an organ . . .
The sensation

Comes to me anew,
And my spirit, for a moment
Thro' the music breathes the blessèd
Air of London.

XXIV

SUICIDE.

STARING corpselike at the ceiling,
See the harsh, unrazored features,
Ghastly brown against his pillow,
And the throat—so strangely bandaged!

Lack of work and lack of victuals,
A debauch of smuggled whisky,
And his children in the workhouse,
Made the world so black a riddle

That he plunged for a solution;
And, although his knife was edgeless,
He was sinking fast toward one,
When they came, and found, and saved him.

Stupid now with shame and sorrow,
In the night I hear him sobbing.
But sometimes he talks a little,
He has told me all his troubles.

In his face, so tanned and bloodless,
White and wide his eyeballs glitter;
And his smile, occult and tragic,
Makes you shudder when you see it.

XXV

APPARITION

THIN-LEGGED, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed, and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

XXVI

ANTEROTICS

LAUGHS the happy April morn
Thro' my grimmy, little window
And a shaft of sunshine pushes
Thro' the shadows in the square.

Dogs are romping thro' the grass,
Crows are cawing round the chimneys,
And among the bleaching linen
Goes the west at hide-and-seek.

Loud and cheerful clangs the bell.
Here the nurses troop to breakfast.
Handsome, ugly, all are women . . .
O the Spring—the Spring—the Spring!

XXVII

NOCTURN

AT the barren heart of midnight,
When the shadow shuts and opens
As the loud flames pulse and flutter,
I can hear a cistern leaking.

Dripping, dropping, in a rhythm
Rough, unequal, half-melodious,
Like the measures aped from nature
In the infancy of music;

Like the buzzing of an insect,
Still, irrational, persistent, . . .
I must listen, listen, listen
In a passion of attention;

Till it taps upon my heartstrings,
And my very life goes dripping,
Dropping, dripping, drip-drip-dropping,
In the drip-drop of the cistern.

XXVIII

DISCHARGED

CARRY me out
Into the wind and the sunshine,
Into the beautiful world.

O the wonder, the spell of the streets!
The stature and strength of the horses,
The rustle and echo of footfalls,
The flat roar and rattle of wheels!
A swift tram floats huge on us . . .
It's a dream?
The smell of the mud in my nostrils
Is brave—like a breath of the sea!

As of old,
Ambulant, undulant drapery,
Vaguely and strangely provocative,
Flutters and beckons. O yonder—
Scarlet!—the glint of a stocking!
Sudden a spire,
Wedged in the mist! O the houses,
The long lines of lofty, gray houses!
Cross-hatched with shadow and light,
These are the streets. . . .
Each is an avenue leading
Whither I will!

Free . . . !
Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
Into the wonderful world.

—The Old Infirmary, Edindurgh, 1873-75.

Envoy

TO CHARLES BAXTER

DO you remember
That afternoon—that Sunday afternoon!—
When, as the kirks were ringing in
And the gray city teemed
With Sabbath feelings and aspects,
Lewis—our Lewis then,
Now the whole world's!—and you
Young, yet in shape most like an elder, came,
Laden with BALZACS
(Big, yellow books, quite impudently French)
The first of many times,
To that transformed back-kitchen where I lay
So long, so many centuries—
Or years, is it!—ago?

Dear Charles, since then
We have been friends, Lewis and you and I,
(How good it sounds, "Lewis and you and I!"):
Such friends, I like to think
That in us three, Lewis and me and you,
Is something of that gallant dream
Which old DUMAS—the generous, the humane,
The seven-and-seventy times to be forgiven!—
Dreamed for a blessing to the race,
The immortal MUSKETEERS.

Our Athos rests—the wise, the kind,
The liberal and august, his fault atoned,
Rests in the crowded yard
There at the west of Princes Street. We three—
You, I, and Lewis!—still afoot,
Are still together, and our lives,
In chime so long, may keep
(God bless the thought!)
Unjangled till the end.

—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

Ole Docteur Fiset

OLE Docteur Fiset of Saint Anicet
Saprè tonnerre! he was leev' long tam,
I s'pose he's got ninety year or so,
Beat all on de parish 'cept Pierre Courteau,
An' day affer day he work all de sam'!

Dat house on de hill, you can see it still,
She's sam' place he buil' de firs' tam he come,
Behin' it dere's wan leetle small jardin,
Got plaintee de bes tabac Canayen,
Wit' fameuse apple, an' beeg blue plum—

An' dey're all right dere, for de small boys' scare,
No matter de apple look nice an' red,
For de small boy know if he's stealin' some,
Den Docteur Fiset on dark night he come
An' cut leetle feller right off hees head!

But w'en dey was rap, an' tak' off de cap,
M'sieu' le Docteur he will say "Entrez!"
Den all de boy pass on jardin behind,'
W'ere dey eat mos' ev'ryt'ing good dey fin'
Till dey can't go on school nearly two, t'ree day!—

But Docteur Fiset, not moche fonne he get
Drivin' all over de whole contree;
If de road she's bad, if de road she's good
W'en ev'ryt'ings drown on de Spring-tam flood,
An' workin' for not'ing half-tam, mebbe!

Let her rain or snow, all he want to know
Is jus' if anywan's feelin' sick,
For Docteur Fiset's de ole fashion kin',
Doin' good was de only t'ing on hees min',
So he got no use for de politique.

An' he's careful too! 'cos firs' t'ing he do
For fear dere was danger some fever case,
Is tak' w'en he's come, leetle w'isky chaud,
Den 'noder wan too, jus' before he go,
He's so scare carry fever aroun' de place!

On nice Summer day, w'en w'ere makin' hay,
Dere's not'ing more pleasant for us I'm sure
Dan see de ole man came joggin' along
Alway singin' some leetle song,
An' hear heem say "Tiens! mes amis, Bonjour!"

An' w'en de cole rain was commence again
An' we're sittin' at home on some warm cor-nerre,
If we hear de buggy an' see de light
Tearin' along t'roo de black black night
We know right off, it's de old Docteur!

An' he's smart horse, sure, w'at he call "Faubourg"
Ev'ry place on de county he know dem all,
An' you ought to see de nice way he go
For fear he's upsettin' upon de snow
W'en ole man's asleep on de cariole.

I 'member w'en poor Hormisdas Couture
Get sick on hees place twenty mile away,
An' hees boy Ovide he was come "Raquette,"
W'at you call "Snow-s..oe," for Docteur Fiset—
An' Docteur he start wit' hees horse an' sleigh.

All de night before, de beeg storm she roar
An' mos' of de day it's de sam also
De drif' was pilin' up ten feet high,
You can't see not'ing dis side de sky,
Not'ing but wan avalanche of snow!

I'm hearin' de bell w'en I go on de well
For water de cattle on barn close by,
But I only ketch sight of hees cheval blanc
An' hees coonskin coat wit' de capuchon,
An' de storm tak' heem off jus' de sam he fly—

Mus' be le bon Dieu dat is help heem t'roo,
Ole Docteur Fiset an' hees horse "Faubourg."
'Y'was somet'ing for splainin', wall! I dont care
But somehow or 'nother he's gettin' dere
An' save de life Hormisdas Couture!

But it's sam alway, lak dat ev'ry day
He never was spare hese'f pour nous autres;
He don't mak' moche monee Docteur Fiset,
An' offen de only t'ing he was get
Is de poor man's prayer, an' wan bag of oat.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Wall! Doctor Fiset of Saint Anicet
He's not dead yet! an' I'm purty sure
If you're passin' dat place about ten years more,
You will see heem go roun' lak he go before,
Wit' de ole cariole an' hees horse "Faubourg."

—Dr. William Henry Drummond.

A Medical Student's Letter

"If you'd go for to think for to dare for to try for to beat me at lyrics,
Man would fall down with the laughing, and woman go oft in hysterics."

IN vain alchemic hieroglyphs to charm me now, whereas I hum
Love-songs all day, and look as pale as OXIDE OF POTASSIUM.
Oh! did I own, far, far away, some spicy and tobaccoed isle,
I'd smoke and sigh the livelong day, and curse the salts of KAKODYLE,
With SULPHURETTED HYDROGEN, AMMONIA, AND KALIUM,
And sit most sentimentally in buffo, and Haynes Bailey hum.
I cause among the Burschen all considerable merriment,
By swallowing the ALCOHOL intended for experiment;

And from the grave professors, too, incur enormous odium,
For once, instead of tea, I filled their pot with salt of SODIUM;
The world guffaws, not without cause, to see me quite deiected thus—
My languages forgotten, and my sciences neglected thus.
The old may scold, the young give tongue, fall flat the fat, and laugh the lean,
To see me spill the GLYCERYL, and fill my pipe with NAPHTHALINE.
Contract four flexors, lovely Frau, and take me to your pectorals—
A doctor skilled to kill or cure and readily detect your ills.
Oh! think of what a treasure in PERTUSSIS or SCIATICA,
In CATALEPSY, mullygrubs, or FACIES HYPOCRATICA.
Beware, my fair, or hear me swear, by Ahriman, that if you're stiff,
Your acid frown shall, slap bang down, precipitate me o'er a cliff.
Farewell, then, dear companions, and farewell, CENOE DEORUM,
Where we talked DE REBUS OMNIBUS, with NOTAE VARIORUM.
But always perorated with a scientific jorum.
We supped on THEOBROMINE, and perhaps at times we quaffed a late
Crucible of alcohol disputing of a NAPHTHALATE,
Till our noses glowed like CINNABAR, and many a yellow rum bum,
Per, hot and cold, flowed on like gold, or IODINE OF PLUMBUM,
Retorts sublime, we slaked our lime, until the morning star, boys,
Beheld us fall, with beakers all, and roll among the carboys.
But now a very absent man, I've scarcely got a word to say,
Or, if to show my teeth at all, 'tis something most absurd to say;
And even at the opera, among the gods and top-row lights,
I ruminate on behemoths and chew the cud on COPROLITES.
And shall I in suspension hang, to glorify thee, eh? Nay,
Nor in the meerchaum plunge by way of BOLNEUM ARENAE.
We are not isomorphous in our souls, thou fair deceiver,
And I to coquetry's retort decline to play receiver;
Nor would my heart amalgamate to that of a divinity
Who could not cling to mine with more than chemical affinity.

No, fuse me in a furnace blast! I'll sing that Celtic air first.
"Go to the d——l and shake yourself," to banish my despair first.
For what's a queen in diamonds, with her coronation garb on,
But CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS, HAEMATOSINE and CARBON?
I'll take unto me crucibles and capsules, tubes and funnels,
And pour down mine æsophagus rich German wine in runnels;
And though my frozen Fraulein like to Aphrodite wore a form,
'Twill act upon my occiput like ether or like chloroform;
And ever on my optics shall the vision of that maiden jar,
Erewhile that thrilled me with a shock more powerful than a Leyden jar.

—RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

The Doctor's Dream

I AM sitting alone, by the surgery fire, with my pipe alight, now the day is done;
The village is quiet, the wife's asleep, the child is hushed, and the clock strikes one!
And I think to myself, as I read the Journal, and I bless my life for the peace upstairs,
That the burden's sore for the best of men, but few can dream what a doctor bears;
For here I sit at the close of a day, whilst others have counted their profit and gain,
And I have tried as much as a man can do, in my humble manner, to soften pain;
I 've warned them all, in a learned way, of careful diet, and talked of tone;
And when I have preached of regular meals, I 've scarcely had time to swallow my own.
I was waked last night in my first long sleep, when I crawled to bed from my rounds—dead beat.
"Ah, the Doctor's called!" and they turned and snored, as my trap went rattling down the street!

I sowed my oats, pretty wild they were, in the regular manner when life was free;
For a medical student isn't a saint, any more than your orthodox Pharisee!
I suppose I did what others have done, since the whirligig round of folly began;
And the ignorant pleasures I loved as a boy, I have pretty well cursed since I came to be man.
But still I recall through the mist of years, and through the portals of memory steal,
The kindly voice of a dear old man who talked to us lads of the men who heal,
Of the splendid mission in life for those who study the science that comes from God,
Who buckle the armor of Nature on, who bare their breasts and who kiss the rod.
So the boy disappeared in the faith of the man, and the oats were sowed, but I never forgot
There were few better things in the world to do than to lose all self in the doctor's lot.
So I left life that had seemed so dear, to earn a crust that isn't so cheap,
And I bought a share of a practice here, to win my way, and to lose my sleep;
To be day and night at the beck and call of men who ail and women who lie;
To know how often the rascals live, and see with sorrow the dear ones die;
To be laughed to scorn as a man who fails, when nature pays her terrible debt;
To give a mother her first-born's smile, and leave the eyes of the husband wet;
To face and brave the gossip and stuff that travels about through a country town;
To be thrown in the way of hysterical girls, and live all terrible scandals down;
To study at night in the papers here of new disease and of human ills;

To work like a slave for a weary year, and then to be cursed
when I send my bills!

* * * * *

Upon my honor, we 're not too hard on those who cannot afford
to pay.
For nothing I 've cured the widow and child, for nothing I 've
watched till the night turned day;
I 've earned the prayers of the poor, thank God, and I 've borne
the sneers of the pampered beast,
I 've heard confessions and kept them safe as a sacred trust
like a righteous priest.
To do my duty I never have sworn, as others must do in this
world of woe,
But I 've driven away to the bed of pain, through days of rain,
through nights of snow.

* * * * *

As here I sit and I smoke my pipe, when the day is done and
the wife's asleep,
I think of that brother-in-arms who 's gone, and utter—well
something loud and deep!
And I read the Journal and I fling it down, and I fancy I hear
in the night that scream,
Of a woman who 's crying for vengeance! Hark! no, the
house is still! It 's a doctor's dream!

—ANONYMOUS.

The Doctor

IN love he practiced, and in patience taught,
The sacred art that battles with disease;
Nor stained by one disloyal act or thought,
The holy symbol of Hippocrates.

—ANONYMOUS.

Lines to a Skeleton

BEHOLD this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of etheral spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and sun have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And, where it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,
When death unvails eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with it's envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,

These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To sooth affliction's humble bed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's lap returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

—ANONYMOUS.

Doctor Drollhead's Cure

THREE weeks to a day had old Doctor Drollhead
Attended to Miss Debby Keepill;
Three weeks to a day had she lain in her bed
Defying his marvelous skill.

She put out her tongue for the twenty-first time,
But it looked very much as it should;
Her pulse with the doctor's scarce failed of a rhyme,
As a matter of course, it was good.

Today has this gentleman happened to see—
Very strange he's not done it before—
That the way to recovery simply must be
Right out of this same chamber door.

So he said, "Leave your bed, dear Miss Keepill, I pray;
Keep the powders and pills, if you must,
But the color of health will not long stay away
If you exercise freely, I trust."

"Why, doctor! of all things, when I am so weak
That scarce from my bed can I stir,
Of color and exercise thus will you speak?
Of what ARE you thinking, dear sir?"

"That a fright is the cure, my good lady, for you,"
He said to himself and the wall,
And to frighten her, what did the good doctor do,
But to jump into bed, boots and all.

And as in jumped he, why then out jumped she,
Like a hare, except for the pother,
And shockingly shocked, pray who wouldn't be?
Ran, red as as a rose. to her mother.

Doctor Drollhead, meanwhile, is happily shure
Debby owes a long life just to him;
And vows he 's discovered a capital cure
For the bedrid when tied by a whim.

At any rate, long, long ago this occurred,
And Debby is not with the dead;
But in pretty good health, 't may be gently inferred,
Since she makes all the family bread.

—ANONYMOUS.

Ould Docther Mack

YE may tramp the world over
From Delhi to Dover,
And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon,
Circumvint back
Through the whole Zodiack,
But to ould Docther Mack ye can't furnish a paragon.
Have ye the dropsy,
The gout, the autopsy?
Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he 'll shape yez;
No ways infarior
In skill, but suparior,
And lineal postarior of Ould Aysculapious;
He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety:
Here's to his health,
Honor and wealth,
The king of his kind and the crame of all charity!

How the rich and the poor,
To consult for a cure,
Crowd on to his doore in their carts and their carriages,
Shown' their tongues
Or unlacin' their lungs,
For divle one symptom the docther disparages.
Troth, and he 'll tumble
For high or humble
From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety;
Makin' as light
Of nursin' all-night
The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

And as if by meracle,
Ailments hysterical,
Dad, wid one dose of bread-pills he can smother,
And quench the love-sickness
Wid wonderful quickness,
By prescribin' the right boys and girls to aich other.
And the sufferin' childer—
Your eyes 'twould bewilder
To see the wee craythurs his coat-tails unravellin',
And aich of them fast
On some treasure at last,
Well known' ould Mack 's just a toy-shop out travellin'.

Then, his doctherin' done,
In a rollickin' run
Wid the rod or the gun, he's the foremost to figure,
By Jupiter Ammon,
What Jack-snipe or salmon
E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or trigger!
And hark! the view-hollo!
'Tis Mack in full follow
On black Faugh-a-ballagh the country-side sailin'.
Och, but you'd think
'Twas ould Nimrod in pink,
Wid his spurs cryin' chink over park-wall and palin'.

He and his wig, wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety;
Here's to his health,
Honor and wealth!
Hip, hip, hooray! wid all hilarity,
Hip, hip, hooray! that's the way,
All at once, without disparity!
One more cheer
For our docther dear,
The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.
Hip, hip, Hooray!

—ANONYMOUS.

Appendicitis

HAVE you got the new disorder?
If you haven't 'tis in order
To succumb to it at once without delay.
It is called appendicitis,
Very different from gastritis,
Or the common trash diseases of the day.

It creates a happy frolic,
Something like the winter colic,
That has often jarred our inner organs some.
Only wrestles with the wealthy,
And the otherwise most healthy,
Having got it, then your nigh to kingdom come.

Midway down in your intestine,
Its interstices infestin',
Is a little alley, blind and dark as night;
Leading off to simply nowhere,
Catching all stray things that go there;
As a pocket it is simply out of sight.

It is prone to stop and grapple
With the seed of grape or apple,
Or a soldier button swallowed with your pie.

Having levied on these chattels,
Then begin internal battles,
That are apt to end in mansions in the sky.

Once located, never doubt it,
You would never be without it;
It's a fad among society that's gay;
Old heart failure and paresis
Have decamped and gone to pieces,
And dyspepsia has fallen by the way.

Then stand back there diabetes,
For here comes appendicitis,
With a brood of minor troubles on the wing;
So, vermiform, here's hoping
You'll withstand all drastic doping,
And earn the appellation, "Uncrowned King."

—ANONYMOUS.

Lament of an Unfortunate Druggist

A member of the Pharmaceutical Society, whose matrimonial speculations have been disappointed.

YOU that have charge of wedded love, take heed
To keep the vessel which contains it air-tight;
So that no oxygen may enter there!
Lest (like as in a keg of elder wine,
The which, when made, thy careless hand forgot
To bung securely down) full soon, alas!
Acetous fermentation supervene
And winter find thee wineless, and, instead
Of wine, afford thee nought but vinegar.

Thus hath it been with me: there was a time
When neither rosemary nor jessamine,
Cloves or verbena, maréchale, resedé,
Or e'en great Otto's self, were more delicious
Unto my nose, than Betsy to mine eyes;

And, in our days of courtship, I have thought
That my career through life, with her, would be
Bright as my own show-bottles; but, ah me!
It was a vision'd scene. From what she WAS
To what she IS, is as the pearliness
Of Creta Præp. compared with Antim. Nig.
There was a time she was all Almond-mixture
(A bland emulsion; I can recommend it
To him who hath a cold), but now, woe! woe!
She is a fierce and foaming combination
Of turpentine with vitriolic oil.

Oh! name not Sulphur, when you speak of her,
For she is Brimstone's very incarnation,
She is the Bitter-apple of my life,
The Scillæ oxymel of my existence,
That knows no sweets with her.

What shall I do?—where fly?—what Hellebore
Can ease the madness that distracts my brain!
What aromatic vinegar restore
The drooping memory of brighter days.
They bid me seek relief in Prussic acid;
They tell me Arsenic holds a mighty power
To put to flight each ill and care of life:
They mention Opium, too; they say its essence,
Called Battley's Sedative, can steep the soul
Chin-deep in blest imaginings; till grief
Changed by its chemic agency, becomes
One lump of blessed Saccharum;—these things
They tell to ME—ME, who for twelve long years
Have triturated drugs for a subsistence,
From seven i' th' morning until the midnight hour.
I have no faith in physic's agency
E'en when most genuine, for I have seen
And analysed its nature, and I know,
That Humbug is its Active Principle,
Its ultimate and Elemental Basis.
What then is left? No more to Fate I'll bend:
I will rush into chops! and Stout shall be—my end!!

—ANONYMOUS.

Notes

CARLETON, pp 21, 139. "The Country Doctor" is from "Rhymes of Our Planet," copyright, 1895, by Harper and Brothers; and "The Doctor's Story" is from "Farm Legends," copyright, 1875, 1887, by Harper and Brothers. These poems are published by special arrangement with the author and publishers

FIELD, pp 22, 147. The poems "His Pneumogastric Nerve," and "Doctors" were written by Mr. Field while in London in 1889-90, and were published in the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, now the CHICAGO RECORD. The original text is here given.

RILEY, p 25. The changes in the text from original in "Doc Sifers" were made by Mr. Riley especially for this collection. The poem as here given is the same as will appear in the revised edition of this author's works.

HELMUTH, p 31. "My First Patient" was originally read at the banquet of the American Institute of Homœopathy, at Pittsburg, and afterwards at a faculty dinner at the Hotel Brunswick, New York.

BRUNS, p 36. Dr. J. Dickson Bruns was a native of South Carolina, and was born in Charleston, in 1837. For many years preceeding his death, in 1883, he was a resident and a leading practitioner of New Orleans. The poem, "Morituri Salutamus," was obtained from his son, Dr. Henry Dickson Bruns of New Orleans.

MITCHELL, p 49. "Minerva Medica" was originally read at the dinner commemorative of the fiftieth year of the doctorate of D. Hayes Agnew, April 6, 1888.

KERNER, p 101. This rendering of "The Doctor's Walk" is by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding and is from his volume of excellent translations, "Songs Chiefly from the German."

PARSONS, p 114. "The Good Physician" originally appeared in THE GALAXY for November, 1862.

GARTH, p 120. "The Dispensary" is a burlesque poem in six cantos, written in defence of an edict passed by the College of Physicians, July, 1687, which required medical men to give gratuitous advice to the poor. The poem was published in 1696.

CHAUCER, p 130. "A Fourteenth Century Doctor" is from "The Canterbury Tales," and is the oldest poetic description of a physician in modern English literature.

MESTON, p 142. This "Diploma" is considered one of the best of the older macaronics. It was written by William Meston, M. A., Professor of Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, about the beginning of last century, whose works are now rarely to be seen,

ARMSTRONG, p 167. "The Art of Preserving Health" was published in 1744, and attracted a considerable attention in its day. It is a kind of dictionary of domestic medicine, containing much learning, much medical and moral philosophy, but without much original power, either of poetical conception or execution; it is, however, distinguished by classical correctness and closeness of style.

HEMMETER, p 219. "Hygeia Grant Thy Blessing," is from the Cantata of "Hygeia," the music as well as the text being written by Prof. Hemmeter. This song was produced before the American Medical Association in Baltimore, in May, 1895.

DUFFIELD, p 227. "De Arte Medendi" was delivered at the Fourteenth Annual Commencement of the Detroit Medical College, March 2, 1882.

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